

A DAY AT PISA.

BY LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

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GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF PISA.

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A COMMERCIAL town to be beautiful must be very old. Leghorn is a living proof of this, and no drier, uglier, less-inspiring, city exists in all Italy. It is that anomaly

while gradually wharves, quays, warehouses, and piers grew up round the harbor. A synagogue, founded in 1581, but remodeled in 1603, rose amongst the Christian churches; a lighthouse was built on the outer pier, and a bathing establishment was added to the conventional advantages offered by the modern settlement.

The trade at present is second only to that of Genoa in importance and magnitude, the chief imports being cotton, wool, and unbleached silk from the Levant, and grain from the Black Sea. The home industries are the coral manufacture, and a trade in oil. "Leghorn Hats" do not figure in any present commercial report, and we must suppose that the name of these once fashionable and ever-useful articles is an arbitrary one.

in Italy, a new town—a town with a history which begins long after that of the great Italian municipalities had ceased, and which can boast of religious toleration. In fact Leghorn—a small village in the middle of the sixteenth century—was created by the policy of the Medici, as a rival to Genoa, and a refuge for merchants of persecuted religions throughout Europe. English Catholics, Spanish and Portuguese Jews, and French Huguenots crowded to Leghorn, and lived at peace with one another;

A more hopeless place than Leghorn for the artist or the tourist does not exist in Italy. Flourishing, populous, rich, well-built, it is also white, uniform, and ugly. The churches themselves are tawdry, third-rate, disappointing. The shops are brilliant, Parisian, and unpicturesque. The people are brisk, matter-of-fact, and of mixed breed. The pleasures are cockney—you might think the ghosts of the bands of Brighton or Long Branch were

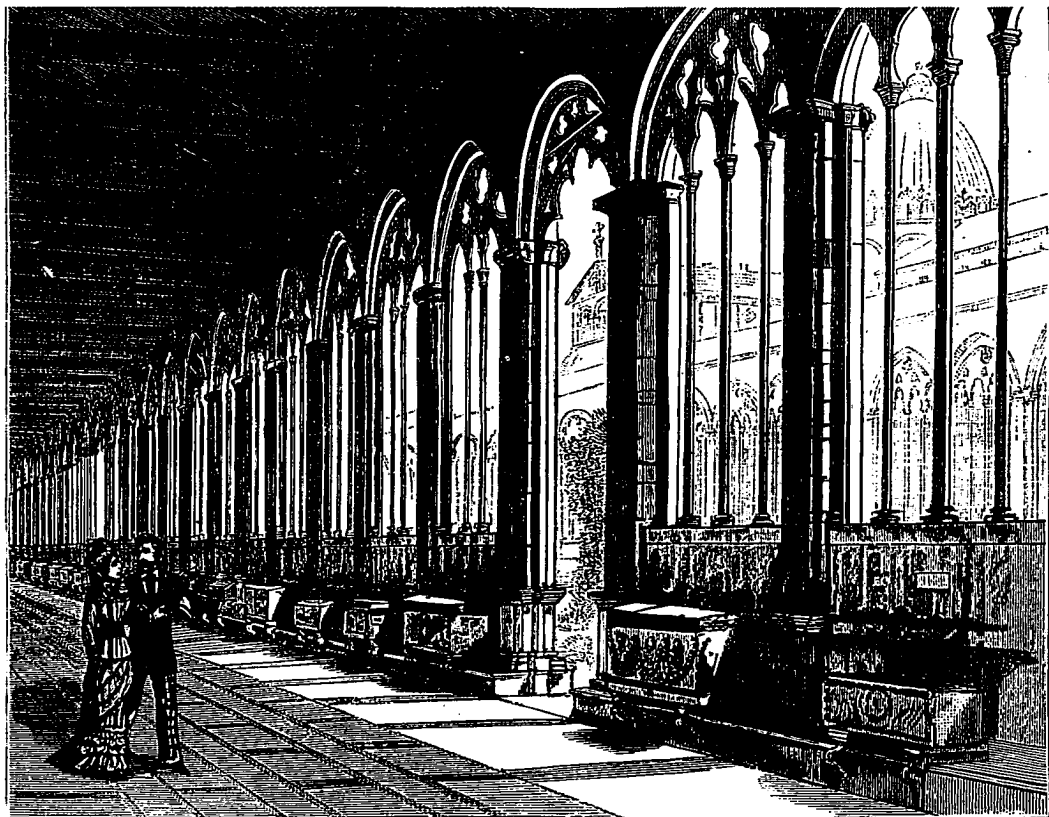
revived in the band which plays every evening on the beach during the bathing season; the reading-room or club, the hotels, the *cafés*, are all distressing copies of smart French models. The houses are white, rectangular, and monotonously alike; and you escape with a sigh of relief into the equally modern railroad carriage, which will carry you in a quarter of an hour to Genoa's ancient, stately, and once successful rival, Pisa.

Many people think Pisa the synonym for dullness; they have spent a Winter there—for it is full of English and American residents, the climate being especially suited for invalids, and good for all lung diseases. The proud, Crusading, maritime Republic, whose medieval prosperity lasted long enough to crowd its capital with fine buildings

music of days anterior to Palestrina, in the possession of a local musician as poor as he is learned.

Much as there is to be discovered under the mounds that mark buried cities in Greece, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Palestine, there is as much treasured in silence or in ignorance throughout the minor towns, and especially the less-visited monasteries of northern and central Italy. To all this, Pisa is by comparison a gay and giddy capital.

For two centuries Pisa ruled the Mediterranean, fought the Infidel on the African, Sicilian and Italian shores, conquered Sardinia and the Balearic Islands from the Saracens, and claimed sovereignty over all the Mediterranean islands from La Spezia to Civita Vecchia. In the Ghibelline wars she took the Emperors' side, rather to spite



IN THE CAMPO SANTO, PISA.

and works of art, subsists to-day chiefly on its colony of foreign invalids, and the hotels and surroundings which such a colony involves. To people who go there for health, and can only take the air at stated times and in stated proportions, it may seem a dull place; what would they think, however, of the inner towns of Umbria; the unexplored mountain towns of the Apennines; the historical, sleepy market towns of the Romagna? Each of these is a treasure to the artist, and a delight to the antiquary. In one you find a library, valuable and obscure, hidden in a monastery; in another a *savant*, often a priest, whose resources astonish you, and who is content to spend his life without making a noise in the world, and at most, using his learning for the benefit of some stray enthusiast from the North; in another, you discover a collection of manuscript

Guelphic Genoa and Florence than from principle; and when the Guelph, or national, party triumphed, she suffered accordingly. Her zeal against the Saracens did not entail devotion to the Papal court, and by the influence of the latter she lost Sardinia, which fell by Papal investiture to the Kings of Aragon, and Corsica, which Genoa claimed as the spoils of the victor after a defeat of the Pisans at sea near Leghorn, where they lost twenty-nine galleys, and saw seven more sunk by the Genoese. The beginning of the fourteenth century saw the decline of the Republic, which was afterward torn by factions, sacked and ransomed by rival mercenary captains, and finally sold to the Medici, in whose possession it remained until the French Revolution. After that, and until the incorporation of Tuscany into the Kingdom of Italy, it still counted as a Tuscan town.

One episode of the civil wars of early days was made immortal by Dante; and the famous "Tower of Hunger," the scene of the ghastly death by starvation of Count Ugolino dei Gherardeschi, with his sons and nephews, stood, as late as 1655, opposite the palace-convent of the Knights of St. Stephen, an ancient military Italian Order, of the same kind as the Orders of Templars and of the Knights of Malta. The church adjoining the convent is a fine Renaissance building, a little florid and redundant in detail; but such things pass away from one's mind when one looks at the Turkish trophies brought from the fight of Lepanto, which is commemorated, among other victories over the Turks, by frescoes on the ceiling. This Piazza dei Cavalieri was the heart of the old city, and the forum of the previous Roman Republic, named by Augustus, "Colonia Julia Pisana"; while the Church of San Sisto, also a national monument of several victories won over the infidel, stood almost on this Piazza, and was frequently used by the stout-hearted Great Council as a place of assembly.

It would be impossible to count and describe half the churches, mostly thirteenth and fourteenth century buildings, with their multitude of fine pictures; their ancient crypts, as that of San Michele in Borgo, supposed to occupy the site of an old heathen temple; their cloisters and bell-towers, as those of San Francesco; or the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a small, octagonal building, rich with carving; or that of Santa Maria delle Spina, a small, beautiful structure, not unlike the Sainte Chapelle at Paris. A portion of the Crown of Thorns is said to be preserved in the treasury, and gives its name to the church, whose tapering spire and pinnacles make it a very prominent object on the river quay. It seems to rise almost from the water, when you stand and look at it from the opposite side of the Arno, which at this point is as narrow and sluggish as a canal. The Spina, as it is familiarly called, was built in 1230, in fulfillment of a vow, by two Pisan families, the Gualandi and the Gattosi, for sailors about to put to sea, and was enlarged a century later, as well as embellished with bas-reliefs by Pisan sculptors. Both it and the relic of the Crown of Thorns are trophies of the Crusades, and tokens of what chiefly raised Pisa to its temporary sovereignty. I have dwelt on this church rather than on the many others in the city, because, excepting the Cathedral, it is the one which struck me most, and left the most distinctive impression on my memory, among the many sights which had to be crowded in during a short day.

The coast steamers from Genoa to Rome used to make their journeys by night, stopping at Leghorn during the intervening day; and it was in this interval that we visited the city of Galileo. Many remembrances of the great astronomer are interwoven throughout the sights of Pisa; here, on the quay named after him, the Lung-Arno Galileo, still stands the house where he was born, in 1564; there the university, or *La Sapienza* (wisdom), as many Italian universities were called, where, in 1610, he was appointed Professor of Mathematics, and which building, dating from the year of the discovery of America, includes the court where he often walked, the library where he sometimes studied, the Museum of Natural History and the Botanical Garden, which already, in his time, illustrated the botany, geology and ornithology of Tuscany, as well as, by isolated specimens, that of more tropical climes. The Piazza del Duomo has its own Galilean traditions, for it is said that he made use of the oblique position of the famous Leaning Tower in some of his experiments regarding the laws of gravitation; while the swaying of the great bronze lamp in the nave of the cathedral first suggested to him the notion of the pendulum.

To those who, like the writer, consider the thirteenth

and fourteenth centuries the Golden Age of Gothic architecture, Pisa is a very alluring place, having less of the Renaissance coating than any other Italian town of its size and importance. Few succumbed so early, and few were as proportionately successful at such an early period. The works of art and religion that marked the time, remained almost the only ones, for lack of time or means to supplement them later, when internal factions and a foreign yoke—for to the Italian of the Middle Ages his neighbor and fellow-countryman was politically a foreigner—crushed out the energy and dispersed the wealth of Pisa. For the medievalist, this is decidedly an advantage; for the historian, it insures a fuller illustration of one special phase of political existence than is found in other cities whose buildings illustrate the whole range of their history, yet often leave each one but scantily represented in detail.

Passing to the Cathedral, with its attendant buildings, we cannot help stopping to look in at the shop windows. The display of *oggetti d'arte* is certainly tempting. Alabaster models of the Leaning Tower and the Baptistery, marble statuettes—classic and Christian; corals in fantastic shapes from Leghorn, etc., take their place among jewelry, for in Italy the jeweler does not confine himself to the sale of personal ornaments; he finds everything that can beautify common life, and make one's surroundings suggestive of culture, within his province. In Rome, for instance, there is a large traffic in bronze lamps—not merely for show—made on the model of the classic lamps of old tombs; and if you want to buy a flower-vase, you will have no barbarous, gaudy glass or china cup, fresh from the cheap French factories, offered you, but a marble *tazza*, a miniature copy of the "drinking-cup of the doves," or some model of a vase recently dug from the Baths of Diocletian.

The Duomo is undoubtedly one of the most distinctive churches in all Italy. We got there early enough to hear Mass, and there is something specially suggestive to a foreign visitor, in thus being able to see, and join in, the actual life of the cathedral, as well as to admire it artistically. There is a difference between the sight of a cathedral, as a mere monument of the past, and as a living house of prayer. Pisa, however, has given the whole world an interest in her church, which, to the mind of many, is far finer than St. Peter's. The main building is nearly pure Romanesque, the only national style in Italy, and the distinct outgrowth of Christianity; but unity of design could not be expected throughout, especially when it is remembered that, like most old churches, a great fire attacked it in 1596, and left the door open to the fanciful innovations of the pseudo-classic mania. This accounts for the overlaid altars, the gaudy mixture of gilding and colored marbles, the redundancy of statues and the blaze of silver plates and arabesques in certain parts of the church, but the general impression is magnificent, sombre and majestic. The roof mosaics, by Cimabue and various of his pupils, are the most worthy of notice among the interior ornamentation, even though the gigantic Madonna and Child over holy-water basin, and the designs of the twelve nave altars, as well as the capitals of two porphyry columns under the dome, all bear the name of Michael Angelo. The Byzantine figure of Christ, in mosaic, standing between the Blessed Virgin and St. John, seems to look upon the church as from His throne above; his expression is calm and yet merciful, for it seems as if mosaic were incapable of being made to express passion of any sort, or sentimentalism of any shade. The size of the figure, too, like that in the apse over the Bishop's throne at St. Paul's, at Rome, is symbolic, according to the simple tradition of pre-Raphaelite art, of the immeasurable exaltation of the God-man above all things and creatures of earth. But the real grandeur of the church

not in its rich altars, and its innumerable pictures and statues, nor even its antique choir stalls, with their apostles, landscapes and animals, etc., but rather in its walls and columns, and its incomparable façade. Indeed, the interior, if less cut up into chapels, would be more imposing. The nave and double aisles are supported by sixty-eight ancient Roman and Greek columns, captured by the Pisans in war; for the whole church is a national votive offering, built to commemorate the great naval victory of Palermo over the Saracens in 1063. Pope Gelasius II. consecrated it in person in 1118. Over the columns is a kind of clerestory, apparently with some accessible tribunes and galleries, all of white marble, inlaid with occasional black and colored marbles. The roof is flat, and the ceiling coppered and gilded. The only ancient gate remaining is one in the south aisle, dating from the time of the consecration, and representing twenty-four Scriptural scenes in as many bronze panels. The present gates, also carved with similar scenes, are of the early seventeenth century.

The view from the Piazza is one none can forget. The group of buildings clustered around the Cathedral, yet not crowding it, as some of the Gothic cathedrals of France, Germany and England are crowded, is certainly striking; yet the massive façade takes your eye, and compels your undivided attention. Tier upon tier of columns and arches mask the lower wall, and above them four open galleries, gradually diminishing in length, lead the eye to the carved cross on the summit. Beyond this the blue sky—when I saw it, at least—made a sharp, definite background, very suitable to the bold, heavy lines of the whole, framing within them the simple, yet elegant, mass of columns. Nowhere but in Italy do you see this characteristic style, always associated with basilica-worship, and tracing its descent from the first public Christian churches in the fourth century. All the oldest churches in Rome are, internally, on the same plan, though the outer architecture proper to the Romanesque period dates from the eighth century only; and in some of the smaller—St. Clement's, and St. Nereus and Achilleus's, for instance—the traditions of the earliest ritual are still distinctly preserved in the disposition of the altar, lectern, pulpit, apse and choir-enclosure.

The Baptistry stands rather on the right as you leave the church, and is a feature seldom reproduced in other cities almost as rich, architecturally, as Pisa. Its solid white-marble mass seems like a dome lifted off a cathedral and dropped on the ground. Like the church and the bell-tower, it is surrounded by half-columns below and a gallery of smaller detached columns above, from which rises a conical dome, with occasional bas-reliefs. The interior is reached by four doors, two of which still retain twelfth-century marble panels, sculptured; and the arrangement inside is very simple and beautiful. Eight columns and four pillars support a triforium, and surround a white-marble octagonal font raised above the level of the floor, and adorned with carved and mosaic panels. On one side stands the hexagonal pulpit, borne by several dwarf columns, and covered with bas-reliefs by the foremost of Pisan sculptors, Niccolò Pisano. Both Baptistry and Campanile (the well-known Leaning Tower) are later by one century than the original part of the Cathedral, and the Tower was only finished two centuries after its foundation. It is belted round with eight tiers of small half-columns and colonnades, and has a winding staircase of nearly 300 steps, leading to the platform, whence the view of the sea on one hand, the mountains on the other, the flat meadows and the winding Arno below, is very beautiful. The Tower has only seven bells.

The Campo Santo, or Holy Field, is a burying-ground,

to fill which fifty-three ship-loads of earth were brought from Mount Calvary by Ubaldo, Archbishop of Pisa in the years 1188 to 1200, has a large place in my remembrance. The Gothic tracery of the sixty-two windows, dating from the end of the thirteenth century, looking from the cloisters on to the green quadrangle, is singularly perfect; each line and curve, if carried geometrically to its conclusion, tending to form a perfect circle. The place is such a museum of heterogeneous antiquities, classic and medieval, Roman sarcophagi, mutilated statues of heathen deities, funeral tablets old and new, that an enumeration would prove nothing but a catalogue; whereas, a little detail concerning a few representative objects will give a far clearer idea of the whole.

The pavement of the cloisters is of tombstones, and the walls opposite the arched windows are covered with frescoes, some of which proved to the writer the most interesting feature of the Campo Santo. On the north wall, a pupil of Fra Angelico, Benozzo Gozzoli, has left the record of his long years' stay at Pisa—from 1469 to 1485—and continued the History of Genesis, whose earlier scenes were *natively* painted by Pietro di Puccio, of Orvieto, nearly a hundred years before. The practice of introducing portraits of celebrated men of the time, however inaccurate in an artistic point of view, has some advantages for us; for here, among the builders of Babel, we have a series of portraits of the Medici—Cosmo, his son Pietro and his grandsons Lorenzo and Giuliano, the same whose unfinished monument in Santa Croce, at Florence, has inspired so many modern writers and poets. The histories of David, Solomon and the "Queen of the South" gave scope for a certain quaint wantonness and magnificence of manner, the introduction of strange beasts, a half-Oriental, half-imaginative wealth of gilding and color, and general extravagance; while that of Joseph and his brethren—which became the painter's funeral memorial, as he was buried just below it—is enriched by many a portrait of merchants, statesmen and ecclesiastics, whose presence tells of a grudge entertained, a benefit received, or a bit of satire indulged in by the clever artist, whose final appeal was to posterity.

The early Italian painters had a genius for allegory, and the subject of the "Triumph of Death"—Christian in one sense only—was a not unusual one. Here, on the south wall, it is treated less grimly than in the terrible frescoes of the Bridge of Zurich, yet vigorously and in a solemn-humorous manner that fascinates you against your will. Such imaginative scenes as this, the "Last Judgment" and "Hell," are more interesting than mere historical, or even legendary, subjects. Albert Durer might have rivaled the group of three horsemen on their way out hunting, who suddenly stumble over three open coffins.

Conspicuous among these frescoes is the so-called *Orcagna*, representing the Last Judgment. Modern criticism has denied that Vasari was right in attributing this and "Hell" to the Orcagna brothers; but whoever may be the author, the tradition that he was Dante's friend and follower, will fit him equally well. To any one familiar with the "Inferno," there is decidedly a Dantesque cast in these huge, gloomy, lurid stretches of color. The "Last Judgment," to an uncritical and fairly impressionable observer, is terrible to look upon; bolder and wilder, while more ingenious in its conception, than Michael Angelo's in the Sistine Chapel; very medieval in its details; very realistic and yet grotesque (which grotesqueness rather increases horror than provokes mirth), and above all, very full of symbolism—the outcome, in a word, of a powerful imagination and an awfully earnest faith. There is no background, no attempt to portray some convulsion of nature,

or some thousandfold intensified darkness or storm, such as we should expect of any modern painter who should take up this theme. The drawing is stiff, the anatomy imperfect, but the individuality of the artist is prominent. Art was not retrospective as it has become now; painters were content to blunder sometimes in their eager pursuits—not of conventional perfection, but of their own ideal; and if there was less grace, there was certainly more vigor. To copy their predecessors was not their aim—to make themselves more worthy of being copied by their successors was their ambition.

The fearful devils of Oragna's "Last Judgment," the palpably realistic shovels and forks, and the bold censure implied by placing ecclesiastical dignitaries in their robes of office among the condemned on the Judge's left hand, are so many tokens of the uncompromising self-assertion of infant art. There is no euphemism—opinion is as vigorously outspoken on canvas, as faith and its strong practical hold on the mind of the artist is quaintly expressed.

Modern critics stand before this fresco, not shuddering at the terrors

which its satyrs, its griffins, its literal "jaws of Hell" belching forth fire and sucking in naked sinners, are intended to inspire—but coolly picking its details to pieces, and debating whether to call its realism superstition or satire. I think it is neither. The painter believed in and feared what he painted—not the heathen monsters, which were but recognized artistic forms of evil in his day, but the awful meed of inexpressible torment which they denoted. Not even the people who pointed to Dante and whispered, shudderingly, "There goes the man who has gone down to Hell!" believed in the material varieties and refinements of torture so minutely described by him; but

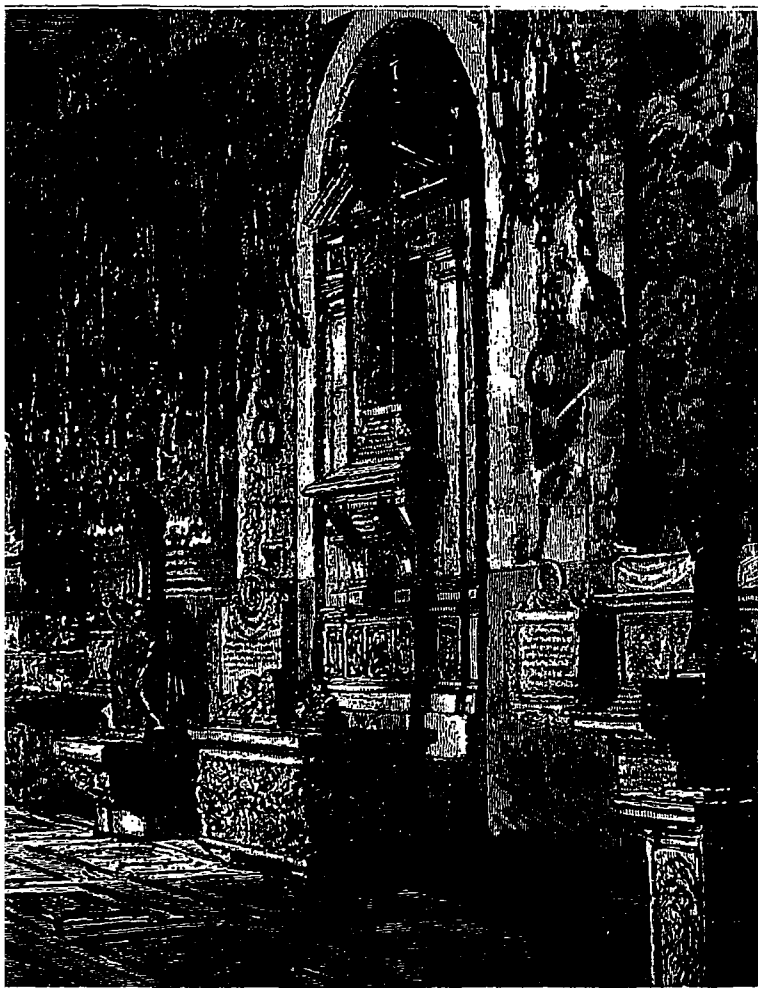
the belief in future punishment in some form was part of their life.

Again, the author of this pictured warning could have been no unbeliever, laughing in his sleeve at the fright he must cause the peasants, when they came up to market, and wondered over the new marble colonnade; or silently carried off a handful of the holy earth to preserve for their own poor coffins, so that their heads at least might rest on the soil for which Crusading Pisa had fought so fiercely.

Akin to these subjects were the temptations of the Her-

mits of the Thebaid, by two Florentine brothers, Lorenzetti, where dreadful shapes of devils dance before the anchorites buried in their caves. St. Nanieri, the patron saint of Pisa, has a series of frescoes devoted to his life; and St. Ephesus, a Roman general and martyr, whose statue, formerly a classic one representing Mars, now stands in the Cathedral, has another.

There are a few modern monuments, which come upon one with a sense of incongruity in this essentially old-world cemetery, although the sculptor of one of them, Thorwaldsen, is worthy of



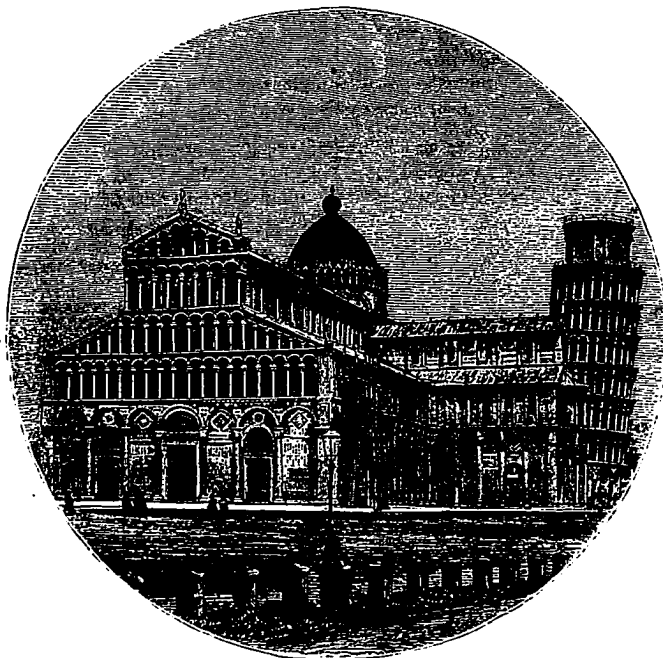
CURIOUS TOMB IN THE CAMPO SANTO, PISA.

a place beside Phidias himself. This monument consists of a group—Tobias curing his father's blindness, and is in honor of the oculist, Andrea Vecca, who died in 1826. Two more modern celebrities are commemorated, the fabulist and *littérateur*, Professor Lorenzo Pignotti (d. 1812), and the singer, Angelica Catalani (d. 1849). Among the miscellaneous articles of interest stored in this national museum, are the chains of the ancient harbor of Pisa, captured by the Genoese in 1632, and restored only eighteen years ago, when both cities became joint parts of the new kingdom of Italy.

As usual in Italian cities, the environs are full of villas,

gardens, ruins. A pine wood, a mile and a half from Pisa surrounds what is now a royal shooting-lodge, but once a farm belonging to the Medici, and now a common resort of the population on fine evenings; while three miles north of Pisa is the little bathing-place, Il Gombo, where Shelley was drowned. On the old post-road to Leghorn, stands a very old basilica, San Pietro in Grado, built in the tenth century, and still possessing some of its original columns and capitals. Here, says tradition, is the spot where St. Peter first landed in Italy, and consequently, the ancient shrine was at one time an often-visited goal of pilgrimage. Moreover, it stood almost within the harbor, and at the estuary of the Arno; although at present the coast-line has been so changed by alluvial deposits, as to put a belt of nearly six miles between Pisa and the sea, as has happened to many a similar place in the south of France.

Five miles inland, on the other side of the town, are the Pisan hills—*monti Pisani*—covered with chestnut groves, and crowned by one mountain nearly 2,000 feet high, on which stand the ruins of a fifteenth century stronghold. Down in one of the many abrupt, picturesque hollows, called the *Valle dei Calci*, or the Valley of the Barefooted, lies the Carthusian Abbey, built in the year 1367. This we had no time to visit; but, though it is not fair to give an imaginary picture, we can almost reproduce the best features of the monastery from the analogy of others of the same Order—an Order distinguished by its love of beautiful spots and its lavish encouragement of religious art. The very words "*La Certosa*" conjure up a scene of moun-



THE CATHEDRAL AND CAMPANILE, PISA.

tain beauty, rocks covered with clinging shrubs and vines, tufts of old trees making a rampart of green; a teeming garden and prosperous farm sheltered by the high hills, a marvelous greensward, and within the building, elaborate carving and a monster library. Add to this, one of the most statuesque costumes in the world, 'for the heavy, yellow-white folds of the Carthusian habit suggest rather a figure stepped down from an antique tomb than a common man.

Although Rome was our destination, I do not think the Eternal City made half the instant im-

pression upon me which Pisa did. Grandeur in her history and her destiny, cosmopolitan in her interests and her influence, central as regards religion, imperial as regards ceremonial, she yet has an outer modern shell which Pisa has not; and the beauty of Pisan architecture is also of a less mixed type, which went for much in the estimate of one of the school of Pugin.

In Rome you have to hunt carefully after the relics of Early Church ritual, and the buildings of Constantinian era, while the flaunting riches of the sixteenth century and the half-pagan veil thrown over the Church by her gorgeous Renaissance patrons and decorators, dazzle and bewilder you. This grievance meets you everywhere, most

of all at St. Peter's, and the memory of the Pisan churches comes as a refreshing substitute.

At least that is how I look back upon the contrast at present, when time and distance have only intensified my appreciation of the city on the Arno, while they leave me more and more indifferent to Rome, with all her memories and greatness.



THE BANKS OF THE ARNO.

A WEEK IN VENICE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

I RECALL my visit to Venice as one recalls a dream. Everything, in that "city of the dead," is so unlike what you are familiar with in other cities, that you can hardly realize it. After the first few hours, you seem to have left your former life behind you, and to have entered on a new stage of existence, in some realm of "faery or old romance." You lose, too, all count of time. Years appear to have gone by since the railroad train stopped at Maestra, since you first saw a gondola and were rowed to your hotel; and countless miles seem to separate you from the bustling, material world, of which not even the faintest echo now reaches your slumberous ears. In this mood you go to bed. The morning, which usually banishes illusions, only confirms this one. You rise, and go to your window, expecting the fancies of the night before to be dissipated at the first glance; but looking off toward the hazy South, your eye lights on a magic sea, on ships that seem to have come out of Eld, on mirage-like islands, and on white churches, far away, with strange, Byzantine domes looming supernatural through the mist. You go down to the water-side, and entering your gondola, glide noiselessly away; for though the oars dip in, they make no sound; and though other gondolas come and go, black and hearse-like, they and their gondoliers seem but phantoms, after all. You enter the Grand Canal. On either side rise stately palaces, with strangely beautiful windows, half Moorish, half Gothic, but now dilapidated and desolate, for the newest of them is five hundred years old, and the families that built them are long ago extinct. As you slide silently by them, the water laps against their slimy door-steps, and washes, in drowsy undulations, along their still more slimy sides. Up, over the gray old walls, green lichens grow, as over the tombstones of the dead. You pass into some of the smaller canals. All here is quiet, too. The day is one long dream. Toward nightfall you go out on the lagoon. A wide waste of water, of a lustrous green you never saw before, ripples away, for miles and miles, toward the north and west, where it is bounded by a range of purple hills, behind which the sun is just setting in a burst of glowing gold. These hills are the only thing, in this weird

place, that appear real; and you make toward them with a feeling of relief. But, as you advance, they seem to recede. Soon thick clouds gather and hide them, from which the thunder mutters, and the lightnings flash, as if warning you away. You turn back toward the south and east, with a strange feeling of being in a land of magic. You look for nothing, but that the city, which was there before, has vanished, like the mirage that it was, and that you will see only the long, low islands, against which the lonely surf beats outside, and through the salt grass of which the night wind whistles desolately. But the wondrous town is still there, with its vast line of white buildings, its strange, Saracenic domes, and its tall campaniles like ancient cypresses turned to stone. As you approach it, the lights begin to glimmer along the water, and the city floats in air; you swim suspended, too; and the enchanted islands, all around, float in air also. You glide on and on, the darkness deepening, the lights reflected farther and wider. At last, you enter one of the canals again, and pass under the shadows of the tall houses into almost utter night. And on and on you go, between spectral palaces, and under black bridges, threading labyrinth after labyrinth of gloom, till you stop at your hotel: yet not hotel either, but some wizard edifice, that rises, as by the spell of an Aladdin, out of the darkness as you approach it. And when you go to bed, it is with that strange feeling back again, that all this is unreal, and that you will wake, not in glorious Bagdad, nor on the Sultan's divan, but, like the cobbler in the Arabian story, in your old dingy office, in the matter-of-fact city, far away, where you live. If this is reality, it is Venice. If it is a dream, what a dream!

The next morning all is bustle and activity; yet the bustle and life is as unreal as the other. The sky is of a blue deeper than you ever saw before; the sea translucent and glittering, as if half phosphorescent. The haze of the preceding day has vanished, and the sun shines with a brilliancy beyond description. Gondolas shoot by you like swallows on the wing. The Piazza of St. Mark, at which you land, swarms with people. Franks, Hungarians, Italians, Styrians, Turks, Armenians, Greeks, and Can-

diotes, throng around, in picturesque costumes, the air buzzing with their Babel tongues. Before you are the two famous pillars, on one of which the winged lion lifts his paw, and looks over the Venice of which he is the warder—a wild, uncouth figure in bronze, brought from the far East centuries ago, some mighty talisman, perhaps, of a race, or people long since forgotten! A few steps further, and you see, towering four hundred feet above you, the vast Campanile of St. Mark; massive, and grand, and awful, like some Titanic relic of a world before the flood. The clock strikes twelve, and, with a whirr, the air is alive with pigeons, who come, flying from every direction, for their daily dole in the Piazza. The last stroke of the hammer is yet reverberating; the flutter of the thousand wings is hardly still, when the bells of the churches begin to chime; such bells as are heard only in Venice; silvery and sweet, filling the whole atmosphere, as if rung by angels up in heaven. And now, turning to the right, you first behold St. Mark's. It comes so suddenly upon you, that it seems to rise out of the ground like an exhalation; and its strange, mosque-like outlines, as if part of some Hashheesh dream, add to the illusion. You rub your eyes, and look again, not sure that you are awake. But there they are: the five great portals; the immortal mosaic, from which Christ blesses "the poor in heart" forever; the world-renowned bronze horses; and that wonderful cluster of white domes, of which you have read and dreamed a thousand times! You enter the vestibule. Overhead, in a blaze of gold, prophets, saints, and martyrs look down upon you, as they have looked, for centuries, on the generations that have gone in and out. You pause, struck dumb by the costly marbles all around you; porphyry, and jasper, and serpentine, and

verd antique, and rarest alabaster; spoils from heathen temples of antique gods, from Constantinople, from Antioch, from Acre, from Jerusalem itself, it is said; for when Venice was in her prime, no ship ever returned from a venture, without bringing an offering of precious marbles; no victory was ever won in the Orient, without the conquered being laid under contribution.

You pass the threshold: and still the magic treasures grow. What wealth of costliest stone! What splendors in mosaic! What magnificence of color everywhere! As you walk toward the high altar, over the uneven pavement, you realize how all this is slowly settling into the sea, and that the time will come when St. Mark's, with its monuments, and mosaics, and memories of a thousand years, will be engulfed; and as this conviction forces itself upon you, the mighty temple seems as unsubstantial as all things else in Venice, and you go out into the open air, wondering more than ever if it is not a dream. And so, seeking your gondola, you return to your hotel. You step out at the low door-way, on a side canal, and enter the court-yard, rich with rarest flowers, and surrounded by carved galleries in stone, with half Moorish arches and windows, as if the whole building had walked out of the Arabian Nights. You go up the marble staircase, and through the great presence chamber, where the doge, that built it, once gave audience; you dine in the room where he dined, with his portrait, and that of his wife, gazing down on you from the walls; and you sleep in the apartment where he slept, and where he died, five hundred years ago. Everywhere the glamour of the past is upon you. It is a dream, or it seems a dream; and as a dream only will it live in your memory. *

AN ART PILGRIMAGE THROUGH ROME.

ROME as we saw it in 1863 was already so far modernized as to possess two railway lines, one on the Neapolitan and one on the Civita Vecchia side. The old and more romantic entrance was by the Porta del Popolo, which was reached by crossing the Ponte Molle. Two traditions help to invest this plain, strong bridge with peculiar interest. It was within sight of it that the great battle was fought which decided the triumph of Constantine and Christianity in the already tottering Roman Empire. Here the miraculous cross appeared to the great leader the night before the battle, lighting up the horizon with its mystic radiance, and blazoning forth those prophetic words: *In hoc signo vinces*—"In this sign shalt thou conquer"—which were afterwards graven as the motto of the emperor on his new standard, or *labarum*. Near the Ponte Molle, too, then called Pons Milviensis, were the spoils of the temple, and notably the seven-branched candle-stick, thrown into the Tiber to save them from the hands of the invading Huns; and it is seriously believed that, were the river to be drained and carefully dredged in that spot, many rare and valuable historical relics would be found. It is supposed that, the flow of the water being very sluggish, and the mud, with its tawny color, oozy and detaining, these treasures may easily have remained embedded in their unsavory hiding-place.

The modern entrance from the Civita Vecchia side is unattractive in the extreme, but the new depot at the Piazza de' Termini affords a very

fair first view of Rome. Before reaching the city, a beautiful spectacle is presented by the long rows of aqueducts standing sharply defined out of the low, olive-spotted plain and by the massive tomb of Cecilia Metella, rising in towering prominence among the lesser monuments of the Appian Way. Beautiful at all times, this scene of lovely and suggestive grandeur is still more beautiful by moonlight; and, if one could forget the unfortunate details of that most prosaic of modern buildings, a railway-station, the Piazza de' Termini would hardly break the spell. On one side are the ruins of the baths of Diocletian, their brick walls covered with golden wall-flowers, and just beyond them the cloister and church of Santa Maria degli Angeli. The interior of this church is supported by huge monolith columns of granite, still bearing the marks of the fire which destroyed the baths, from whose adjoining halls they were taken. On the opposite side are the prisons for women—a far happier and more peaceful abode than most places of the sort, the *jailers* being cloistered sisters specially vowed to this heroic work of self-devotion. A little further on is the great fountain, divided into three compartments, each backed by a *basso-relievo* of great merit, the centre one representing in gigantic proportions Moses striking the rock. The small domed church of the Vittoria, which faces the fountain, is the national *ex-voto* commemorating the battle of Lepanto, and boasts a masterpiece of one of the sculptors of the Renaissance—a term

too often convertible with artistic decadence. This is a languishing and affected but marvellously correct statue of S. Teresa on her death-bed; and the church is served by bare-footed Carmelite friars. The streets branching from the Piazza, though not so narrow, are to the full as crooked as those in the lower portion of the city; but, to the practised Italian traveller, they will appear almost wide. Those of Genoa and Venice are veritable lanes, through which two wheelbarrows could not pass each other, and across which you could literally shake hands out of the windows of each floor; so that the Roman streets do not strike you as uncommonly narrow, unless you are fresh from Paris or Munich.

Here are the same peculiarities as in most other Italian towns, but fraught with a deeper meaning, since we are at the headquarters of the religion which gives them birth: the frequent shrines at the street-corners, chiefly of the Blessed Virgin and the divine Infant, rudely enough represented, but denoting the steadfast faith of the people, and kept perpetually adorned by a lighted oil-lamp in a blue or red glass; the stalls in the markets, which, by the way, stand only in the dingier thoroughfares round the Pantheon and S. Eustachio; the strange medley of meat, vegetables, flowers, antiquities; in summer, the mounds of cut water-melons (the Roman's favorite fruit), and the ricketty stands piled with figs in all the confused shades of purple, black, green, and white; in winter, the *scaldini*, or little square boxes filled with charcoal, which the market-women carry about everywhere—to market, to church, and very often to bed; the curious antique lamps of brass with two or three beaks, each bearing a weak flame, and the whole thing a copy,

line for line, of the old Roman lamps of two thousand years ago; on S. Joseph's day, the 19th of March, the stalls decorated with garlands of green, and heaped with *fritellette* (fried fish under various disguises); the peasant funeral winding slowly through the crowd, with the corpse, that of a young girl, lying uncovered but enwreathed in simple flowers, or an open bier borne by the cowed members of a pious brotherhood specially dedicated to this work, and whose faces even are covered, leaving only the eyes visible through two narrow slits; the droves of Campagna oxen, cream-colored, mild, Juno-eyed, and with thick, smooth, branching horns; the flocks of Campagna buffaloes, shaggy and fierce, with eyes like pigs, humps on their necks, and short, crooked horns—a very fair impersonation of the evil one for an imaginary "temptation of S. Anthony"; then, finally, at Christmas time, the *pifferari*, peasants of the Abruzzi, whose immemorial custom it is to come on an annual musical pilgrimage to Rome, and play their mountain airs before every street-shrine in the city.

These latter are deserving of a more lengthened notice, and, indeed, no traveller can fail to be struck by the rugged picturesqueness of their appearance. Some one has not inappropriately called them the "satyrs of the Campagna," though they belong rather to the mountain than to the plain. Their dress is that which we are erroneously taught to connect with the traditional ideal of a brigand (an ideal, by the way, very unjustly supposed to be realized by the honest, industrious, and deluded peasants of whom New York has recently said such hard things)—a high, conical felt hat, with a frayed feather or red band and tassels; a red waistcoat; a coarse blue jacket

and leggings, sometimes of the shaggy hair of white goats (hence the title satyr), sometimes of tanned skin bound round with cords that interlace as far as the knee. The ample cloak common to all Roman and Neapolitan peasants completes the costume, and gives it a dignity which sits well upon them. Their instruments are very primitive, and the tunes they perform are among the oldest national airs of Italy, transmitted intact from father to son by purely oral teaching. They always go in couples, and, while one plays the *zampogna*, or bagpipe, the other accompanies him on the *piffero*, or pastoral pipe—a short, flute-like instrument. These are the men who make the fortunes of many an artist, and who, as models, are transformed as often as Proteus or Jupiter of old. The broad flight of steps leading from the Piazza di Spagna to the Pincian hill is their chief resort when off duty as *pifferari*, and on the lookout as models; and any guide could show you among them Signor So-and-So's "Moses," or Madame Such-a-one's "S. Joseph," besides innumerable other characters, Biblical and classical, sustained by at most only a dozen men of flesh and blood. A few women there are among them, some in the characteristic but rare costume which is erroneously supposed to be the only one worn in the neighborhood of Rome, namely, the square fold of spotless linen on the head (a style almost Egyptian in its massiveness) and narrow skirt of darkest blue, with an apron of carpet-like pattern and texture. A row of heavy coral beads encircles their throats, and the ample folds of their loose chemise of white cotton are confined by a blue boddice laced up the front. These figures suggest themselves as splendid models for a set of Caryatides, but they are more

usually painted as typical peasant women, and sometimes, when old, as S. Elizabeth, S. Anne, or the Sibyls.

The confusion of gaily-attired or dark-robed figures in the streets is at first bewildering to the stranger, especially on a festival day, when one would think that the middle ages had broken up through the thin crust of levelling modern decorum. Here are Capuchin friars, in their coarse brown tunics confined round the waist by a white knotted cord, hurrying with large baskets on their arms from house to house to collect their meal of broken refuse; further on is a Papal zouave in his uniform of gray and his white half-leggings—a foreigner and very likely a noble, fair, slight, and dignified, like Col. de Chariette, the grandson of the great Vendean leader of 1793; here, again, comes an *abate*, with his enormous black three-cornered hat and his long and ample cloak or garment gathered in a line of full, close folds at his back, and sweeping thence around his person with all the picturesque dignity of a Roman toga; jostling against this dark figure is the lithe, cat-like French soldier, cheery and open-faced; beyond him hurry lackeys in rich but faded liveries that look as if they had been fashioned out of tapestry; peasants in every garb, some clustering round a *scrivano*, or public letter-writer, established in the open air at a rickety table, with a few sheets of dirty paper and a heap of limp red wafers for his stock in trade; and others intent upon their birthright, *i.e.* noisy and successful begging.

Perhaps one of the most curious sights to a stranger is to be found in the back yards of houses inhabited by swarms of families who have but one well among them from which to draw water. The well is in the mid-

dle of the courtyard, and from it to every window of the house (and often of several adjoining houses) runs a strong wire cord. On this is slung a bucket, which is let down or drawn up by a pulley easily managed from the window; and all day long this ingenious manoeuvre is constantly repeated with sundry whirring noises quite novel to the northern ear. It would need volumes to give any idea of the mere outer picturesqueness of Roman scenes, much more of the varied beauties that do not at once catch the eye. The Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, affords one of the most peculiar street-sights. The streets here are narrower, darker, filthier than elsewhere, the stalls are dingier, the poverty more apparent. Rags everywhere and in every stage of dilapidation—rags hung out over your head like banners; rags spread on the knees of the industrious women, who with deft fingers are mending and darning them; rags laid in shelves and coffer; rags clothing the swarthy children that tumble about the grimy door-steps—a very nightmare of rags. And among them, exiles: gorgeous robes hidden away where you would least expect them, rare laces of gossamer texture and historical interest, brocades that once graced a coronation, and even gems that the Queen of Sheba might have envied. Mingled in race and broken in spirit as are these Jews, weak descendants of the stern old Bible heroes, one touching evidence of their loyalty to their ancient traditions remains. We were told of it by Dr. O——, of the Propaganda College, who had many friends among the Hebrew Rabbis. The Arch of Titus in the Forum, or what is now vulgarly called the Campo Vaccino (oxen's field or market), is a magnificent trophy commemorating the last victory

of Rome over Jerusalem. Its *bassirilievi*, both exterior and interior, represent the sacking of the Holy City and the despoiling of the temple. The carvings of the triumphal procession bearing aloft the rifled treasures of the Holy of Holies, the great seven-branched candlestick, the mystic table of the "loaves of proposition," the golden bowls and censers, naturally enough excite feelings of bitter regret in the breast of the exiled and wandering race. So it happens that no good and true Jew passing through the Forum will ever follow the road that leads under this beautiful sculptured monument of his country's fall, nor even let its shadow fall upon his head as he passes it by. This sign of faithful mourning certainly struck us as very significant and poetical. There are two synagogues in the Ghetto, and it is curious to reflect that these Hebrew temples were tolerated within the walls of Rome by a government which proscribed Anglican chapels and relegated the worship of the English visitors beyond the Porta del Popolo. This restriction may have unheedingly been called intolerant; but let us stay for a moment to examine its reason. Rome was a theocracy and swayed by directly opposite principles to any other existing state, and it could no more allow of promiscuous worship within its domain than of old the Hebrew high-priest could have allowed the Moabitish altars to be erected at the doors of the Ark of God. In speaking of the Rome of the popes, it is absolutely necessary for a non-Catholic to set his mind to a different focus from that which answers the ordinary purposes of travel and observation; it is necessary to do as Hawthorne says somewhere in his romance of the *Marble Faun*—that is, to look at the pictured

window of a great cathedral *from the inside*, where the harmony of form, of color, and of distribution is plainly visible; not from the *outside*, where an unmeaning network of dark, irregular patches of glass vexes the eye of the gazer.

One is apt at first to wander through these Roman streets in the indecision brought on by *l'embarras des richesses*. Shall we seek the Rome of religion, of history, or of art? Shall we make a tour of the churches or the studios first? Or shall we go at once to the colossal ruins, and bury ourselves in the annals of the old republic? All these regions have been thoroughly explored, and there are guides, both living and dead, to lead one through the divers cities existing within the bosom of the whilom mistress of the world. The streets themselves are a series of pictures, from the Via Condotti—where the most finished masterpieces of antique jewellery are successfully imitated, and where wealthy strangers crowd round the counters, eager to take home keepsakes for less fortunate friends—to the Piazza Montanara, where the handsome peasants from the country mingle with the stalwart Frasteverini, who boast of being lineal descendants of the ancient Romans. One thing which is very apt to strike any thoughtful observer upon a first saunter through Rome (we speak of 1863) is the sovereignty of religion in every department of life. Art is wholly moulded by it, domestic life pervaded by it, municipal life simply founded on it. Every monument of note is stamped with its impress, as the Pantheon; every ruin is consecrated to its service, as the Coliseum. Every public building bears on its walls the keys and tiara of the Papacy side by side with the "S. P. Q. R." of the city arms (*Senatus Populusque*

Romanus). Even the private galleries are under government protection, and not one of the pictures can be sold without the leave of the authorities. The very collections of classic statuary are the work of successive ecclesiastical rulers. Education is essentially religious (as it always is in any country whose ideal still remains civilized and does not approximate to that of the irresponsible denizen of the forests), and at the same time national, since every nation has here its own representative college. The archæological discoveries in the catacombs and at the Dominican Convent of San Clemente open a new branch of research peculiar to Rome, while modern art instinctively follows in the same religious groove, and spends itself chiefly on the imitation of Christian mosaics, the manufacture of costly articles of devotion, such as reliquaries, crucifixes, rosaries, and the rivalry of both foreign and native artists to invent new æsthetical expositions of religious truth, new embodiments of religious symbols. From the street-shrines which we have passed to the studios of Christian artists and the examination of ancient Christian art there is, therefore, less distance than one would think. The same idea has created them, and the faith which keeps the lamp alight and inspires the *Pissarro's* tribute is the same that guides the chisel of the sculptor and the brush of the painter. It is certainly a remarkable fact that in Rome there is perhaps less landscape-painting than in many other schools and centres of art, and that, too, in a country so picturesque, so full of that pathetic southern beauty of luminous atmosphere and intense coloring. The human element, and, above all, the religious, seems, as by divine right, to blot out every other

in this mystic capital, not of the world alone, but of the whole realm of intellect. Classicism itself, the child of the soil, seems an alien growth here, and one wanders through miles of antique statuary as one would through some gigantic collection of exotics in a northern clime, expecting every moment to return to a different and more normal atmosphere. So it is not to be wondered at, when exploring the field of modern art, that so many of those wild-looking Germans, with long, fair hair and bushy beards, extravagance of costume, and universal abundance of the plaid shawl serving as an overcoat, should be engaged on S. Jeromes or S. Catherines rather than on Apollos or Minervas.

The Italians are best represented among the sculptors, and Tenerani, Giacometti, and Benzeni have made their religious statuary famous through the Christian world. Discarding the influence of the Renaissance, they have returned to the austere ideal so well understood by Canova and exemplified in his figures of Justice and Mercy on the tomb of Clement XIV. in S. Peter's—the ideal which Michael Angelo forsook when he introduced "muscular Christianity" into art. Tenerani's "Angel of Judgment," intended for the tomb of a Prussian princess, is a magnificent conception. Colossal in size, and divinely impassible in expression, this grand figure stands as if in the last dread pause before the call, holding uplifted in his mighty hand the trumpet that is to awaken the dead. It is impossible to give an adequate impression of this statue, so majestic and so simple, with its massive drapery falling straight to the feet, not tortured with a thousand undignified wrappings, nor flying like a stiffly frozen scarf around the bared limbs, as it does on the wretched

angels whom Bernini has perched upon the bridge opposite the Mole of Adrian. The two lifelike statues of Christ and his betrayer, Judas, which are placed at the foot of the Scala Santa, one of the most venerated shrines of Rome, are also Tenerani's handiwork. Judas clutches a bag of money in his left hand, which he tries to hide behind his back, while his bent body and the low animal cunning in his look betray the sordid eagerness that prompts him. Opposite this statue is that of our Saviour, whose attitude, full of dignity and repose, is more that of a lenient judge than of an entrapped victim: As far as marble can be god-like, this figure borrows something of the lofty characteristics of its original; and it is to be noticed that sculpture can more easily than painting attain such quasi-perfection. We have all been repeatedly struck by the effeminacy of almost every representation of our Lord, but this danger is much diminished in marble, the material itself being more or less incapable of sensuous interpretation. This is very evident in entirely or partially undraped figures, which are redeemed from the alluring repulsiveness of the same subjects on canvas by a certain firmness of outline and breadth of contour suggestive of strength rather than tenderness, dignity rather than charm.

One very beautiful group in marble was the "Taking down from the Cross," which in 1863 was still in the *atelier* of a German sculptor, whose name we have forgotten. The realistic details, such as the nails still embedded in the sacred hands of the Redeemer, the crown of thorns, the tears of the Magdalen who is embracing his feet, were marvellously and yet not painfully correct, while the whole expression of the artistic-

ally grouped figures was touchingly Christian. Benzoni's Eve was another well-known masterpiece, of which many fac-similes by the sculptor himself were constantly sold to rich English or Russian patrons; but its chief merit was the wonderful hair, upon which the "mother of all the living" half sits, and which is chiselled with minute accuracy. The statue might be that of a beautiful bather or a grandly moulded Venus, save for the symbolic serpent twined around the stump of the tree on which she leans.

Gibson, the English sculptor, was the apostle of the revived art of tinting statues. He contended that such was the custom of the ancients, and brought forward many proofs in favor of his assertion, notably a statue of Augustus discovered at the baths of Livia during our stay in Rome, and which bore marks of gilding and vermilion on the fringes of its drapery. Gibson's studio was a pagan temple, the representative of classic naturalism, very beautiful, but equally soulless. His tinted Venus was the marvel of the London Exhibition of 1862, and now he was at work giving the finishing touch to a very lovely tinted Hebe. The flesh was skilfully tinged to a faint pink hue, so faint that it suggested ivory with a glow upon it rather than actual flesh; and here and there, for instance, round the short kirtle and on the band around the forehead, ran a pencil-line of gold in delicate tracery. The artist, gray and withered, and pacing among his statues in a loose sort of *déshabillé*, reminded one of the ancient Greek philosophers discoursing on their favorite theories. He was altogether a cultivated and charming pagan, and had conceptions of the Greek myths which would have delighted Phidias. He explained his Bacchus

to us most enthusiastically, dwelling on the mistake often made of delineating him as the bloated god of intemperance and coarse indulgence. "I have made him," he said, pointing to his statue, crowned with vine-leaves, "not less beautiful than Apollo; for he was the god of youth and pleasure, of dance and song, and not the type of brutal revelry some people would have us believe. He left that to Silenus." This statue was not tinted. Whether the ancients did or did not as a rule use color as an adjunct of sculpture, or whether, if they did, it was only in the degenerate stage of art, we cannot pretend to say; but, to our mind, such a practice seriously detracts from the severe beauty of statuary. It seems a pandering to passion, a compromise to allure the imagination, and even a confession of weakness on the part of the artist.

Story, the American sculptor, was and is by far the ablest representative of secular art in Rome. His two magnificent statues of Cleopatra and the Libyan Sibyl were the gems of the "Roman Court" in the London Exhibition of 1862. The former (or a *replica* of it) is in Mr. Johnston's gallery of modern pictures in New York. Story has given his heroine something of the Egyptian type, thereby forsaking the arbitrary rule that decreed the Greek type only to be admissible in sculpture; and, if he has lost in mere physical beauty, he has amply gained in power. In his Cleopatra, he has not given us the voluptuous woman, but the captive queen, brooding over the fall of her sovereignty, looking into futurity with gloomy apprehension; for she sees her empire enslaved, her nationality wiped out, her dynasty forgotten. We dare not pity her, for she is above such a tribute; we cannot despise her, for we feel that con-

tempt would not reach her. She is here the tangible embodiment of a principle rather than the splendid sinner of flesh and blood; and involuntarily we admire and reverence her, and are silent before her imperial woe. The Libyan Sibyl is not unlike the Cleopatra in general effect, and bears the same stamp of loftiness of mind on the part of the artist.

Of Hoffman, a very different sculptor, and the adopted son of Overbeck, we remember but one work, as he died between our first and second visits to Rome, and our recollection of him dates, therefore, from a somewhat childish period. This work was the bust of a Madonna, in which seemed blended in some indescribable way the softness of the painter's art and the firmness of the sculptor's. The head is slightly bent forward, and the eyes look modestly down. Over the back of the head falls a veil, and the brow is bound by a simple crown of *fleur-de-lis*. The expression is radiant yet grave, and the artist has ventured to use the help of gilding to embellish the veil and circlet. But how different the effect from that produced by Gibson's tinting! The thread-like mediæval tracery that forms the half-inch border to the veil, and the line of gold that just defines the contour of the crown, have not the least disturbing effect in the harmony of the whole pure composition. One would think that this was the head of the white-robed Virgin in Beato Angelico's fresco in the Convent of San Marco at Florence, translated into marble.

Christian art in the department of painting is chiefly represented by the new German school of Overbeck. The master himself, a worthy follower of the religious painters of the XIVth and XVth centuries, was

quite a study. His enthusiastic explanations of his cartoons of the Seven Sacraments, which were in his *atelier* at the time we visited him, were very impressive. His own appearance was singularly in harmony with the tone of his works, and, by its dignified asceticism, could not fail to remind one that to paint as he did is to pray. One of his most beautiful productions is now at Munich—a half-length Madonna—in whose draperies he has managed to combine the most richly varied tints, all subdued to that velvety depth and mellowness which is so peculiar to some of the old Pre-Raphaelite masters, and which always suggests to our mind the tints seen in mediæval stained glass. The Christian revival linked with his name has spread far and wide, and all over England, Germany, and France are found memorials of its inspiration. The nudities of the Renaissance, the anatomies of the school of Michael Angelo, and the handsome, robust materialities of even the later manner of Raphael were banished to the realm of secular art, and the revived ideal of religious chivalry was no longer the muscular athlete, the handsome peasant, or the graceful *odalisque*. Many disciples followed the new artistic school, and one of these, Seitz, of whom we have had personal knowledge, may well find a place here. Seitz had his studio near the Piazza Barberini, and, when we went in a party to see him, he was at work on a beautiful group of saints arrayed round the throne of the Virgin and Child. It was a thoroughly characteristic picture, designed according to the mediæval custom of representing the family of the owner by their respective patron saints. It was destined for a Gothic chapel in England, and has since been transferred there, having been

ordered by a connoisseur in religious art and ecclesiastical archæology. The minuteness and accuracy of detail, such as are required by the costumes of S. Charles Borromeo (cardinal), of S. Francis of Sales, (bishop), and S. Ida (a Benedictine nun), are perfect, yet without a trace of that pagan naturalism which, since the days of the Medici, has uncrowned every ideal, and lowered even historical dignity to the level of vulgar domesticity. The researches necessary to a correct representation of such royal garments as are distinctive of S. Constance, the daughter of the Emperor Constantine; S. Edith, the royal Saxon abbess; S. Edward the Confessor, who holds in his hand a model of his foundation, Westminster Abbey; and of S. Elizabeth of Hungary, the queenly almsgiver, whose loaves of bread were turned to wreaths of red roses as her husband was about to upbraid her for her too lavish generosity, are also shown, by the success of these figures, to have been deep and painstaking. S. Thomas of Canterbury, patron of the chapel for which the altar-piece was intended, is also very beautifully represented, the pallium and crozier faithfully copied, while a knife, placed transversely in the interstices of the pastoral staff, points out symbolically the manner of his heroic death. The main figures, the Virgin and Child, are radiant with heavenly grace as well as dignity, the tints of the former's robe being exquisitely delicate, almost transparent in their ethereal suggestiveness, while the disposition of the folds is both grave and modest. The picture is on a gold ground, and divided into three panels by XIIth century *colonnettes* of twisted gold, while the names of the saints are inscribed in Lombardic characters on the breadth of the frame. Before we take our leave

of modern art, of which, of course, we do not pretend to have given more than a very superficial summary, we must not forget the restored mosaics in the Basilica of S. Paul. This is outside the walls of Rome, and has been in continual process of rebuilding and embellishment for over forty years. The great fire of 1822, which destroyed the old Basilica, and swept away the carved cedar roof which was one of its chief glories, only spared the apse containing some valuable mosaics of the Theodosian period—an enthroned Christ, around which was an inscription recounting how the Empress Galla Placidia and Pope Leo the Great had finished the decorations of the church, and several medallions purporting to represent the first twenty or thirty popes. Among the renovating tasks to be undertaken, that of continuing the series of Papal mosaics became one of the foremost. Those pontiffs of whom some authentic likeness remained, whether in casts, busts, medals, or on canvas, were represented according to these data; while, for the earlier popes of whom no reliable memorial was left, tradition and symbolism were appealed to. The artists took great pains in collecting and arranging their models, the ecclesiastical authorities gave them every help and encouragement in their power, and the result was a series of new mosaic medallions running all round the nave above the granite columns, hardly distinguishable from the IVth century work, and in every respect true to the almost forgotten traditions of this ancient branch of art.

Among other praiseworthy restorations of antique industry is the establishment of Signor Castellani, a true artist and enthusiast, who stands unrivalled in his application to the study of Etruscan and Roman jew-

ellery. Here may be seen wonderful and exact reproductions of Roman *bullæ*, or golden ornaments, hung round the necks of youths before they attained the age at which they assumed the *toga virilis*, indicative of manhood and citizenship; *figulæ*, or brooches of gold, wrought with the heads of lions or leopards, or chased with vine-leaf patterns; plain, massive rings, armlets and golden waistbelts, delicate crowns of golden myrtle leaves, hair-pins and ornaments (those with which Roman ladies are said to have often struck their female slaves in capricious anger), and various non-descript jewellery. Engrafting upon these ornaments such later conceits as were appropriate, Castellani produced rings and brooches bearing the Greek word *Æι* (for ever) in plain Etruscan letters, or the reversible words, *Amor*, *Roma*, etc. Perhaps the most perfect objects of art were the necklaces, with their little amphora-shaped pendants copied from those found in ancient tombs, and which are now so well known. The granulated gold-work used in many of the more solid pieces of jewellery is peculiar to Castellani's new antique style, and cost much time, research, and patience to bring to the old standard, of which the results were also for a long time the only recipes.

To return to Christian art and its early origin, we cannot do better than go straight to the catacombs. Apart from their historical interest, they have the additional merit of being the birth-place of Christian symbolism. It should always be borne in mind that art is a means, not an end. If it aims only at mere physical beauty, it degrades itself to the level of a common trade. Its inspiration should come from on high, and its object be to lift the

soul from vulgar to sublime thoughts. Thus began the art of the catacombs. It was eminently symbolic, like the language of Christ himself in the parables, and like the venerable traditions of the Old Testament. We should detain our readers too long were we to propose anything like an adequate examination of the various types found in the catacombs. The good shepherd surrounded by his flock, symbolizing the church; Moses striking the rock, symbolizing the grace of the sacraments, particularly baptism; and Jonas saved from the whale, and reposing under the miraculous gourd, typifying the resurrection and life everlasting, are some of the most oft-repeated subjects. The multiplication of the loaves and fishes also constantly recurs, meaning the eucharistic sacrifice and sacrament, the sacrifice of the Mass, and the sacrament of the body of the Lord under the appearance of bread. The Deluge and Noe's ark are frequently depicted, for the sake of the symbol they contain—that of the church alone saving the human race amid the general corruption of sin. The fish is a double symbol, the five letters of the Greek word *ΙΧΘΥς* being the initials of the following words: Jesus, Christ, Son (of) God, Saviour, which form a complete confession of faith; and the animal itself, capable of existing only in the water, typifying that by baptism alone does the Christian soul live. Sometimes the fish is put for Christ himself; as in two very ancient catacomb frescos, where it is seen in the one swimming in the water, bearing a ship (the church) upon its back, and in the other bearing a basket of bread, the type of the Holy Eucharist. This symbol of the fish was so universally accepted, and became so fixed in men's minds, that it originated the shape of the episco-

pal seal, which was and is still fashioned like a pointed oval or ogive. In many frescos, a female figure is depicted with outstretched hands, signifying, as some think, the church in prayer, or, as others say, the Mother of God interceding for the church. Among the Christian hieroglyphics, palms and crowns were frequent; a dove often represented the spirit at peace in Christ (this was frequently the only epitaph on a Christian's tomb), and a peacock or a phoenix, immortality. Here the recollections of paganism were suited to Christian doctrines, and, like the converted temples, did duty in the service of truth. A curious instance of this is seen in the frequent recurrence of the myth of Orpheus depicted in the frescos of the catacombs, the Greek shepherd with his lyre standing for Christ, who by the magic of his doctrine and his grace tames the evil passions of man, as Orpheus tamed the wild beasts of the forest. In the earlier frescos, we see traces of the pure Greek models of ancient painting; the graceful draperies, the delicate borders remind us of Pompeian art, but there is nothing immodest, and the figures themselves are already of a graver and nobler type. In the later paintings, the beauty of detail and ornamentation grows less, but the grand ideal is yet more prominent. There is a transition in art, but the indelible stamp of Christianity is already impressed on the struggling types of a more perfect future. It was fitting that Christianity should only use pagan civilization with all its products as a pedestal—a noble basis, it is true, but still only a pedestal—and should rear above it a structure wholly her own. Thus from her inspiration rose a new architecture purely Christian; new arts, such as stained glass-making; in literature, new languages capable of

more spiritual expressions. It is interesting to find in Rome the tradition of Christian art so unbroken, and especially to be able to compare the earliest efforts at a reverent and lucid illustration of the truths of faith with the latest development of the same sentiment in the new German pictures. From the catacombs and San Clemente to the school of Overbeck the transition is natural, and we find the same master-spirit guiding both pictorial expositions. The seed that produced such painters as Gian Bellini, Fra Angelico, Masaccio, Orcagna, Giotto, and Perugino was destined indeed to be crushed for full four centuries, but what a glorious harvest has the bruised grain yielded in this age! Of all the productions of the XIXth century, none to our mind ever deserved its reputation one-quarter so well as the Christian and Gothic revival, which is leading the human mind back to the spirit of the early church.*

We do not speak of the much-frequented galleries of the Borghese, Doria, or Corsini palaces, because every visitor to Rome knows them as well as we do; nor of the Stanza of Raphael in the Vatican—which we studied perhaps less than we ought—because we should probably offend many established predilections by so doing. The pictures most often under our eyes were those in the Sistine chapel and in S. Peter's, and of the former a most painful impression remains upon our mind. The Christian ideal of art is there utterly violated by a painter who, as a man, was a most fervent and austere Christian. The taint of the Renaissance was upon Michael Angelo when he gave us an athlete enthroned, in the place

* The reader will find this subject amplified, under some of its aspects, in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* for Aug., 1872, article "Symbolism of the Church."

of Christ the Judge, and we are happy to reflect that his spiritual conception of divine majesty was far different from his artistic conception. The *pictures* in S. Peter's, except one, are all mosaics, and a most marvellous triumph of artistic illusion. Domenichino's Communion of S. Jerome especially is so accurately copied in this perplexing material that any one not forewarned will never dream that he is looking on anything but canvas. The single exception is the picture opposite the Porta Santa Marta, and represents the judgment that befell Ananias and Sapphira.

Of all monuments of early Christianity, whose interest is joined with that of art, none stands more conspicuous than the church of San Clemente, served by the Irish Dominicans, and under English protection. The discovery of the subterranean church and frescos, dating from the days of S. Clement, the *third* successor of S. Peter, was an era in the history of ecclesiastical archæology. Believed to have been the site of S. Clement's own dwelling, and to have originated in an oratory established there by himself, the Basilica of S. Clement is of a high antiquity. There are proofs of its existence in 417, when Pope Zosimus chose it as the scene of his condemnation of the Pelagian heresy. To this date or thereabouts may be referred a certain Byzantine Madonna in fresco; and the learned and enthusiastic F. Mullooly has built upon this apparent coincidence a very beautiful and possibly correct theory. "The very difference," he says, "between the heads of S. Catherine and S. Euphemia, with hair flowing down from their jewelled crowns—*i.e.* human nature decked with the jewels of virginity and martyrdom—and the countenance of Our Lady, enshrined

in a mass of ornaments, without a single lock appearing—*i.e.* human nature totally transformed by grace—indicates the limner's scope." And again: "*All* the gifts of grace are signified by the necklace, breastplate, and the immense jewelled head-dress, with its triple crown, borne by Our Lady." We hear of S. Clement's Basilica again in 600, of its being restored in 795, and, a century later (855), of its being in "good order." It is not accurately known whether it was destroyed by the earthquake of 896 or in the wars of Robert Guiscard and Pope Gregory VII. in 1084. At any rate, it disappears from history after this last convulsion, and not until 1857 was its existence proved by F. Mullooly's successful excavations. He has published a book upon the subject, conspicuous for enthusiasm and archæological accuracy. Many portions of the Basilica were found in almost perfect preservation, the columns especially being of great beauty, variety, and costliness, both as to material and workmanship. But the frescos are the most important part of the silent testimony to Christian truth borne by this unearthed antiquity dating almost from the apostolic age. One in particular we commend to the notice of such advanced Anglicans as proclaim the "Roman" church of to-day to be other than the apostolic church of the first four centuries. It represents S. Clement celebrating Mass at a small, square altar. We quote F. Mullooly's literal description: "The central compartment represents the interior of a church, from the arches of which are suspended *seven* lamps, symbolizing the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost. That over the altar is circular in form,* much larger than

* We should surmise the circular shape to be no less symbolical than the other facts, and to denote the eternity of the church.

the other six, and contains *seven* lights, probably typical of the seven gifts of the same Holy Spirit. Anastasius the librarian, who lived in the IXth century, makes mention of this form of lamp, and calls it a *pharum cum corona*—a lighthouse with a crown—a crown from its form, a lighthouse from the brilliancy of the light it emitted. He also says that it was in common use in all the Christian churches. S. Clement, in his pontifical robes (*i.e.* a chasuble, an alb, etc., and more particularly a *pallium*), is officiating at the altar, over which his name, S. *Clemens, Papa*—Pope S. Clement—is written in the form of a cross. He has the maniple between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand. The altar is covered with a plain white cloth, and on it are the missal, the chalice, and paten. The missal is open, and on one page of it are the words, *Dominus vobiscum* ("The Lord be with you"), which the saint is pronouncing, his arms extended, as Catholic priests do even to this day when celebrating Mass. On the other page are the words, *Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum* ("The peace of the Lord be ever with you"). These two phrases were introduced into the liturgy of the church by S. Clement himself, and are still retained. On the right of the saint are his ministers—namely, two bishops with croziers in their left hands, a deacon, and a subdeacon. They all have the circular tonsure (the distinguishing mark of the Latin rite), and the pope, in addition to the tonsure, has the nimbus, or glory, the symbol of sanctity.* In the neighboring fresco of the life and death of S. Alexius, the Pope, S. Boniface, is depicted again in similar pontifical garments, and is at-

* F. Mullooly, *S. Clement, Pope and Martyr, and his Basilica at Rome*.

tended by two cross-bearers. Here, too, are the hanging lamps, four in number; the clerics, to the number of twenty, all wear the circular tonsure, and the pope has on his head a conical white mitre. It is noticeable in these early frescos that the shape of the lamps, chalice, crosses, and the fashion of the vestments, chasuble, alb, altar-cloth, and mitre, are exactly such as are now reproduced in the English establishments of Hardman & Co., and the Browns, of Manchester and Birmingham—the style now called Gothic. F. Mullooly notices the lavishness of these mural decorations in these significant words: "They appear to have been part of a series painted about the same time; and, when the colors were fresh, the Basilica must have presented a brilliant appearance very different from that Puritanical baldness which some suppose, but very falsely, to have been the *undefiled condition* of church walls in the *early ages*." A fuller investigation would reveal many interesting facts going far to prove, by human means alone, the identity of the church of Clement and that of Pius IX.; and, indeed, it is chiefly this that strikes all candid English-speaking visitors to the subterranean church. In the late Basilica built over the ruins of this early one are many objects of artistic interest, notably the chapel of S. Catherine of Alexandria, with her life painted in a series of frescos on the walls, and the curious marble enclosure, four feet in height, round the choir, with the two *ambones*, or marble desks, for the reading of the Gospel and the Epistle. These, together with the enclosure, which is raised a step or two above the level of the nave, are beautifully sculptured; and already, in these unusual types of birds, beasts, and flowers,

we trace that departure from the tradition of the monotonous acanthus-leaf which was to blossom forth into such wonders at the Cathedrals of Cologne, Chartres, York, and Burgos. The frescos in S. Catherine's chapel it would take too long to describe; a medallion head of the saint is especially noticeable for its great purity of outline and expression, and the heavenly suggestiveness which hallows and rarefies its human beauty. In a cursory sketch such as this, it is impossible to do justice to a subject so vast as Roman art, and we have therefore embodied in it but a few of our personal recollections. The deepest impressions, however, can never be told in words. No one who has visited Rome can ever succeed in fully expressing all his sentiments; there are undefinable sensations that

will assert themselves, though the visitor should strive to the utmost to resist and stifle them; there are vivid influences which are felt by the infidel, the Puritan, and the Catholic alike, though the first will not acknowledge them, and the second has too much human respect to put them into tangible shape; still, they exist none the less strongly and may bear fruit when least expected.

Rome is too much of a landmark in the tale of any traveller's life to be passed over in silence, and one might say of its charm and influence what Rousseau caused to be graven on the pedestal of a statue of Eros set up in his grounds near Geneva:

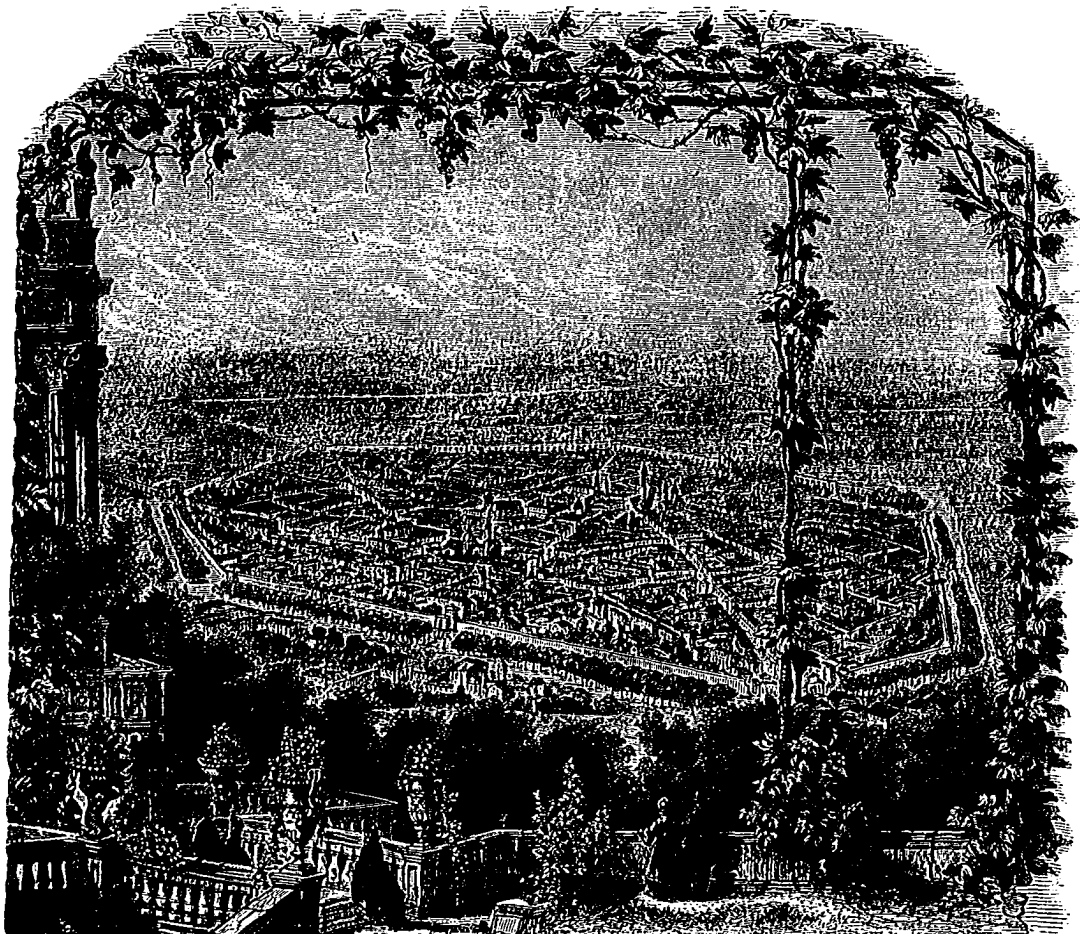
"Passant, adore ; voici ton maître ;
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être."

("Passing, adore ; behold thy master.
He is, he was, or he ought to be.")

BOLOGNA.

BY LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly (1876-1904); Nov 1880; X, 5; American Periodicals
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VIEW OF BOLOGNA.



BOLOGNA.

BY LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

"*Bologna la Grassa*," or, "The Wealthy and Well-fed," has less of a modern aspect than its continued prosperity would lead one to expect. The belt of shade-trees around its walls is a modern but beautiful feature; and the view from the Villa Reale (an ancient monastery with a frescoed courtyard) is very attractive. Three little rivers zigzag in and around the town, and the chestnut-covered Apennines encircle the rich plain, where fruit especially grows in abundance. Under the arbors of country taverns you can pluck and eat the "paradise" grape (a yellow and very luscious kind), and drink pleasant, pungent wine made from the local produce.

But Winter in Bologna is by no means nominal; the mountain breezes are icy cold, and the wide saloons in the old palaces seem dreary and comfortless. Our Italian associations are one-sided; Winter and the land of oranges seem incongruous; yet one can suffer keenly from cold even as far south as Rome, while Naples itself keeps a stinging wind in reserve for visitors tardy enough to come in March.

Rich and free Bologna has a history to be proud of. In medieval times she was warlike and patriotic, as well as learned; the Empire constituted her a free town, and she used her independence against the encroaching successors of the friendly Emperor Charlemagne. But internal dissensions between the rival families of distinction who ruled the republic brought about foreign arbitration, and in 1512 she lost her freedom and became subject to the warrior-Pope, Julius II. After that, her fortunes were inglorious; she fell a prey to Napoleon, and then to the Austrians; but briefly distinguished herself in 1848, when the latter were forced to evacuate the city. Just before

succumbing to Julius II., the mob destroyed that Pope's statue in bronze by Michael Angelo, which stood, sword and keys in hand, over the chief entrance to the cathedral; and the fragments were sold to the neighboring Duke of Ferrara, who recast them into a gun that he called "Giuliano."



THE LAKE IN THE MARGHERITA GARDENS.

decay of those great Italian families is one of the sad social features of the country at present. Everywhere historical names are borne by the impoverished and nearly extinct kindred of the ancient rulers—an old maid or a few orphans represent a princely house; the palace is let in shabby

Probably the University is the best known characteristic of Bologna; it is one of the oldest in Italy, second only to Salerno—the school of medicine, to which Longfellow makes his hero and heroine journey in the "Golden Legend"; but, unlike Salerno, which has dwindled to a name, Bologna has survived and progressed. The old quarters of the University (now styled "Archiginnasio Antico," and used as a town library) included a quadrangle, where each student of noble birth hung up his shield as a perpetual memento—a custom observed in other places besides colleges; for the Chamber of Commerce, or "Loggia de' Mercanti," a building dating one century later than the old University, is adorned in the interior with the armorial bearings of all the lawyers who taught and practiced law there. The law-school was the distinctive feature of this University, as the medical was of Salerno; but anatomy was early taught, and galvanism was first discovered there by Joseph Galvani in 1789.

Shakespeare's Portia had equals at Bologna, for the records have it that many women (legend says they were all beautiful) took degrees and gave lectures on mathematics, Greek, anatomy, chemistry, etc. One of these lectured veiled—another version says concealed by a curtain. Propezia de' Rossi, a female sculptor, and Elizabeth Sirani, a painter, were natives of Bologna.

The greatest family of this town were the Bentivogli,

whose romantic history is traced to the captive son of the Emperor Frederic II. King Henricus, or Enzo, as he was called, was taken prisoner at the battle of Fossalta in 1249, and kept in honorary confinement for the rest of his life, like the Scottish King James, whose story forms the romance of Windsor Castle. Like James, Enzo found comfort in the love of a lovely woman, Lucia Vendagoli, from whom the powerful Bentivogli are descended. The

apartments to foreign tourists; the old spirit is dead within the depressed representatives of the family, and often the latter disappear from even the sorry position of poor nobles into that of absolute paupers.

The scene of Enzo's captivity is the Palace of the Podesta, or Chief Magistrate, with its immense hall called after him, where a Papal conclave sat in 1410. It is now a municipal building, containing the city archives and a museum. Enzo and Lucia lie buried in the Church of St. Dominic, but the family chapel of their descendants is in San Giacomo, and was begun early in 1486, when they had already been powerful, and almost supreme, for a hundred and fifty years.

The two Francias, father and son, the former originally a goldsmith, are painters of the Bologna school, though their Madonnas and Saints bear a great likeness to the first named of Raphael and that of his predecessors, the Umbrian artists. Domenichino and the two Carracci modernized and broadened the style of this school, while Guido Reni expressed its softer and more heathen side. The galleries are full of specimens of these and many other painters, but we will not inflict catalogue-talk on our readers, further than to mention that Bologna possesses Raphael's St. Cecilia, a picture often photographed, and probably well known. The

Cathedral of St. Petronius has a more unusual memento, in the shape of a meridian line drawn on the pavement of the north aisle, by the astronomer Giovanni Domenico Cassini, in 1653; and on the pilaster between two mortuary chapels are two clocks (1756) by Fonasini, respectively marking the solar and the mean time.

Books at Bologna are more plentiful than in some cities in Italy; the University library, which is free, has 100,000 volumes, besides curiosities in literature; and the town library is also large. The old gymnasium, where the latter is kept, holds to its



THE EAGLE HOUSE.



THE CASCADE.

connection with the University by its halls adorned with armorial bearings of professors (the historian Muratori was among the more recent) and of scholars, arranged according to their provinces; its anatomical lecture-room, with statues of the best professors of anatomy, and its carved woodwork over the chair, supported by life-size, correct anatomical figures; and, lastly, by its museum with domestic utensils, dug up in the Etruscan burial-ground, near the present cemetery; Greek fighting-cocks in marble, life-size, and miniature cloaked figures playing at *morra*, the guessing game which you still see played in the streets, with the same cries and gestures that historians describe as common in Italy two thousand years ago.

St. Dominic's history is associated with that of Bologna, and historical in the church of his name, where a supposed authentic portrait of St. Thomas Aquinas, the medieval philosopher, also exists. In the same chapel lies buried the womanly painter, Guido Reni.

The oddest thing in the city is the group of two leaning towers, one of them intentionally built so, as an experiment. They are homely, enormously high, and provided with rough stairs; crazy-looking buildings, standing in an irregular piazza, formed by the junction of five narrow streets. Here and there, on these streets, you pass the old palaces of once great families, some with grand entrances and rich gateways, and catch glimpses, through elaborate but rusty iron gates, of colonnades, arches, niches with shell-shaped headings, and sometimes corner staircases, with lovely but battered carvings along the rails. Grass grows thick in the chinks between the stones, and green fungi cover with a velvety growth the broken statues on disused fountains, while luxuriant shrubs, that seem to thrive best when let alone, make living pictures and trellises among the gray and yellow marbles. Nowhere do scarlet pomegranates and rose-colored oleanders and star-shaped orange-blossoms, all with dark glossy leaves, show better than against such a background. The "Romeo and Juliet" balcony scene meets you at every turn in Italian cities, and in these unexpected "bits," much more than in the churches and galleries that you conscientiously "do," to justify your stay in the city at all, lies the real charm of Italian travel.

One strange church, however, is worth notice, as peculiar in grouping, consisting as it does of seven different buildings, incongruously overlapping each other. The whole goes by the name of St. Stephen's, though each chapel has a distinct dedication. The ancient portions are the most interesting, one fragment going back to the ninth century, and containing marble reading-desks and low pulpits, whence the Epistle and Gospel were publicly chanted. The old temple of Isis has contributed fifth century columns and capitals, incorporated into twelfth century masonry, the tomb of a patron saint having been built in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. St. Peter and St. Paul give their names to an ancient, small basilica, where, as is usual in this form of building, copied from Roman judgment halls, the altar takes the place of the magistrate's chair, and stands clear of the wall at the eastern end, the officiating priest standing facing the people. Ninth century bas-reliefs, very quaint and archaic, represent men and animals on the sarcophagus of a local martyr, St. Agricola, who is himself figured with wings; but the earliest Christian memento is a font of the eighth century, in which a Lombard King is said to have been baptized. This stands in a circular church, called the "Court of Pilato"; but the real baptistery, surrounded by an outer circular corridor on pillars, was the church now known as the Holy Sepulchre. The "Trinity" is raised

upon pillars higher than a man's stature from the ground, and in the centre of this colonnade are a few pillars with Byzantine carved capitals. Close to this are the delicate carved columns and tracery-work of the fourteenth century cloisters, a peculiar feature of Italian Gothic, in which ingenuity and invention seem to have reached their furthest point.

Bologna is the birthplace of the linguist, Joseph Mezzofanti, who was once librarian and professor at the University, and subsequently cardinal. He could speak at least twenty-two—some say more—languages and dialects fluently, and could master a language within a week; besides which, he was also a good classical scholar. Rossini studied in Bologna, under Mattei, and, later, built a house in which he lived for some years, and which he adorned with inscriptions from Latin orators and poets.

The suburbs of the city are very picturesque, dotted with convents and churches, and broken into hilly terraces and winding roads. They lead to various points whence map-like views can be had of the town and plain, rivers and mountains; and one road, bordered with arcades, leads to the cemetery in the grounds of the old Carthusian Monastery, the common graves being in the centre, and the special ones under shelter of the cloister gallery. Here, again, the professors of the University take the post of honor, with bas-reliefs representing scenes from their lecture-rooms disposed above the graves as monuments.

Coming back from the cemetery, one can branch off to the pilgrimage church of the Madonna of St. Luke, the shrine of one of the many traditional, dark-colored Byzantine pictures, on panel, ascribed to the artist-evangelist.

EDUCATION IN ROME.

Reminiscences of Rome: or a Religious, Moral, and Literary View of the Eternal City, in a series of Letters, addressed to a Friend in England. By a Member of the Arcadian Academy. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1840.

“Mother of arts! as once of arms; thy hand
Was then our guardian, and is still our guide.
Parent of our religion! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven!
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.”

In something of a prophetic spirit, thus sang the noble author of “Childe Harold,” some thirty years ago. Since that day such a change as is here shadowed forth, has come over the spirit of the age. A progressive and deepening interest is evinced for all that regards the eternal city, and the high destinies that hang round her name and history. We have heard one of the latest and most interesting of English travellers exclaiming with solemn enthusiasm: “Behold! all hearts are turned towards Rome,—all eyes fixed upon her in love, hope, fear, and inquiry. Long has her mysterious character been seen. Men could not feel indifference towards her, as towards a common city, but either fond love or bitter hatred has been her portion from every one who cared for the cross at all,”

&c. And again: “Rome is the legitimate capital of Christendom. She has been a marvellously fruitful mother, with an almost miraculous fecundity in planting churches; and the curious diligence of antiquarians cannot alter the fact, that all we of the west, at least, are her children.”

Of late years, the press has teemed with works upon Rome; but the writers have generally been content with describing the antiquities and more modern works of art in which this capital is so rich. The more immediate object of the work before us is to make us acquainted with its religious monuments,—those numerous and munificent institutions of charity and of education, in which no other city so abounds, though, unlike other cities, Rome has had but few chroniclers to record her charities. Indeed, to borrow the words of a powerful writer, “we cannot understand how traveller should succeed traveller, and tour struggle in the press with tour for primogeniture of publication, and yet all should invariably overlook this new and virgin field, which, to one acquainted with the country, forms its prominent and distinguishing characteristic.”*

We will begin with the establishments for education. More than three centuries

* Dublin Review, for July, 1836.

ago, one of the most remarkable men of his age, but accused of a undue bias to the popedom, has the following words, in a letter to a friend: "Alij patriā, sed ROMA communis omnium creatorum est patria, altrix et evectrix." Of the learned, some claim one country, some another, but ROME is the motherland of them all; their common patron, their common promoter." By anticatholic writers, the capital of the Christian world is not unfrequently described as the foster-nurse of ignorance and of that priestcraft which seeks to crush knowledge in its birth; but we trust that the following brief review of some of her numerous institutions for the furtherance of education, from the pen of one who, from his familiar acquaintance with the subject, is qualified to give an opinion, will show that Rome still merits the eulogium which we quoted above, and which she merited from the great Erasmus, more than three hundred years ago.

"The number of universities within the papal territory has been reduced to seven. Of these, however, I purpose calling your attention only to the two existing within the walls of the Roman metropolis. The first in rank is the Archiginnasio Romano, or as it is more commonly called, L'Università della Sapienza. Its latter denomination is taken from the sentence of the Psalmist inscribed over the door—" *Initium sapientiæ timor Domini.*" (The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.) The precise date of the foundation of this university is not known with any degree of certainty. Some trace its origin to a period antecedent to the fall of the Roman empire, and maintain that it continued a flourishing nursery for learning till the invasion of the Goths and the other barbarians. Be this as it may, it appears beyond a doubt, that, on the site of the present establishment, schools of public instruction were opened by St. Gregory the Great, as early as the seventh century. Schools for the study of law were also founded here in the fourteenth century, by Popes Innocent IV and Boniface VIII. The last named pontiff was himself one of the greatest canonists and most learned jurisconsult of his age.

In the year 1311, Clement V established professorships of Hebrew, Greek, Arabic and Syriac. Still later, fresh privileges and additional revenues were conferred upon this establishment by that great patron of learning and the arts, Leo X.

'But see! each muse in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her withered bays;
Rome's ancient genius o'er the ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears its reverend head:
Then sculpture and her sister arts revive—
Stones leap to form, and rocks begin to live—
With sweeter notes each rising temple rang,
A Raphael painted and a Vida sang!'—Pope.

"Under the auspices of this munificent patron of literature, commenced the rebuilding of the present university, which was continued by Sixtus V, Urban VIII, and Alexander VII. During the pontificate of the last named, the Alexandrian Library was also completed. It fills the upper part of the building, and is for the use of the public at large, as well as the students of the university. The interior of the present stately pile, the design of Michael Angelo, is particularly admired.

"In regard to its educational economy, the Sapienza is divided into five faculties, the direction of which is confided to a committee, under the presidentship of a cardinal, with the title of archchancellor of the university. Part of this foundation is also appropriated to the 'Academia di San Luca, where gratuitous lectures in drawing, sculpture, architecture, &c., are given by professors of merit, paid by the Roman government. The commencement and close of every lecture is sanctified by prayer; and it is moreover the custom of all the members to assemble during three days, for the purpose of worthily preparing themselves for their Easter duties. Well arranged museums of natural history, with lecture rooms for physical and chemical experiments, are attached to the university.

"Next to the Sapienza our attention is called to the Gregorian University, or as it is more commonly called, 'Il Collegio Romano.' This noble establishment was founded in 1582 by Pope Gregory XIII, one of the greatest promoters of education of whom modern times can boast. Besides

this university, he also founded the English, German, Greek, and Maronite colleges in Rome, not to mention eighteen other universities established under his auspices in different parts of the world. In the Roman college all the liberal arts are taught, except civil law, medicine, and surgery, in which faculties the Sapienza has the exclusive privilege of conferring degrees. It must, however, be acknowledged that the schools of the Roman College being solely directed by the Jesuits, who know so well how to combine zeal for science with piety to God, are more conspicuous for religious instruction and devout example. Every day both masters and scholars proceed in a body to hear mass in the contiguous church of St. Ignatius; and on festival days the different pious sodalities, into which the students, according to their age, are divided, assemble in the various oratories set apart for the recital of the divine office, and other practices of devotion. On Sunday evenings, the younger catechetical students are instructed and examined in their religious and moral duties. One day, likewise, in every month, is set apart for a spiritual retreat. Three days also are annually devoted to spiritual exercises and meditations on the most important truths of religion, as a preparation for complying in a proper manner with the paschal precepts of the Church. The chamber in which St. Aloysius Gonzaga, the youthful and angelic patron of students, lived and died, in the Roman College, is now a sanctuary, resorted to by crowds of the pious of all ranks and ages. The body of the saint reposes in an urn, incrusting with gold, lapis lazuli, and other precious materials beneath an altar dedicated to his memory. On the 21st of June, his festival is annually solemnized with extraordinary pomp in the adjoining church of St. Ignatius.

"The papal government allots twelve thousand crowns a year to the support of the Roman college, wherein at present about fifteen hundred students receive a gratuitous education. The students, whether lay or clerical, patrician or plebeian, natives or foreigners, may publicly try their strength on the literary arena, and those

who distinguish themselves are sure of meeting with encouragement and reward. In the list of successful competitors, some poor youth or orphan boy, wholly dependent perhaps on charity for his support, not unfrequently passes before the nephew of a cardinal or the son of a prince. Previously to the distribution of prizes which annually occurs in the month of September, public examinations take place, during several days, in the great hall of the college, where any person may interrogate the students on the progress they have made. The distributor of prizes is usually selected from among the most exalted personages in the hierarchy. Within my own recollection, the present pope has, more than once, condescended publicly to award with his own hand, the usual scholastic premiums to the successful candidates.

"The library of the Roman college numbers sixty thousand volumes, and several rare and valuable manuscripts. It has also an observatory well fitted for astronomical purposes, where several important discoveries have been made, and among its directors the names of Boscovich, Jacquier, Calandrelli, and Conti hold a conspicuous place in the annals of modern science. It has also a well stored museum which was commenced by the celebrated antiquary and mathematician, Kircher.*

"The next place of education which claims our notice, is 'Il Seminario Romano,' which, in accordance with a decree of the council of Trent respecting the institution of diocesan seminaries, was founded by Pius IV, in 1565, solely for the education of clerical students. The course of studies here is not quite upon so extensive

* This extraordinary man was born in the year 1601. At the age of seventeen he entered the Society of Jesus. His incapacity and dulness were at first so apparent that his superiors were on the point of dismissing him from the novitiate. The young postulant, however, earnestly implored, and succeeded in obtaining the divine assistance to preserve him from the fate he dreaded. Afterwards he became the universal scholar of his age; and at his demise, in 1680, besides the museum which bears his name, Father Kircher left behind him his printed works in twenty-two volumes folio, as lasting monuments, not only of his taste and erudition, but also as an encouraging example of what may be achieved by ordinary abilities, with the aid of persevering industry and humble prayer.

a scale as in the universities. It comprises, however, all that is necessary for youth especially set apart for the service of the Church. The belles-lettres, mathematics, philosophy, theology, canon law, the oriental languages, and sacred archæology, are taught by able professors. The entire educational discipline is not, as formerly, in the hands of the Jesuits, but is now superintended by secular priests, who follow the rules laid down by St. Charles Borromeo for the government of similar institutions. The seminary schools are not exclusive to the resident alumni, as many aspirants to the sacred ministry dwell at home with their parents, and even the students of the English and other colleges attend them. This establishment being the diocesan seminary of Rome is obliged to furnish twelve clerks for the service of the Pope's cathedral, the Lateran basilica (St. Peter's). In return, the chapter contributes an annual pension towards the support of the seminary. Among its most distinguished élèves, the annals of the Roman seminary record the names of five Popes, Gregory XV, Clement IX, Innocent XII, and Clement XI; eighty cardinals, and several hundred bishops, besides a host of other dignitaries, celebrated for their learning and apostolic labors in the Church.

"To the Vatican Basilica is also attached the 'Seminario di San Pietro,' for clerical students, who, after their ordination, are provided with livings by the chapter."

The writer adds, "The discipline of the seminaries is certainly watchful and severe. The following remarks of an old English writer may, I think, justly apply to them. 'Foreign students,' says Dr. Patterson, 'are so orderly governed, and the seasons of study, devotion, scholastic exercise, and spiritual recreation; yea, even their necessary repast and rest, are all so exactly measured out; all occasion of idleness, excess, and ill-company, so prudently and carefully prevented, that it is no wonder they are so civil, devout, religious, temperate, sober, and well-governed in outward deportment, as, through the grace of God, they are. Though strictly kept to their tasks, they are rather won than forced to them. They

are bridled with a hard bit; but it is carried with such a gentle hand, as not to gall, but guide them; so that their studies, blessed be God! are not altogether unhappy, so neither is their life unpleasant; but sweet, agreeable to virtuous minds, and full of the noblest contents.' Strict discipline has been found by experience, calculated to insure that innocence of life, so necessary towards an efficient discharge of the duties belonging to the clerical profession; and here, beneath the eye, as it were, of the Church's supreme pastor, it is fitting that youthful Levites should be practically, as well as theoretically initiated into those grand and solemn truths which they are destined to proclaim openly, by word and deed, to men living in a corrupt world.

"Annually, on Maunday Thursday, in imitation of our Saviour's example, the rector of the Roman seminary washes the feet of twelve of the students, drawn by lot. The '*apostoli*,' as these chosen ones are termed, are invited after the ceremony to an entertainment by the rector, who humbly waits upon them at table. On every occasion, in fine, it may be said that the affability and kindness of the superiors towards their pupils, without distinction of age or rank, cannot be too highly extolled."

The "*Academia Ecclesiastica*," is a collegiate community, founded by Innocent XII, exclusively for the purpose of finishing the education of those ecclesiastics of noble birth, who aspire to the prelacy. When admitted among the latter, they receive the title of Monsignore, either as domestic prelates, or as apostolical prothonotaries to his holiness. They then enter upon a judicial or diplomatic career; which, at its successful termination, according to the ordinary routine of court business, is rewarded with the dignity of cardinal, as the sovereign usually selects from among the prelatial colleges those whom he intends to prefer to the most important offices in Church and state.

"*Il Collegio di Nobili*" was once a community of one hundred noble youths, forming a part of the Roman seminary. When Leo XII, a few years ago, restored the direction of this university to the Jesuits, it

was on condition that they should re-establish the institute in question for the education of the lay aristocracy. Under such able masters, this nursery of learning, open exclusively to the scions of nobility, promises to revive its former honors and literary renown.

"Il Collegio Nazareno," so called from its founder, Cordinal Tonti, titular archbishop of Nazareth, is at present under the direction of the secular clergy. Independently of the alumni, several foreign pensioners are admitted into the establishment. This college has a fine library and museum.

"Il Collegio Capranica," was founded by the cardinal of that name, for the education of poor ecclesiastical students. This public spirited prelate converted his own palace into a collegiate establishment, and endowed it with revenues sufficient for the maintenance of thirty-two alumni. This interesting establishment is in a flourishing condition.

"Il Collegio Salviati," endowed by the cardinal of that name, for the purpose of enabling such orphans as give promise of superior capacity, to be instructed in the higher departments of knowledge, is now blended with the asylum for orphans.

"Il Collegio Pamphili," maintains a certain number of students, who, previously to being enrolled upon the list as alumni, must give proof of having been born on one or other of the feudatory estates of Prince Doria Pamphili. The jus patronatus of this institution belongs exclusively to this ancient and opulent family.

"Several other colleges which were suppressed at the revolution, have not been re-established, their endowments having fallen a prey to the rapacity and sacrilegious spirit of the time. The celebrated "Collegio Clementino," however, and the "Scuola Militare," founded by Clement VIII; the "Collegio Bandinelli," endowed by a Florentine baker, and the "Collegio Ghislieri," founded by a Roman physician in the seventeenth century, have recently been reorganized, and placed on a respectable footing.

"In all the principal monasteries, also, schools exist for the purpose of general in-

struction; we might particularise those of the regular canons of San Pietro in vinculis, of the Benedictines of San Calisto, and of the Theatines of San Andrea della Valle, where a liberal education is afforded to the children of the neighborhood.

"For the education of females there are numerous establishments in the nunneries of the city; those in especial repute are the Pia Casa, directed by the dames of the order of Oblates de Santa Francesca, the convent of the Augustinian sisters, the French nunnery at the Trinità di Monte, and the Dames du Sacré Cœur.

"The numerous infant or primary schools for children of both sexes, are superintended by pious sisters, termed Maestre Pie, and are wholly supported by funds from the Pope's almonry.

"In seven of the most populous quarters of the city are stationed as many large elementary schools which afford gratuitous education to about two thousand poor boys. These schools are principally directed by the society of Christian Brothers.

"The Scuole Regionarie, District schools, are sixty in number. They afford a genteel education to above two thousand children, who are expected to pay according to their means, from two to five shillings per month."

The following summary of the institutions which Rome contains for the diffusion of knowledge, may be relied on as correct.

Public Libraries,	11
Literary Academies,	8
Universities,	2
Seminaries,	2
Colleges,	7
Boarding Schools,	18
Night Schools,	3
Elementary Schools,	372

In the latter alone upwards of fourteen thousand poor children of both sexes, gratuitously receive the first rudiments of education.

The foregoing is a brief statement of the establishments in Rome for the education of the natives. We have reserved an account of the colleges founded there exclusively for the gratuitous instruction of for-

eigners, and more particularly the English, Irish, and Scotch, being desirous of grouping together these most interesting portions of our subject.

"Of these institutions, though not the most ancient, yet doubtless the most important is the "Collegio Romano de Propaganda Fide," founded by Urban VIII, for the purpose of preparing missionaries to propagate the faith in those regions where heresy and infidelity prevail. To use the language of Clement XIV, this institution "may be justly regarded as the seminary of the universal Church,"—*jure ac merito tanquam seminarium Ecclesie universalis haberi debet*. It was erected in the year 1627, as was also the adjoining palace, wherein the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, composed of cardinals, prelates and divines, holds its meetings. Endowed with ample revenues, this truly apostolic congregation maintains an intercourse with every part of the known world. It maintains six schools in Egypt, four in Illyria, two in Albania, two in Transylvania, and two in the islands of the Archipelago, without taking into account various other Catholic educational establishments in Protestant countries. There are at present in this establishment about one hundred and thirty alumni of every tongue and nation. After being six months in the community each alumnus engages himself by a solemn vow to the service of the foreign missions. The ordinary term of education is ten years. When the alumni have completed their ecclesiastical course, and been ordained, some are furnished with means to return to their native country, where they are to labor to bring back their strayed brethren from the mazes of error to the fold of the "one Shepherd;" others are commissioned to carry the light of Gospel truth to benighted, or still unawakened nations, to plant the cross upon newly discovered lands, and peril life amidst barbarous tribes. Every missionary from the Propaganda is bound to give an account of himself to the secretary, once a year, if in Europe, or every two years, if stationed in any other part of the globe. He is further bound not to meddle with the temporal or political concerns of the people to whom

he is sent, but to attend wholly to the salvation of souls confided to his care."

Annually a public exhibition is given of proficiency in about forty languages. This institution has recently been placed under the direction of the Jesuits. It has a large printing office with the types of forty different alphabets. Its library is rich in Polyglot literature, and oriental curiosities.

The Greek college, which has lately been re-opened, maintains about twelve students. It was founded by Gregory XIII, as early as the year 1577, and many of its alumni have distinguished themselves by their zeal and abilities in the cause of orthodox unity. Joseph Velamani, for instance, during his long apostolical career in Muscovy, Poland, and Lithuania, is said to have converted more than two millions of souls to the true faith. This college has also given two celebrated librarians to the vatican, Leo Allatius and Nicholas Alemanni, names second to none in the field of eastern learning.

The German and Hungarian colleges were founded by Gregory XIII, in 1573. Both of these establishments have sent forth a host of learned men and zealous missionaries.

Various British establishments have existed in Rome, with short interruptions, for upwards of a thousand years. Soon after their conversion to the true faith, our Anglo-Saxon ancestors conceived the provident idea of founding a nursery of learning near the fountain head of Christianity. During the persecution of the Catholics under Elizabeth, Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Allen established a clerical seminary for the education of priests to supply the English mission. The reigning pontiff, Gregory XIII, approved of the undertaking, and furthered it by a pension of twelve hundred crowns per annum. This resource, with donations from the charitable and wealthy, enabled the college at one time to support nearly two hundred students. In 1579, Pope Gregory XIII, gave a considerable estate on the Palatine hill, to increase the revenue of the new establishment. It consists of an extensive vineyard, which contains a portion of the ruins of the villa of Augustus.

There is something striking in the fact, that this abode of the Cæsar who despoiled Caractacus and his countrymen of their humble cottages in Britain, should, in the strange vicissitudes of human things, become the inheritance of their exiled descendants, in the sixteenth century. The Triclinium of the emperors of the world has been used as the refectory of meek and unambitious students. In the vestibule leading to it, I observed some interesting portraits, and in spite of the dust and cobwebs which now overshadow them, I was able to decipher the following names, S. Gregorius Angliæ Apostolus, S. Thomas Cantuariensis Archiepiscopus, Jacobus Tertius Rex Angliæ, Henricus Cardinalis Eboracensis. The painting, however, which more particularly attracted my attention, was one over the entrance of the chapel, representing a youth in the collegiate uniform, holding a scroll whereon was inscribed:—*O bone Jesu! ut convertas Angliam humillimè supplicat collegium Anglicanum de Urbe.* “O good Jesus! the English college de Urbe most humbly supplicates for the conversion of England.” May not the pious prayer of the exiled youth of England of the sixteenth century, by God’s grace, become available in the nineteenth? *Felix faustumque sit!*

“In 1680, under the auspices of Cardinal Howard the college was rebuilt and the church repaired. Upon the invasion of Rome by the French, the English students were ejected, and the college property confiscated; and at one time its desecrated halls served as the head-quarters of Murat and his soldiers. Soon after the return of Pius VII, in 1814, the college was restored to its original purpose. Doctor Gradwell was appointed rector, and it opened to ten students, who arrived from England, in 1819. At present it numbers upwards of thirty students.

“The Scotch college owed its foundation, in a great measure, to the zeal of Bishop Leslie, secretary to the unfortunate Mary of Scots, who also contributed to the good work. Afterwards Pope Paul V, and Urban VIII, became its munificent protectors. After falling into decay, in 1835, this establishment revived again under the auspices

of the worthy Abbot Macpherson, and is now enabled to support thirty alumni.”

The Irish have a scholastic establishment in Rome, in the San Sisto, granted in 1602, by Clement VIII, to the Dominican missionary students of the Irish province. About the year 1624 Gregory XV made a grant of the Church and Monastery of S. Isidoro to the Irish Franciscans. There are at present upwards of twenty students in this establishment. Its church and great hall contain some admired specimens of art, and the archives can boast of some important inedited manuscripts relative to Irish history, besides the annals of the order by the celebrated Father Wadding, in eighteen folio volumes. In 1628, a college for the education of the Irish secular clergy, was founded by Cardinal Ludovisi, nephew of Pope Gregory XV. Among other celebrated names recorded in the annals of this establishment, are those of Dr. Oliver Plunkett, archbishop of Armagh, who suffered martyrdom in England, in 1681; of Dr. Blake, the present bishop of Dromore; Dr. Lanigan, author of an Ecclesiastical History of Ireland; Dr. Charles O’Conner, compiler of the “*Scriptores Rerum Hibernicarum*,” &c. and Dr. Clinch, author of Letters on Church government, and professor of Rhetoric at Maynooth. This, like the rest of the Hiberno Roman colleges, did not of course escape the grasp of the French revolutionary spoliation, and it was not till recently that the property was restored. The ancient premises being, however, found too small for the intended number of students, Pope Leo XII, with his characteristic munificence, granted them the use of a more spacious college. His holiness’ brief of donation is dated the 17th of February, 1826, in virtue of which Dr. Blake (formerly alumnus of the old college, and at present bishop of Dromore, in Ireland), was appointed first rector of the new establishment. His lordship’s successor was Dr. Boylan (since deceased), who was succeeded by Dr. Cullen, the present rector, who is also a professor in the propaganda. Under the presidency of the last named gentleman, owing to the continually increasing number of students (at present

more than sixty) they have been authorized by the reigning pope to exchange their too limited precincts for a more ample residence, comprising the ancient monastery and Church of Santa Agata de Goti. "In the early part of 1837, not long after the Irish collegians had taken possession of their new quarters, his holiness, Gregory XVI, attended by Cardinal Fransoni, their patron, paid them a visit, and was received by the whole community, Dr. Brown, the present bishop of Kilmore, Dr. Higgins, now bishop of Ardagh, and the rector at their head. His holiness, after examining the alterations and improvements going forward on the premises, partook of some refreshments prepared for himself and his retenue. During his stay, which lasted upwards of two hours, the holy father conversed familiarly with the students, exhorting them to become strenuous laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, and worthy ornaments of the Irish church, so deservedly famed for its persevering fidelity to the see of Rome, the great centre of Catholic unity. A Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation, recording the gratitude of the collegians to his holiness, stands conspicuous in the college hall.

TO GREGORY XVI, SUPREME PONTIFF, as a grateful memorial of his munificence in translating the Irish college from its former narrow limits to this more spacious and pleasant abode, whereby, imitating the example of Gregory the great, of blessed memory, he has rescued from neglect the temple of St. Agatha, virgin and martyr, and revived the ancient piety of the Roman people towards this illustrious saint, the president of the college has caused this inscription to be placed, in the year of our Lord, 1837.

We must not omit a portion of our author's tribute to the order of the Jesuits. He says: "Entering of late the chapel of the principal house of the society here, my attention was attracted by the following inscription:

SOCIETATEM. JESU.

Pius. Septimus. Pontifex. Maximus.

Urbi. et. Orbi. Restituit.

A. D. MDCCCXIX.

"Pius VII, the sovereign pontiff, restored to this city and to the world the Society of Jesus. A. D. MDCCCXIX."

Even so it is; "the advantages which the city of Rome, nay, which the whole world derives from these zealous laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, are incalculably great. In support of this assertion, I can adduce unexceptionable testimony. During a conversation which I had with the late general of the regular Clerici minori, he made the following candid avowal: 'The Jesuits do more good than all of us (the regular clergy) put together; for, generally speaking, we dedicate ourselves, in a special manner, to one particular good work, for instance, the Dominicans and Franciscans to preaching and theological studies, the ministering Clerks to the care of the sick; the Trinitarians to the redemption of captives; the Missionaries to the instruction of the country people, &c. But the Jesuits are foremost in every good action of public utility. They are found preaching in towns and villages; attending assiduously to the duties of the confessional and the administration of the sacraments; in visiting the sick in hospitals and prisons, besides attending to the main object of their institute, the education of youths.' This favorable view of the Jesuits, by a member of a different society, is valuable, considering that the religious orders not unfrequently look upon each other with more or less of a jealous eye; and are more apt to find fault, than to discover merit in their supposed rivals.

"What Lipsius said of the Medici—*Stirps ad promovendas bonas literas nata*, 'a progeny born to promote the belles-lettres,' may be more justly applied to the Jesuits. You should see what I have seen, and hear what I have heard at the Roman college, properly to appreciate their method of combining zeal for science with piety to God, in cultivating the minds of youthful students. The devout demeanor, and exemplary deportment as well of teachers as of scholars, are so edifying, that their modesty has become proverbial. To meet the young professors and novices, especially when walking from college to church, is an affecting sight; and truly not a few of

these saintly youths seem to verify the saying of the pious and learned Cardinal Ugo, *Datum est hominibus ut fiant angeli.* (It is given to men to become angels.)

“On the 31st of July, the Jesuits celebrate the festival of their illustrious founder, with all the magnificence of old. The chapel of St. Ignatius, as well as the whole sacred edifice of which it forms a part, may vie in costliness and splendor with the richest in Rome. The saint’s body is preserved beneath the altar in an urn of bronze gilt, and richly adorned with gems and precious stones. Annually also, the apartments in the adjoining convent, in which St. Ignatius lived and died, are opened to the public on his festival day. Over the door of the saint’s room, which has been converted into an oratory, are six Latin inscriptions which in English would run thus :

Here St. Ignatius died.

Here St. Philip Neri frequently visited St. Ignatius.

Here St. Francis Borgia fell asleep in the Lord.

Here St. Charles Borromeo offered up the holy sacrifice.

Here SS. Aloysius and Stanislaus made their vows to the Society.

Here St. Francis of Sales oftentimes came to pray.

Within this sanctuary are several interesting remains of the above mentioned holy men, such as portraits, autographs, &c. Here likewise may be seen some relics of the great Bellarmine, whose name sounded like *Bella-arma-minæ* in the ears of his Protestant antagonists, and with whom our pedantic James I entered the lists of polemic warfare. It was not, I must confess, without considerable emotion that I entered for the first time this sanctified abode of one of the greatest and wisest lawgivers, of which ancient or modern times can boast. The constitutions of the Society of Jesus breathe such a knowledge of mankind, such foresight, wisdom, and sanctity as may be looked for in vain among codes of merely human origin.”

We must make room for one more extract. “At the extremity of Mons Cælius stand the church and monastery of Eng-

land’s apostle, the church of St. Gregory, whose cloistered dwelling has been visited as an object of veneration. Within these hallowed precincts Englishmen should enter with peculiar reverence; for the British travellers undertake long journeys, and seek with avidity among unimpaired ruins for some mutilated statue, the fragments of a tomb, what interest should they not find in viewing the habitation of that venerated pontiff, who was so instrumental in communicating to their ancestors a knowledge of the true God? From this monastic seminary it was that thirteen centuries ago, Pope Gregory, not being able to fulfil the wish of his heart, to reduce our barbarous Pagan ancestors, the *toto divisos orbe Brittanos*, in subjugation to the yoke of Christ, and to execute the design in person, commissioned some of his disciples, with no other arms than the cross in one hand and the Gospel in the other. A marble tablet near the entrance of the church of St. Gregory records the names of the first apostolic missionaries: St. Augustine, first archbishop of Canterbury; St. Paulinus, first archbishop of York; Mellitus, first bishop of London; Justus, first bishop of Rochester, and several others of less fame.

“But what, I exclaimed, has become of the church which Gregory planted, Augustine watered, and God in his mercy so wonderfully increased? Alas! if we have wept over the material ruins of ancient Rome, surely the spiritual ruin of our native country is still more deserving of our tears! The dark clouds of heresy and schism have long obscured its comely features, and nearly three centuries of absurd prejudice and refined persecution have been employed, though in vain, to crush the faith of ages,—the faith which the Bedes, the Alcuins, the Ælfreds, and the Edwards gloried to profess. But let the genius of another Gregory arise, and we may hope to see England return again to the one fold of the one Shepherd. The reigning pontiff, Gregory XVI, being himself an alumnus of this same monastery, seems to have inherited the spirit as well as the mouth of his holy predecessor, whose well-known exclamation upon seeing our captive coun-

trymen in the marketplace of Rome, none, perhaps, more frequently repeat,—*Non Angli sed angeli, si fuerint Christiani*; ‘not Angles but angels were they but Christians.’

“Commercial or political prosperity is not the test of moral felicity among men, nor the criterion of a nation’s acceptance in the eyes of Almighty God; for a people sated by pride or soured by discontent, are but little qualified to form a just estimate of their actual situation. In both of these predicaments Great Britain would seem to be at this moment. But ere England seeks for religious peace, or moral happiness in Catholic unity, she may have to pass through an ordeal of calamity, more trying than France, or more recently Spain has undergone. Adversity seems destined by the inscrutable laws of Providence, to be to nations as to individuals, the unerring school of more wholesome knowledge. This is a truth to which the history of every people has borne testimony. God grant, however, that England may be an exception to the general rule; and that, profiting by the awful experience of others, she may in time become wise unto salvation. For her attainment of this desired end, every pilgrim, on visiting the sanctuary of the apostle of England, should fervently pray that the efforts of his living successor in the chair of St. Peter for the reconversion of Britain, may be speedily crowned with success; and in the language of the prayer of the student on the Palatine, let his ejaculation be,—*O bone Jesu! ut convertas Angliam humillimè supplicat peregrinus Anglus in Urbe!* ‘O good Jesus! the English pilgrim in the Eternal City humbly prays for the conversion of England!’”*

To the author of these “Reminiscences

* The following anecdote is connected with this subject. About the middle of the sixteenth century, in the monastery now known by the name of ‘Il Retiro,’ the Retreat, the celebrated Cardinal Howard, of the Norfolk family, established a college of English missionaries of the Dominican order. At present it is occupied by a community of religious, named ‘Passionisti,’ from their especial devotion to the passion of Christ. From one of these religious we learnt that the founder of their society, the venerable Father Paul of the cross, never allowed a day of the last forty years of his life to pass without offering up a fervent prayer to God for the conversion of England to the Catholic faith.”

of Rome,” we are grateful for much pleasing and valuable information. His *matter* is good, but we must be allowed, at parting, to offer a remark or two as to his *manner*. He is evidently a young writer, the poetic fervor of whose temperament requires to be sobered down by the logic of time and experience. He has the besetting sin of young and inexperienced writers, a continual effort to be grand, an affectation of translating the commonest circumstances into the language of metaphor and passion. He has not attended to that remark of an acute observer, that “simplicity without elegance is preferable to studied refinement, just as the plain manners of a Quaker are less repulsive than the affectation of a coxcomb.” In his determination to be singular, he can neither see nor hear like other people; instead of listening to a strain of sweet music, it must “gently captivate his hearing sense” (vol. ii, p. 81); instead of gazing in imagination upon the chivalrous tournaments of the middle ages, they “are summoned to the presence of his mental sight.” (p. 79.) He seems afraid of saying common things in a plain and natural way; the evening breeze from the neighboring catacombs, becomes “the plaintive sigh of evening from the *proximate catacombal* dwellings of the dead” (p. 53); barbarous treatment driving a man mad, is “*obtenebrating* his mental vision, and impelling him to a fit of despair” (p. 55); a veteran ecclesiastic is “a Nestor of the patriarchal age, over whom the winds of nearly fourscore and ten years have *scowled*” (p. 227); “Dante, the bard of mysterious song, *resplends* like a meteor amid the firmament of Italian literature” (p. 56); “a skull enclosed in a chrystal shrine, is venerated by *pictorial* enthusiasts, as the identical cranium of the divine painter [Raphael]” (p. 70); “during the cholera epidemic, fear came over the healthful youth, and stoutest man *quailed like the aspen leaf*.” (p. 78.)

Sometimes a simple flat-footed fact is made to assume the buskin: the use of olive oil for church lamps, and wax candles for the altar, is thus announced; “the produce of the olive and the bee are made subservient to religious purposes in the Ro-

man churches." (p. 87.) Sometimes the grand and the familiar find themselves in amusing juxta-position. Speaking of a college friend, he says, "manhood seemed to have made but little alteration in his mental character; his quiet and unobtrusive spirit was still the same; and such was his delicacy of reserve, as to make it *next to impossible for him to elbow his way through the world.*" (p. 221.)

Our reminiscence has the following high-wrought passages, which, in the simplicity of his youthful heart, he fancies to be the sublime. He is describing the festival of the "Inflorata," or floral procession in honor of the blessed Virgin. "Yes; long shall I remember the soul-thrilling impression. The luminary of day was about to tinge with his last setting glow of crimson and gold the smiling clouds of the west, and the last words of praise were echoing from the *proximate* hills. Could I a poet's privilege assume, I might be tempted to compare the music of the rustic minstrels—the beds of variegated flowers, and other joyful accompaniments of their divine procession, to some ideal fête champêtre, or festal rite, annually observed by our first parents in the garden of Eden, had they not sinned!" (p. 98.) In more senses than one this is a curious passage; how an *ideal* fête could be *annually observed*, if our first parents had not sinned, is an enigma which it would require a considerable degree of ingenuity to solve.

At p. 296, we have "The Thunderstorm," which is thus described;—"The thunder became progressively more loud and awful; the lightning fearfully *proximate* to us, in rapid succession flashed *with* its forked and terrific darts, the rain, as if the cataracts and floodgates of heaven had again burst forth to cover the earth with watery desolation, poured down in overwhelming torrents. Through the *liquid* mist I could discern a black lowering cloud approaching, &c. It was no small consolation to be near the benign effigy of Mary, *the mistic Iris*, &c." (p. 296.) The reminiscence and his college friend pay a moonlight visit to the Colosseum; "the moon advancing towards her zenith, emitted rays of lovely splendor.

We roamed through the columned arches and admired the various shades depicted by the celestial rays of the lunar orb." They retrace their steps homeward, and "the irradiance of a cloudless star-lit sky, with the lightsome beams, though pale and mild of a crescent moon, served to guide us along the solitary streets, while we discoursed, or mused upon profane and sacred love." Such is the night picture, now to a day-scene. They visit the monastery on the Cœlian mount, "the corridor of which is adorned with portraits of men, whose mortified and thoughtful-looking countenances mutely told us of strange, mournful, yet beatific things. We took the liberty to stroll about the solitary garden, where the softness of the atmosphere, the fragrance of the orange, almond, and lemon plantations, and even the incessant chirping of birds delighted us. To harmonize the harsh garrulity of these feathered songsters, the zephyrs would ever and anon agitate the wild shrubs and flowers of the surrounding (*proximate?*) ruins, and waft occasionally dulcet sounds of more pleasing music 'in floating music to the ear.' A grove of cypresses accorded well with the melancholy loneliness of the place, and attuned our minds to a poetic feeling." This is what Dean Swift terms the "finical style;" what follows is more in the "Ercles vein." He is describing the internal economy of the Roman college:—"Later, the seminarists are summoned by the punctual and inexorable bell-ringer to chapel for night prayers and meditation, after which they sup, and then withdraw to their play-rooms until the time arrives for the enjoyment of sweet dreams and uninterrupted slumbers, during the hours allotted for nocturnal repose. Each one then places his lamp inside his chamber door, and while undressing, responds aloud, as in the morning, to the prayers vociferated by the perambulating hebdomadarian." The following is still more highly wrought. It is the portrait of an unfair antagonist of Catholicity, one "who lays a train to explode the citadel of veracity!" (p. 134.) "Let him summon together his æolian auxiliaries, and triton-fleets of bugbear apprehensions about Popery,

to excite or storm against her. Let him arouse those leviant and monsters of the deep, in the shape of religious jealousies—slumbering animosities—and other bad passions, to arm and unite in arresting her peaceful progress. Let him exhaust his hell-guided energies in order to overwhelm or thin the ranks of her defenders, let him endeavor to conceal her buoyant course amid the fog and smoke of bigotry and slander; his impotent efforts will only tend to make him guilty of atrocious high-treason against the common interests and happiness of his fellow-men. In the meantime, in defiance of human and infernal opposition, confident of divine assistance, the present venerable pilot, the two hundred and fifty-sixth successor of the fisherman of Galilee, will still undauntedly stand at the helm of the vessel, and keep unfurled the meteor flag of Catholic truth, wherefrom will be

emitted rays of supernal light sufficiently strong to pierce the darkest clouds of error, calumny, and misrepresentation, ever raised by—the “Times!”

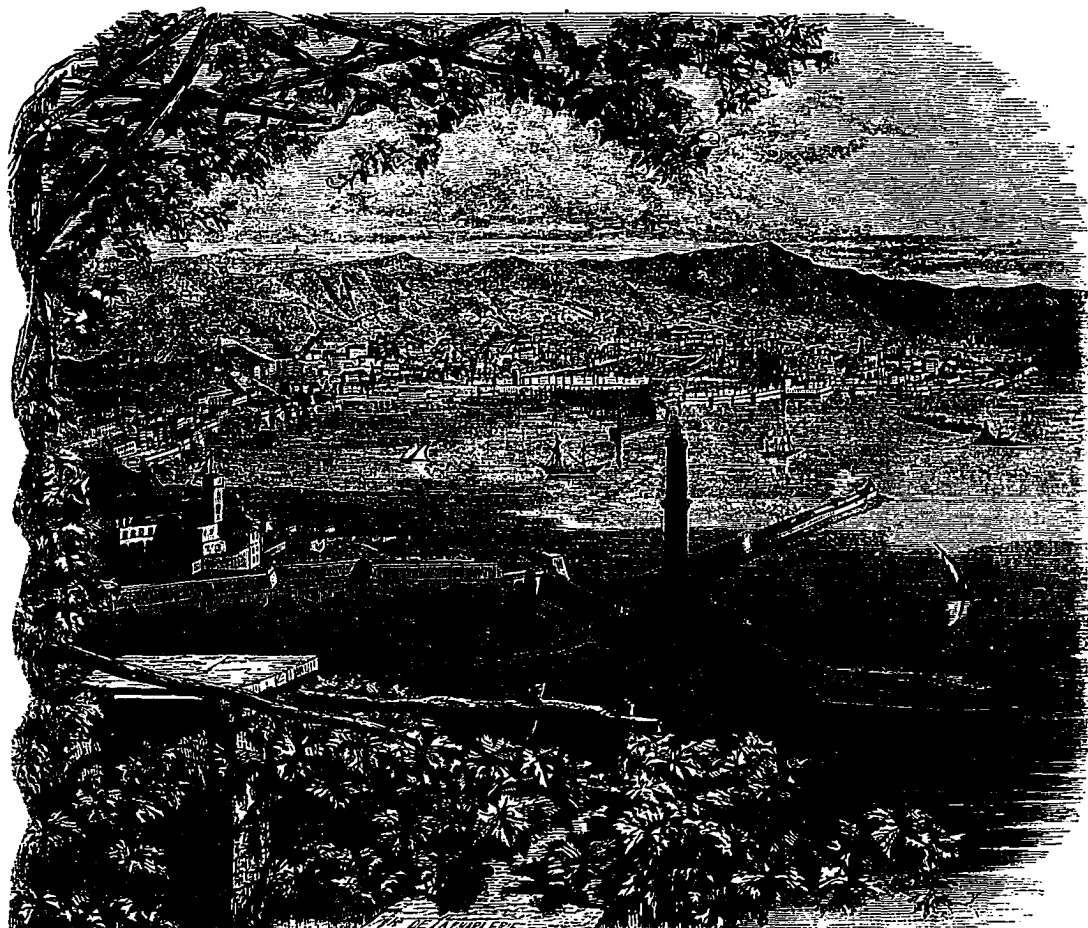
On listening to such a passage as the above, we can imagine some honest backwoodsman exclaiming; “What a first-rate stump-orator was lost in that man!”

In conclusion—let us not be understood as offering these remarks in an ill-natured or captious spirit. Nothing can be farther from our intention. In pointing out the faults into which this young writer has fallen, we would hold them up at once as a warning to the student, and as no unfriendly hint to the reminiscant, of whose talents we think so favorably as to feel anxious to meet him again in the field of letters, and to felicitate him upon that more matured taste which added years will be sure to bring.

GENOA THE SUPERB.

BY LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly (1876-1904); Dec 1878; VI, 6; American Periodicals
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VIEW OF GENOA AND ITS HARBOR.

GENOA THE SUPERB.

BY LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

THE surname which distinguished Venice's princely rival in the struggle for supremacy in the Middle Ages did not signify so much the "magnificent" as the "proud." *Genova la Superba* stood for independence and lofty self-confidence; it was the synonym of all that was

haughty in politics, aristocratic in association, domineering in commerce.

Genoa was more thoroughly Italian than Venice; her position was more central; her policy, so to speak, more national. Venice stood in a more exceptional position, and was as much a world's wonder as a working practical power among the family of nations. But both these cities, fallen as they now are from their independent sovereignty, have kept, more than any others, the outward form with which imagination not very inaccurately clothes their busy life of earlier days. Both of them abodes of luxury and homes of elegant and advanced civilization, they have kept

almost intact the outer shell of their old courtly life. Rome, torn by the internal broils of robber barons and occasional popular revolutions, had but a rude aspect, and held within her bosom more fortresses than museums.

When the Popes returned from Avignon, and enlightened men, artists and *literati* began to gather round the throne of the Medici, the Roveri, the grand Sixtus V., and others of like renown, Rome took on the garment of a civilization which naturally borrowed much from the old classic times, the peculiar pride of her people. As centuries rolled on, the ecclesiastical nature of the government, blending with the artistic associations of classicism, produced a type unique in Italy, or, indeed, in Europe. Florence, a thoroughly stirring, progressive commonwealth, became, from a sovereign city, the capital of an important principality, and went gracefully and naturally with the current of innovation, till it became a kind of intellectual "sanctuary"—the neutral abode of exiles of all lands; the placid harbor of every new idea, however impracticable; and the nucleus of a large foreign population. Naples, the least historical, because the least independent, of Italian States in the Middle Ages, drifted from one foreign ruler to the other, always a prize for the victor, but never herself a serious party to the transfer. Pleasure-loving and frivolous, like decrepid

Imperial Rome in the days when the unthinking mob cried "*Pax et circenses!*", and willingly let even the semblance of autonomy drop from their hands, Naples was as wax in the grasp of her rulers, and never had that vigorous national life which alone can and does give a characteristic aspect to the outward form and buildings of a city. Milan, the Paris of Italy, has followed, especially of late, in the footsteps of her prototype, and gradually swept away all architectural signs of individualism. The city of St. Charles and St. Ambrose is now, save for a few of its churches and religious establishments, little more than a modern town clustered round a fairy-like cathedral. Turin, the most dismal and precise of the principal towns of Italy, was burnt down within the last seventy or eighty years, and rebuilt on the rectangular plan, which, in an old, historical land, is so distressingly monotonous, and so typical of a buried individuality. The Royal Palace is like an exaggerated barrack, and the principal streets remind one of the paths of an immense cemetery, lined with gigantic mausoleums. Something of this dreary impression is made on the traveler's mind by the first view of Munich; but then, here the cold exterior is compensated by the quick throbbing of the artist-life which is the very heart's-blood of the German city.

Of all the capitals of old Italy, none have remained so outwardly unchanged as the two rival Republics, the marts of a world-wide commerce. Both kept their shadowy power until absorbed by Napoleon, and, though their supremacy had long been but nominal, still the charm lingered around the stately piles where dwelt the descendants of their merchant-princes and their former lordly patrons of art and letters. Both became only secondary seats of power, after their independence was taken from them. Milan was made the Austrian capital of Lombardo-Venetia, while Venice remained subordinate, and Genoa had to look to Turin as her mistress. Artistically speaking, this was no loss; for if, as a rule, capitals draw to themselves all the talent of a nation, yet their influence is often such as to desecrate the talent they reward—to vulgarize it by homage indiscriminately, and often carelessly, given, as a mere matter of course, and to lower art in the eyes of its own votaries by making success the only test of its worth. The official and political life of a capital corrupts the atmosphere and thickens the air, so that the calm needed for the true growth of art is not to be found therein; or else art itself is taken up, made a pet of, tied to the ear of political and social triumph as an embellishment, a set-off, a favorite slave, sumptuously arrayed, yet carefully debarred from any independent aspirations. Art cannot breathe in this artificial condition; it may consent to be the friend and companion of princes, but never stoops to become their creation and their puppet. The moment its children accept this subordinate attitude they cease to be true worshippers of the beautiful, and become apostates from the traditions of their brotherhood. The expedient takes with them the place of the beautiful, and they are no longer shepherds, but hirelings.

It is, perhaps, a matter of discussion whether the two queen cities of northern Italy were better off as tributary than as capital towns, but it is nevertheless indisputable that their exclusion from the busy political life of disturbed Italy has given them an aspect of peace which they otherwise could not have worn, and which is peculiarly favorable to the illusions of the stranger and the traveler.

We can reconstruct for ourselves the picture of the past of the sovereign Republics, as we pace the narrow streets and look in at the solemn portals of their silent palaces; but how difficult it would be to bring back that past if we had to pierce the disguise of common, bustling, bureau-

cratic life in the nineteenth century! As it is, there is scarcely anything to shock one's sense of the fitness of things, on entering "Genoa the Superb." The splendid harbor is still full of shipping, the amphitheatre of hills that cradles the city is proudly crowned, partly by ramparts and bastions, partly by the natural defenses of rock and forest. The beauty of a Summer sunrise glorifies the city a hundred fold, as seen from the deck of a vessel at sea. Every hour of the day lends some new and regal beauty to the Queen of the Mediterranean; but night also has its peculiar effect, and sheds a more mysterious charm over the great, silent, densely crowded harbor and the deserted wharves and streets.

It was at night and by sea that we reached Genoa, and the romance of our stay began in the very first hour of our landing. A boat came to take us off the ship, and, the usual Italian bustle being hushed, the descent down the steep sides of the vessel, and the crowding into an open boat with a large awning, was accomplished almost in silence. We were tired with the long journey, and among us was one whose health could stand but little in the way of fatigue; so there was nothing said on the way to the *mole*, or pier—none of the usual tourists' gossip and wondering, and eager, restless planning.

Noiselessly the boat threaded its way among the great, black hulls of the numerous merchant-vessels. Here and there gleamed the ray of a colored lantern; now and then a deep voice would shout a warning. Over our heads were the crossed bowsprits of many ships, lying close together, and once or twice we caught sight of a figure-head—a gorgeous mermaid with golden hair, or a flying cupid holding a toy anchor.

We had not seen Venice then, but the thought of that beautiful sea-city came uppermost in our minds, as we glided through that throng of ships, and tried to picture to ourselves where the Bucentaur might be lying, getting ready for the coming bridal with the Adriatic. Long afterward, when Venice became a present reality, the impression it left was far different to that of the busy port of Genoa, even in its temporary lull. Venice has no fleet of merchantmen whitening her lagoons with their sails; still more than Genoa, she is a relic of the past, a museum-city, the Pompeii of the Middle Ages.

When we reached the dock, no noisy porters made their appearance, no officious Custom-house men attacked us; and crossing a lonely *saile*, patrolled by a single military sentry, we walked a few paces further to the hotel. Dark, tall arcades shrouded the sea-view, and re-crossed a street-railway running down the centre of the quay. On the other side was the large, silent palace, now turned into a modern hotel. The change is little apparent—one might dream one's self the guest of the Republic on entering this vast house, full of marble stairs, floors of coarse mosaic, frescoed walls, and carved and gilded ceilings. Save the marbles, the palace is as it was three—four—five hundred years ago. In one room, long, costly Chinese tapestries, embroidered in colored silks, on a thick, creamy, satin ground. Even the furniture here is antique, though it may not have been the heirlooms of the particular family, to whom this palace once belonged. Even sales at auction here would furnish little that was not antique.

When things curious or valuable lose the value put upon them by fashion, they pass from the palace to the cottage, the dingy stall, or, perhaps, the public institutions; thence they may find their way to the pawnbroker's, and then back to the palace, as specimens of "our forefathers' strange taste."

Nowadays, they may be found in museums, or in hotels, or, again in curiosity shops, where half the "curiosities"

are modern, though faithfully and skillfully copied from the genuine old relics. What *poolestas* gave as marriage gifts to their daughters, what merchants brought to their brides from the sack of Byzantine cities, or the plunder of Infidel ships, may be found in the fragments now offered for sale to the English, Russian and American connoisseurs, as collections of artistic *bric-à-brac*.

The ornaments of the olden time were so solid that they do not disappear like our own flimsier luxuries, or else the artistic spirit is stronger in all classes of this Italian land, and they respect a thing more for its intrinsic, even if faded, beauty, than for its present usefulness.

Right opposite the palace-hotel of the "Four Nations" runs the elevated promenade, which is one of the modern features of Genoa. One is apt to think of the fabled hanging-gardens of Babylon while climbing the endless stone steps leading to this promenade in mid-air. A solid wall of masonry, fifty feet high, divided the street from the wharves, and affording a surface of at least twelve feet broad at the top, is a strange sight. Here and there the wall is pierced by arcades leading to the sea. From the top a magnificent view extends over the harbor and the blue sea beyond.

All along the broad flagged façade, protected by stone copings and ornamental railings, may be seen the many types of the Genoese population; women in the white muslin veil which is the national headdress here, as the *mantilla* is in Spain; men in sailors' costumes; *bersaglieri*, with their glazed round hats, surmounted by an enormous bunch of dark green cocks' feathers; the officials of the Government in unpicturesque uniforms; ladies in Parisian toilets; men in coats of an unmistakably English cut; children selling flowers or begging *soldi*; many little, bare-footed urchins; strong, brawny, dark-skinned men from the country; artificers from the narrow, dingy workshops of the town—a motley throng, such as is usually met with in the seaports of the South.

Look over the parapet on one side and you will see the harbor—no longer voiceless like last night, but alive with parrot-like screeching; the sea beyond the fort, so blue and glassy; and, perhaps, the distant column of smoke, that betokens the expected steamship from Marseilles. Look over the opposite side, and there, like a stream of ants, runs the busy crowd in the street by the railway; the low arcades at the end of the street are filled by humble customers jostling each other, and chaffering for cheap finery, gaudy handkerchiefs or tinsel jewelry; and the open hired carriages are taking the *forestieri* quickly through the old city to see the sights that have now so woefully dwindled in number.

Parallel with this street, through which the railway runs (between stout iron railings), is the Strada Nuova and the Strada Balbi—one roadway under two different names; the new part of the street having been new upwards of two hundred years ago. These, the principal arteries of the city, are lined on both sides with palaces. The two Balbi palaces stand opposite each other, and are called, respectively, the "Red" and the "White," from the different marbles of which they are built. Both are full of pictures and objects of *virtù*; every hall a museum; the doors set in carved marble doorways; the floors of Florentine mosaic; the very hangings on the walls gorgeous with Eastern colors and classic figures cunningly embroidered.

Genoa herself was famous during the Middle Ages for her velvets and tapestries; now the looms are gone, and the tyrant Fashion has transferred this branch of Genoa's old commerce to other and newer centres.

We did not visit the city according to the dictates of the guide-book; and, since our journey was rather a search

after health than excitement, we did not make it a point to investigate or catalogue the recognized sights. Ours was rather a saunter than a tour, and so we really cannot call to mind the endless number of famous and historical pictures stored away in these gloomy, grand old palaces.

The Royal Palace has a famous gallery of paintings, but, as we only had Sunday to spare for it, and it happened to be closed on that day, we never saw it. What was visible and accessible to every one at any time, however, was a lovely view of the garden and courtyard of the palace. These gardens are the distinguishing traits of the Genoese houses, and give the old piles quite a different aspect from those of Rome or Venice.

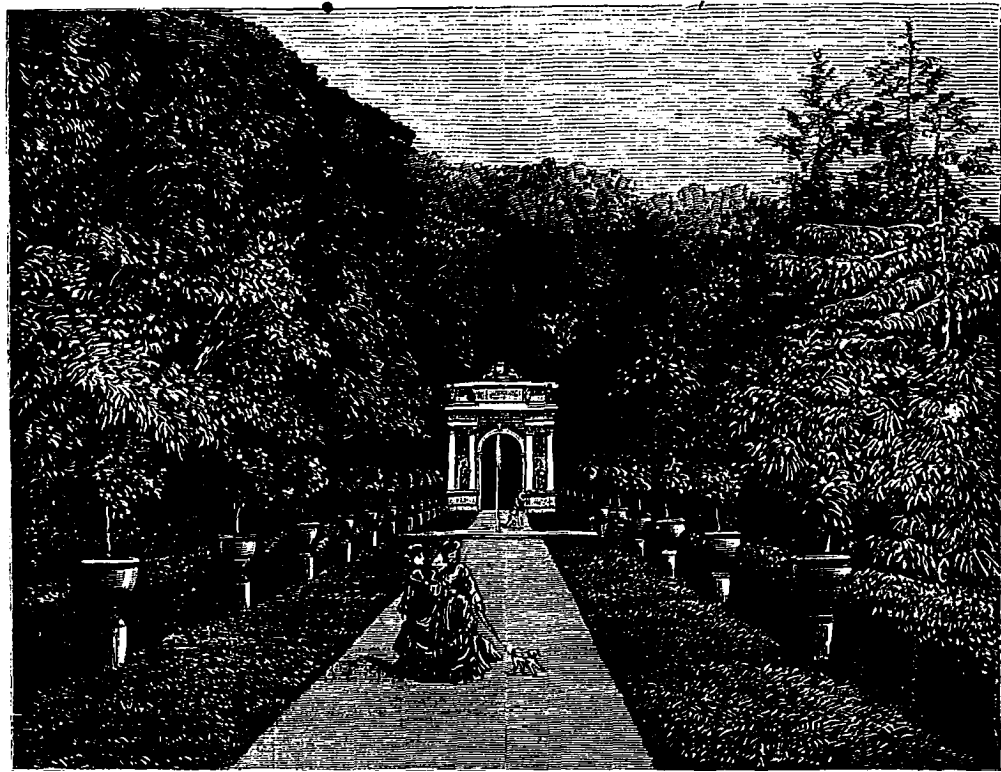
Very often you find yourself arrested by a long flight of broad steps, so that, instead of driving in through a great door into a side quadrangle, as in Rome, you have to alight at the house-door itself. As in Venice, a marble-floored hall, open at the opposite end, runs right back the breadth of the house, and leads into a courtyard of small dimensions, on the other side of which stands an iron railing. Behind that, orange and lemon trees, oleander and myrtle and ilex grow neglected round an untrimmed grass-plot with a classic fountain in the centre.

In Rome the gardens, if small, lie out of sight of the casual visitor, and, if large, surround the house very ostensibly, and are separated from the street by a high blank wall. In Venice, they are very often absent altogether, as a canal washes the steps on either side of the house, and so few houses have even a twelve-foot-square inclosure for trees and flowers, that the sight is more an exception than a feature.

In Genoa, however, no palace is without its garden, so temptingly revealed and so picturesquely situated that the visitor is very likely to forget the pictures which he came to see, and content himself with gazing at the oasis behind the railings. Genoa is a city of constant living pictures, so much has the old medieval *sacché* remained stamped on its daily, common life. There is one peculiarity observable in many of the princely buildings, now deserted or empty, or tenanted only by a fraction of a once powerful family: they are built of alternate rows of blocks of white and black marble. So is the Duomo, or Cathedral, a Romanesque church, heavy and gorgeous in its ornaments as well as its architecture, and a fit emblem of the earnest phase of religion that preceded the gaudy age of the Renaissance. All the streets, except three or four principal ones, are mere narrow lanes, where two wheelbarrows could scarcely pass each other, and across which two persons might shake hands out of their windows. None of these have been altered for hundreds of years; as they are to-day, so they were when rival families sallied out with all their gayly dressed men-at-arms and retainers, ready either to give the people a pageant, or each other a passage-at-arms.

The city being built on a steep slope, there are various breakneck ascents, tortuous streets, now and then helped out by rough and uneven steps, over which the poorer houses seem to hang or totter. These are called *salite*, or ascents, and lead more directly than the fine winding drives, to the *acqua sola* or the new ramparts, or, again, to the new roadway—in Italian, the circunvallation road—which is really a splendid boulevard on the hills behind the town, leading along the slope, past the great hospital (holding 1,300 patients), and across a viaduct to the Piazza Manin, 329 feet above the sea, and ending near the beautiful gardens of the Palazzo, or Villa Grimaldi.

Republics in those days were not such as they are now; and, except in their relations to outsiders, they were as feudal as any dukedom or principality. A few families led the State, while the populace was divided into parties under



ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS OF THE VILLA PALLAVICINI, NEAR GENOA.



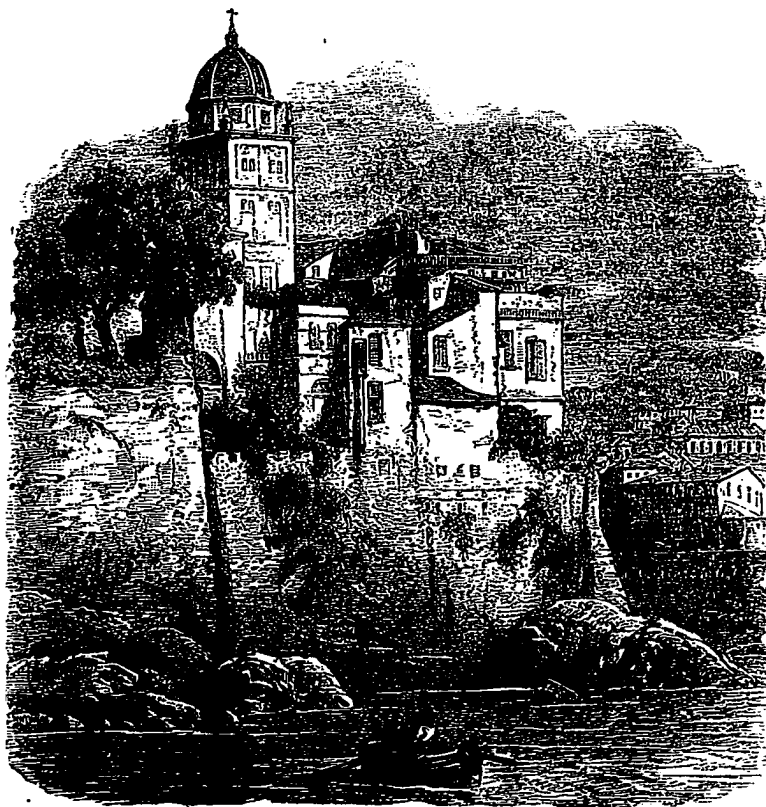
THE OBELISK AT THE LAKE, VILLA PALLAVICINI.

their protection. The armormaker of the Doria hated the draper of the Durazzo just as much as he did the draper's patron; the people had no real sense of their rights, and no idea of protecting them otherwise than by the interference of some great lord, whom they repaid by intense practical devotion to him in his personal quarrels.

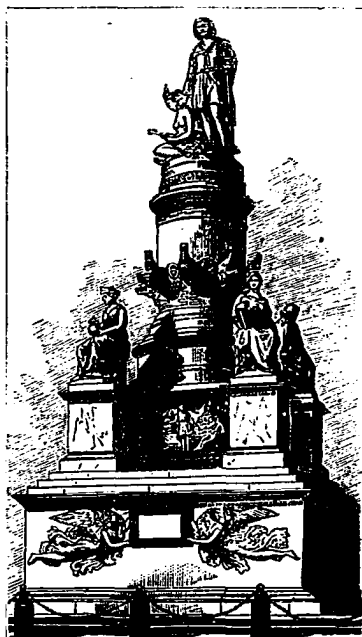
Italy was very different in this respect from Flanders, where, although the name of Republic was unknown until the sixteenth century, the principles of popular government were jealously kept up, in spite of sovereign, count or baron, or even bishop, as in the case of many but turbulent Liege.

But as we look on these proud houses of Genoa, built for retainers, almost for armies, and now empty, save for some small remnant of their ancient owners, who are content with an apartment of half a dozen rooms on the third floor, we realize the terrible fall of these families, once the equals of kings, and then turn to the strange contrast presented by the descendants of their whilom clients among the people. *They* are still in the same position; they have neither fallen nor risen; they still depend mainly on others, and rely on any one rather than on themselves; the only difference being that the Government, and especially the foreign visitors, are now their props—the former but a worthless one in time of real need, the latter a true Providence, amiably ready to be fleeced at any moment!

Among the many narrow streets, there is one which might well be



THE ARSENAL AT GENOA.



MONUMENT IN HONOR OF COLUMBUS AT GENOA.

called Fairyland. It is that in which the jewelers' shops are grouped, and is called "*Strada degli Orefici*," or, "*Street of the goldworkers*." It takes many hours to walk down this dingy lane, for on each side are booths, dirty, and carelessly guarded, but yet full of the loveliest treasures that woman can envy or artist admire. The famed Genoa filigree work in gold and silver is still seen in its perfection in these little shops, in which the master sits in *negligé*, scarcely minding his exposed wares, and working at his beautiful

trade with, perhaps, but little appreciation of its beauty. There is no show or display, scarcely even glass cases, except in a few more pretentious stalls; but the beautiful designs denote either that the workers in gold are born artists, or have kept the traditions of their craft well. To judge by their nonchalance and matter-of-fact way of disposing of their treasures, you would scarcely imagine the former to be the case.

The designers of jewelry, in the days when jewelry was a recognized art, were the equals of painters or sculptors; but in these days, though they may be artists still, they never earn a place in the Temple of Fame. In Genoa, many a poor man, crushed by the necessities of life, and perhaps by domestic circumstances, chooses this precarious way of getting his livelihood. He is poorly paid, and not over-well treated by the comfortable jeweler, who, though he has no ambition to make a show at his stall, has yet a very good trade and a prosperous outlook. It is to the poor drudge that we often owe the beautiful

thoughts so delicately worked into these wonderful ornaments which no modern skill has yet been able to imitate in other countries. True, this work is also done at Malta, and we know that in India similar specimens are often found; indeed, the industry came to Genoa from the East, and the delicate Italian imagination perfected the intricate work of oriental fingers and brains.

Here in the *Strada degli Orefici*, one sees every variety of gold and silver crosses; bouquets of flowers, imitated with wonderful accuracy; horns of plenty; pens in the shape of palms or feathers; arrows, swords and pins for the hair; hollow balls of marvelous workmanship, boxes and caskets; bells, card-cases, charms; models of Gothic churches, spires and buttresses complete, looking like spider's webs changed into gold threads; little ships, with every rope and spar distinctly copied; miniature chairs and tables, vases, cups and saucers, fans and hand-screens—everything, useful or ornamental, that can be copied in filigree and look well in a bride's boudoir. Sometimes you will see rosaries, not the least beautiful of these trifles—every hollow bead of a different yet harmonious design, and the cross at the end more elaborate than all. Reliquaries, too, are not infrequent, and bindings for missals and psalters.

Among the objects of special attention, however, may sometimes be found things of doubtful taste, such as gold and silver filigree crowns for favorite statues of the Madonna, or other adornments to be placed flat upon the surface of a miraculous picture. Frames, of course, would be quite in keeping with good taste, as much as missal bindings or any other normal decoration of our religious symbols, but the devotion of the Italians sometimes leads them into deviations from strict artistic rules. The Genoese artificers share this tendency; but then their work, even if in bad taste as to the use to which it is put, is so exquisite in itself that we should be churlish to complain.

At the entrance of the *Strada degli Orefici*, the eye is caught by a door with a medieval bas-relief representing the adoration of the magi, or wise men. This is said by artists to date from the middle of the fifteenth century, the days when Columbus was already searching for a patron and dreaming of the New World.

The Duomo, dedicated to St. Lawrence, whose martyrdom is sculptured in the archaic style of the thirteenth century, over the gallery, dates from 1100, and represents an older church on the same spot. The general effect is sombre and impressive, though later Renaissance taste has somewhat spoilt and blurred parts of the interior. The old lions guarding the wide flight of steps are in keeping with the huge doors bearing the sculptured story of Christ's infancy and earlier miracles, and the massive substructure of the towers beyond them forms a dark and suggestive vestibule to the nave, with its lighter columns and colored marbles. The carving, everywhere, from the quaint choir-stalls to the marble statues of saints, is ingenious and elaborate. But perhaps the most interesting sight is the treasury, with its marvelous collection of relics and jewels. In Italy these two are synonymous. Gems fit for the crown jewels are to be found even in obscure shrines, fitted into a relic-case, or some object connected with worship, such as bishops' croziers, chasubles, chalices, etc. The boast of Genoa's cathedral is the *vaso catino*, supposed to be a dish fashioned of a single emerald, which, says tradition, was used by Our Lord at the Last Supper, and in which Joseph of Arimathea afterward preserved a few drops of the Saviour's blood. As far as history goes, it is known that the Genoese captured this vessel, a glass of pure, transparent green color, but of uncertain date, at the taking of Cesarea, during one of the Crusades. It was this dish which gave rise to the beautiful medieval legend of the Holy Grail, which

Tennyson has clothed anew for us, and connected with the legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

Another church I remember among the many in Genoa is a small one, St. Matthew's, queerly enclosed in a narrow little square, and filled within with fine sculptures and funeral inscriptions relating to the Dorias. The great admiral's sword hangs above the high altar, and to the left is a specimen of those beautiful cloisters of which St. Paul's at Rome and St. John Lateran have such renowned remains. The double columns, twisted, or curled, bound together, some like sheaves, some like fasces, some like petrified reeds, surround a silent quadrangle, where grave-stones make the pavement and rank grass grows among them. Opposite this church, the family sepulchre of the Dorias, and closing up this dark *piazzetta*, is the old Doria palace, the lower half built in courses of alternate black and yellow marble, and on the façade these words, in Latin: "The public gift of the Consular Senate to Andrew Doria, the liberator of his country."

The old city, however, contains many gorgeous, comparatively modern fane, where gilding and show are quite in keeping with the original design of the builder. For instance, there is the dazzling Church of the Annunziata, about two hundred and fifty years old, with variegated marble floor; forests of columns, all of different marbles; chapels full of rich golden lamps, hanging from jeweled chains; a roof, or rather ceiling, of great richness, divided into numberless panels by the costliest of carved and gilt-work, each panel being a fresco representing a scene in the life of the Blessed Virgin.

One of the modern—indeed, one might say recent—glories of Genoa, is the beautiful monument to Columbus, at the western extremity of the town, in a piazza by the railroad station and the gardens of the Villa Doria. This has existed upward of ten or fifteen years, and is the work of Genoese artists. The great discoverer is represented standing in the costume of a scholar of his day, leaning with one hand on an anchor, and his other hand on the shoulder of a kneeling Indian, crowned with feathers, and carrying a cross in his hand. At the four corners of the pedestal are several allegorical figures, life-size, and above them a circle of ships' prows and laurel wreaths, set alternately. Four *bas-reliefs* give scenes from his life, and on the lowest base of the monument, two flying genii uphold the simple inscription, "*A Cristoforo Colombo, La Patria*"—"His Country to Christopher Columbus."

One cannot help thinking of what might have been the present position of Genoa, had she, as an independent State, listened to Columbus, and fitted out a fleet for him to explore the New World and conquer it in her name. The Italians of those days stood in the first rank among the nations of the world; by their side the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the Germans and the English were but unlettered barbarians. Her statesmen were acknowledged to be the masters of diplomacy; her merchants were wealthier and more enterprising than any, and, at the same time, they were not mere traders, but men of culture and education; generous patrons of art, competent critics of letters. Even the soldiers of Northern Italy were gaining a name that rivaled that of the fierce Spaniards, and her captains at least were known as skillful strategists, learned engineers, and men versed in the art of leading the minds, as well as directing the operations, of their mercenaries.

As yet no open discussion had taken place as to religious matters; the authority of the Church was undisputed, by the governors of republics and princedom; a magnificent, distant foreign conquest, such as that of Southern America, would have safely united the sympathies of the whole

Genoese people in one healthy burst of excitement and interest; the Church would have sanctioned the undertaking; the nobles and merchants would have had a wider field in which to display a more generous rivalry than that of gaining the executive power for a few years, and ousting each other, within the limits of a very small territory. Genoa very likely have sprung to the first place among Italian States, and would have carried civilization, commerce and art to the shores of the newly discovered continent, far better than could the Spaniards, ferocious by nature, and scarcely emerging from the state of barbarism which their frequent wars against the Saracens had made almost normal. The passions of the Italians were rather for power than for gold, and things might have been changed indeed, had they, instead of the Spaniards, visited the flourishing empires of Mexico and Peru.

But it was not so decreed; and after having seen the Indies slip from her grasp, and her son, courageous to the last, die the victim of a foreign king, Genoa relapsed into carelessness for nearly four hundred years, and then sought to repair the wrong done to him, and the loss suffered by herself, by putting up a beautiful monument to her hero. Vain honors! The sceptre that has once fallen from the hands of any given race can never be recovered, and posthumous honors are powerless to increase the fame of one whom the world knows as the exile of Genoa. His native city willfully lost all share in his glory, and cannot recall the decision by which she ignorantly stamped him as a visionary. America itself is his true monument, and were Genoa to sink into the Mediterranean to-morrow, the name of her daring but expelled son would still live in more triumphant remembrance than that of her own merchant-princes and naval heroes.

The gardens of the *Aquai Soli*, on the hill behind Genoa, are the public promenade of the city; they are not large, but are well laid out, and command a beautiful sea view. Here, in the late afternoon, come the carriages of the wealthier people of Genoa, and hundreds of loungers on foot; plenty of soldiers beguiling white-veiled maidens with their traditional and ephemeral compliments; beggars looking for a harvest of coppers, and sometimes mountebanks of various kinds, who know that these shady gardens at sunset are the paradise of the idle and the *beau-ideal* of the wearied showman.

From this inclosure one can drive along the ramparts that skirt the crest of the hill, and along whose jutting edges lie piled cannon balls and huge guns, like alligators lying in the sun. The peaceful sea beyond looks as if it had never been covered with hostile fleets, coming to attack or surprise the thriving, populous Genoa of old; and yet what a busy life old Neptune *has* seen at the mouth of that harbor! Not only warlike scenes, but naval pageants hailing the return of the conqueror who had humbled Venice or stricken the Infidel; convoys of richly laden ships from the marts of the East; captive vessels from Turkey and Barbary; corsair allies; French, English, Spanish visitors, whose colors, now flying gayly at the masthead, might denote hidden treachery in the future—many and many a sight and a scene, down to this day's prosaic steamer entering the port from Marseilles, or the humble fishing-smacks coming in to sell their prizes at the city markets. So we wind down again, through steep, abrupt streets, back into the "dim, rich city," with its many gardens and spots of greenery.

Another famous garden—a private one, but always open to the well-behaved, and kept by a not very formidable dragon, in the shape of a gossiping old portress, is that of the Villa Doria, a little outside the town on the western extremity. It faces the sea, and its marble parapets run

down to meet the water. The villa, a large building, which would be called a palace if it were in a more central position, stands at the back. The garden is a kind of miniature Versailles, full of statues of nymphs and goddesses, satyrs and philosophers; some old and dug out of classic baths, or brought from Rome; some of the Renaissance school, with flying drapery and affected postures. Carved parapets, marble fountains, old stone seats, etc., complete this museum-garden, where there are more statues than trees, and more marble walls than evergreen hedges.

Further on, and quite out of town, is another garden—that of the Villa Pallavicini, at Pegli, and really a sight worth seeing, and kept in perfect order by the owners. Formal and old-fashioned, it is not neglected, and here and there a modern idea, patched on to the stately expanse, seems rather a surprise than a shock. One part is soberly laid out in straight walks, hedged with grass, and leading to a little temple half hidden in a grove of evergreens. From this you stray into a more loosely arranged "English garden," with creepers and vines, smooth lawns and flowerbeds, with the vista of a grotto in the distance. The grotto turns out to be a stalactite cave, full of unexpected sights; wonderful chambers hung with petrified icicles, or coated with glistening matter, shining like diamond dust (all this carefully imitated, or at least artificially produced), to represent the great cave of Adelsburg, near Trieste.

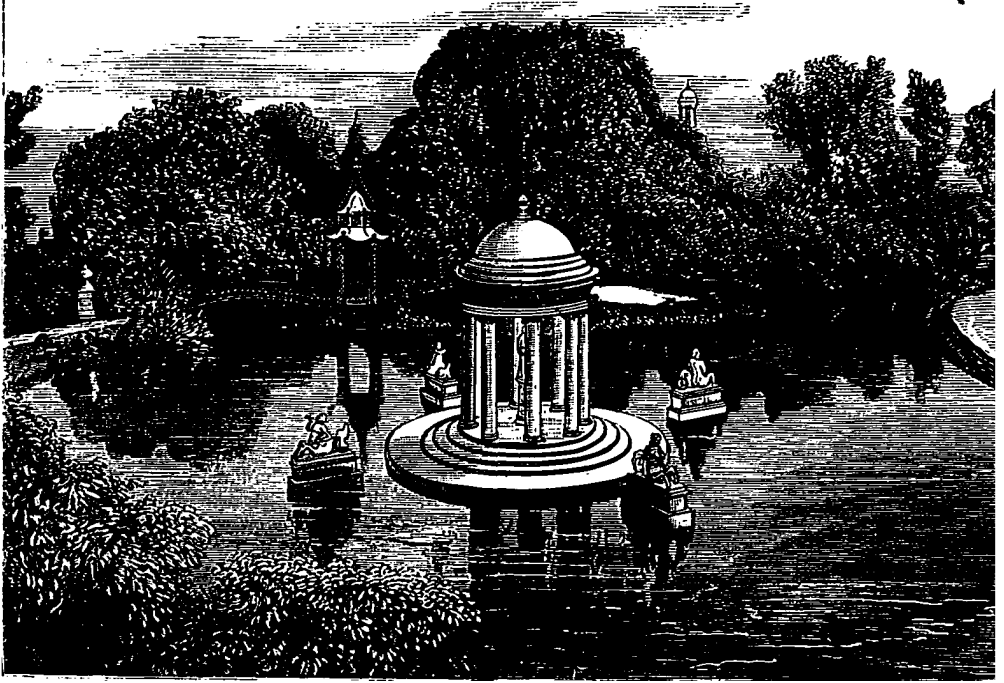
After a walk of a few hundred yards under these archways and through those underground halls, you come to a sheet of water; the torches throw a red glare on the walls, to which, by iron rings and chains, are attached a few small boats. The guide deposits you in one of these skiffs, and intrusting the torches to your care, takes to the oars. A few windings bring you out through a tall, narrow archway, overhung with ivy, into a broad basin, where Fairyland seems to begin.

Swans are sailing up and down; but there are other inhabitants of this fair crystal port. In the centre of this sheet of water rises a snow-white temple, a cupola supported by marble pillars. Diana, with her bow, stands within, while just outside the steps that lead into the water, are four sea-horses, with human heads and shoulders and conchs in their hands, looking to the four quarters of the globe. They seem as though just about to start on a wild, frolicsome race, and to throw the spray in your face with their forked tails as you passed them in the boat. All around the shores of the miniature lake stretches the beautiful turf; but the promontories jut into the water. Yonder grove conceals the base of an arbor built pagoda fashion, and whose glittering colors and hanging bells carry your imagination far into the dreamy regions of Cathay.

There are few such gardens as these in all Italy; they belong to a lost state of things—the flavor of the sixteenth century hangs about them, and the least incongruous denizens would be those merry, witty, but scarcely moral disputants and minstrels who haunted the gardens of the courtly Medici at Fiesole.

A modern croquet-party would be out of place here, however animated the players and elaborate the costumes; the mere common intercourse of present social life would be an insult to the spirit of the place. The gray-clad soberness of this utilitarian age is but a sorry substitute for the artistic, if misdirected, enthusiasm of those times; and if we rejoice that the *facile indecorum* of by-gone days has disappeared, we cannot but be sorry that with it has gone all the grace, the culture, the social animation of the class that figured so largely in their pageants.

Genoa has many other villas, not quite so conspicuous or well-kept, but still beautiful; for instance, the Villa Rosazza, with its formal *parture*, and its marble fountain—



THE LAKE AND STATUE OF DIANA, VILLA PALLAVICINI, GENOA.

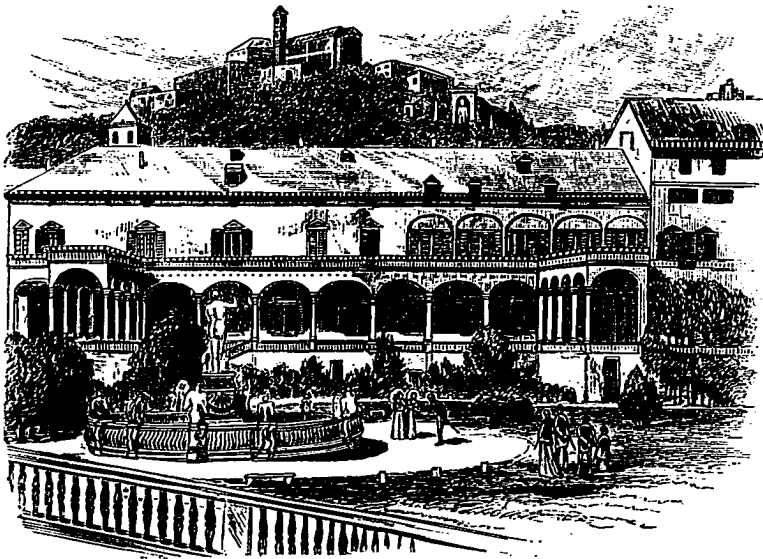
the villa where Dickens lived for part of a year; and others often let to foreigners, to the resident consuls, or to rich merchants, whether native or foreign.

Returning to the city after this excursion into a sprightlier atmosphere, we pass by the large, gloomy theatre of

Carlo Felice. It is almost as large as the San Carlo of Naples, and La Scala, of Milan; but it is not often that one sees these magnificent houses properly filled, nor the stage properly tenanted. Genoa can no longer afford to lure to herself the great singers of the day, and the opera season is only second-rate after all. Still it is much the fashion, and, as everywhere else in

Italy, it affords an excellent opportunity for informal visiting. Except during the well-known arias, no one minds the music; the opera is a social club where friends meet and chatter.

No one, except on State occasions, goes in full dress; every bright *demi-toilette* passes muster; every one chatters; the boxes fill and re-fill, as men pass from one to the other of their fair acquaintances; the stage is the last thing thought of. Presently the prima donna or tenor comes forward with great demonstrations of rage, love or despair, and the whole house is hushed. While the aria lasts, not a word is



THE VILLA DORIA, GENOA.

spoken ; but the moment it is over, and the customary applause has subsided, the spell is broken, and the stream of conversation flows on anew.

These theatre receptions are a cheap way of paying off social scores, as they involve no lights, no decorations, and no refreshments, save the occasional ices and wafers that are brought round to the boxes between the acts, and which, if paid for at all, are paid for by the gentlemen who happen to be the guests of the box for the time being.

I once heard rather a good story illustrative of this inexpensive system of seeing and entertaining your friends, but

"Why," was the reply, "we keep a fire in every room all day."

"And all the evening too?" asked the agent.

"Of course."

"No wonder!" he said, with a comical gesture of surprise; "Madame la Marquise only used a small fire in one room on very cold days, and a foot-warmer the rest of the time."

"How did she manage at night, then? and did she never see visitors?"

"She spent her evenings in her box," explained the

it did not refer to Genoa. Still, the system is carried on in most Italian cities, where there are large and beautiful theatres, and a comfortable box is a cheap luxury whereby fuel may be saved in the evening. The incident was this: An English family hired an apartment in an old palace, the widowed owner having left it for the Winter—so said the agent—fully stocked with fuel. This lady belonged to a very good old family, but her fortune was slender. After a few weeks the tenants found the fuel running short, and indignantly taxed the agent with deceiving them. He answered by a question as to how and when they used it.

agent, "and asked her friends there." If she chanced to be unwell, and not able to go out, she would sit at home, with her fur cloak on, and go to bed early."

But though Genoa, like all other Italian towns, has many decayed noble families, proud and poor, she has also a few rich old families, such as the Durazzo, whose magnificent palace is fitted up with more modern luxuries than it contains antique treasures; and many comfortable, unassuming families of less pedigree, but progressive, educated, enterprising and successful, both in commerce and in learning. There are art societies, and scientific meetings, and boards of education; a great activity in politics and the

press, and a public feeling which is wisely and patriotically directed rather toward the national advancement of the country as a whole than toward the glorification of the local part. The Secret Societies were once very strong in Genoa, and even at present those nurseries of Socialism are not inactive ; but, on the whole, the city has too much at stake to be able to affect red-republicanism. Northern and central Italy—that is, the living Italy of the Middle Ages—is still the backbone of the new nation.

One more thing a stranger, however cursory his visit, will notice in Genoa, and that is the guttural dialect, harsh as the ruggedest German. The conventional beauty of Italian is practically a scarce thing. The popular talk of most provinces is either mincing, as near Milan, soft and slurring, as at Venice—where, but for the tone, one would think the very lucksters were coaxing babies to sleep—harsh, as at and near Genoa, hammer-like, as at Naples, where the tone is also ear-piercing ; and even at Florence, where the purest grammar is common to the highest and lowest alike, the pronunciation and frequent aspirations—replacing the *e* by the *h* sound—render the language affected. The broad Roman accent sounds grand in the mouth of an educated person, and reminds you, somehow, of the roll of the Latin, as probably spoken by the senators and jurists of the Republic ; but it turns to something very like “morthing” when used by the people in general. however, I think, as an accent, it is far preferable to any in Italy. The voice of Italians is also generally a drawback to beauty of diction. Even cultivated persons, and women no less than men, have loud, strident voices ; and in the traditional “land of song” you find far more of what we should call a vulgar intonation than you will discover among persons of corresponding station and education in English-speaking communities. On the other hand, you will meet with natural courtesy far greater than that attending the best-bred people of our race ; for centuries of polish and traditions of elegance in manner have done their work, and left the Italian beggar less of a barbarian than the Anglo-Saxon *millionnaire*.

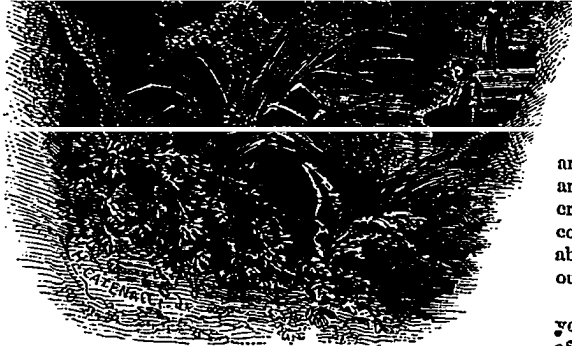
There is more business done in Genoa than in any other town in Italy, and a large part of its trade is with the United States. Roughly speaking, the yearly imports and exports average, the former nearly \$60,000,000, the latter \$10,000,000.

Among the wealthy and public-spirited men who have lately died, was the Duke of Galliera, who left the city \$1,000,000 for the improvement of the harbor, on condition that the municipal government should advance the rest of the sum required to carry out the improvements. A large new mole is being built, and the present new mole lengthened, so that it will still continue to be the outer pier. In addition to this, quays by rails with the main line are projected, with a view to enable the largest ships to unload without lighters.

The inclosed *Porto Franco*, with its extensive bonded warehouses, is another of the works which, even at present, show how Genoa, while proud of her artistic relics, is not content to rest on her medieval laurels. If the inner parts of the city are wonderfully unchanged, its sea edge, on the contrary, is changing for the better every day ; and, while the former picturesqueness is untouched, the visitor need not grudge the less beautiful but healthy signs of activity about the quays.



VIEW OF MILAN.



MILAN.

BY LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

THE Italian Paris certainly manages to deny its identity and hide its antiquity very successfully, and scarcely can the boulevards, except by their size, outdo the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, with its continuations leading to the public gardens; while the Arc de l'Etoile is at least equalled by the

as a termination to the Simplon route, and finished by the Austrians thirty years later.

The Corso is brilliant, crowded, busy, fashionable, bewildering; the shops, with conspicuous glass cases rather than windows, are dazzling in their snow, variety and high prices; Parisian toilets fill the English carriages, and Poole's costumes surmount the English horses, which crowd the middle of the street; flowers are sold at every corner, and *cafés*, where the ices are famous, are besieged about four o'clock by the most fastidiously elegant turn-outs that ever formed a barricade against dull care.

Anglomania is the badge of good society among the younger Milanese nobility; and to see the representatives of the old times, you must dive into the back streets, where huge *portes cochères* still admit you into solemn quadrangles, the homes of the old-fashioned, devout, severely dressed, and not too well-educated grandees.

A pleasanter view of some of the more unpretentious, but traveled people, is to be had by a country-visit, such as I remember. The villa was near Monza, a place made famous by the tragical history of Manzoni, "Nun of Monza," and was the property of Duke S—, a pleasant old nobleman whom I had known in Rome. The house was plain, square, and painted a light, neutral color;

French windows led from the ground-floor rooms to a wide piazza overlooking English lawns and "grounds"; the floors are parquet or *scagliola*, and coolness and darkness reigned throughout the house, which was quite modern, and only intended for Summer.

Milan itself is not oppressively hot in Summer, and being so very anxious to announce itself as perfectly on the level of the times, and by no means a mere museum, such as the more picturesque and laggard cities of Italy, does not lay a burden on the tourist in the way of sight-seeing. After you have climbed the tower of the Cathedral, and admired the two thousand statues, representing the army of heaven, and the magnificent rampart of the Alps on the clear horizon; when you have examined the dried body of St. Charles in the subterranean chapel, where a guide carries a torch to enable you to see the silver paneling of the walls and ceiling; and when you have wondered at the life-size silver statues of St. Charles and St. Ambrose, and the wealth of jewelry in the treasury or vestry of the church, you feel as if you might indulge in a saunter in the modern gardens, take a siesta at your comfortable hotel, or follow the lazy string of carriage-idlers round the chestnut-shaded drive that skirts the old ramparts.

Not but what a seeker after antiquities and curiosities can find more than enough to "run him off his feet" for a week at least, but it does not stare him in the face, or challenge him to "do" it, as elsewhere. You fall into the lazy bustle of the place; you think of the politics of the day instead of the history of the past; you are excited at the new open prospects at La Scala, almost the largest theatre in the world, and where "l'Africaine" can be, as I saw it, better put on the stage than anywhere, except at the new Opera House in Paris. Though as to talent, Milan can no longer command a purse long enough to insure anything first rate. You sit for hours eating ices and drinking sherbet by moonlight in the gardens, while the band plays the last *pot-pourri* out of the last opera-bouffe: or you stroll over to the new Zoological Department, and only then realize that the display denotes a provincial town instead of a capital.

But Milan has the modern spirit more fully developed than any of the successive capitals of her own land; and has an independent life of her own outside either the political or the foreign element, for she is the wealthiest manufacturing town in the kingdom, carrying on a brisk trade in silk and wool. Again, she is a perfect Paris in the line of art, having evolved a new school of painting, very French in its aspiration, and one of sculpture, rather wildly realistic, but nevertheless evidencing much crude talent in its members, as well as considerable technical, imitative skill (the Cathedral roof and the new cemetery have been convenient places of exhibition for active sculptors of innovating tendencies); while in music, the *Conservatoire* of Milan is confessedly the headquarters of the art in Italy. Foreigners, especially singers, go there to study for operatic performing, and Italians go to learn music, though they learn but a local style, and that not the highest; but it is popular in their own country, and not unpopular in most others, except Germany and Belgium.

The Cathedral is still the public, commercial, social, and religious nucleus of Milan, though the Piazza is very different now from the former surroundings of the Church, where the merchants of old gathered, and the nobles marshalled themselves, and the people fought for bread during the famines that succeeded the plague in the sixteenth century, as is told in Manzour's novel of "The Betrothed."

Despite the first impression—some one has called this white-marble Cathedral a church of lace-work—the Church

strikes the eye as defective after a few moments' observation, and I never could admire it so unreservedly as most travelers think themselves bound to do. It lacks height, as even its highest pinnacle is not worthy to be called a spire; and its heavy, square-topped, Renaissance portals, and indeed the whole façade, are distressingly out of keeping with the rest of the florid Gothic design. The ceiling is also another blemish and disappointment, being painted in imitation of stone-work, and the sham is very transparent.

Setting aside these details, there is much that is interesting, both in the way of monuments and pictures; but two of the most curious specialties, neither of which is mentioned in the latest guide-books, are the seven-branched, gilt-bronze candelabrum standing in the right transept, on a sculptured pedestal of Sienna marble, with the Virgin and Child carved on the shaft, and the branches adorned with foliage and miniature statues; and the colossal statue of St. Bartholomew in the rear of the choir and high altar, representing the apostle as flayed alive. The sculptor, Marco Agrato, was so proud of his work, that he recorded his satisfaction in Latin inscription to this effect: "Not Praxiteles, but Marcus Agratus, designed and executed me."

Immediately in front of the choir-railings is a round opening, with lamps perpetually burning, an artistic railing encircling it; and through this we catch a glimpse of the subterranean shrine of St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan in 1557. The plague broke out in the city during his lifetime, and he exposed himself personally in the most fearless way, encouraging the clergy to do their duty likewise. His nephew, Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, was his successor in the See, and inherited the same virtues. Manzoni gives an admirable portrait of him in "The Betrothed," as a contrast to the wretched Don Abbondio, the country parish priest; both portraits being historical.

The body of St. Charles lies in a glass case—the face uncovered, the flesh dried and brown like a mummy's; the hands incased in episcopal embroidered gloves, and the body clothed in episcopal robes. The mitre and pillow under the head are one mass of gold and jewels, while scenes of the saint's life are chiseled on the silver lining of the walls, blackened by the torches constantly applied to them for the benefit of curious strangers.

Milan and its diocese still cling to certain old customs and privileges, some dating from the fourth century; others sheltering themselves under the same plea, for instance, the twelve days' prolongation of the carnival after Lent begins—an indulgence actually ascribed by popular belief to St. Ambrose himself. The Ambrosian Rite is of undoubted antiquity, and is still in use in all the churches of the diocese. The ceremonies of the Mass differ slightly from those in Rome and wherever the Roman Rite prevails; and there is something Oriental in a few of the turnings, gestures, lifting of hands, and blessings, which occur during the Mass. Also at the Cathedral, on certain days, an ancient custom is kept up by certain families, in which it is an hereditary privilege, of offering bread and wine in public, at what is called the "Offertory" of the Mass, that is, immediately after the Creed is sung.

Outside these peculiarities, the same religious customs as elsewhere in Italy prevail in Milan. I remember visiting one of the ordinary churches on an evening devoted to a special service and sermon, where crowds stood and knelt—chairs are seldom used in Italy except at early morning services, when the church is not full, or during Lent and Advent sermons; and at other times are piled up out of sight in some recess, chapel or lobby adjacent—and the

altar alone, brilliantly and profusely lighted, blazed out against the dark background. Red and white drapery hung in alternate and interlacing festoons from the arches, and gold-braid was fancifully looped and trellised across the drapery. The people sang right willingly, but not very musically. Such scenes are common.

At another time I witnessed a curious religious ceremony, if not quite of a local nature, yet unusual—a sermon and some devotions in the vulgar tongue, commemorating the sorrow of the Mother of Christ, on the night of Good Friday, after the Crucifixion. If I remember right, there was some representative image in the church, prominently placed so as to remind the congregation of the object of the meeting, which took place at dusk. This was not common to all the churches of the city, but was done here and there only.

At Venice, on Holy Saturday night, or Easter Eve, there is a custom peculiar to St. Mark's, of lighting an immense Greek cross which hangs in the nave, and which remains thus lighted, the rest of the church in deep darkness, until dawn on Easter Sunday, and is intended to commemorate the night of the Resurrection. The same custom used to prevail in one small church in Rome, on the same side of the Tiber as St. Peter's, in a little *piazza* half way between the Vatican and the Bridge of St. Angelo.

Next to the Cathedral, the greatest boast of Milan is the Ambrosian Library, the work of Frederic Borromeo, and now consisting of 150,000 printed books, besides 20,000 very ancient and valuable manuscripts. There are pictures and statues, bronzes and gems, and miscellaneous curiosities as well. I do not remember anything distinctly of my hurried visit, except a lock of fair hair and a signature, both said to be authentic memorials of the much-maligned Lucrezia Borgia.

It often seems a pity, when we look back on visits to places that should have detained one for weeks, to remember that the visit was made at an age or a time when one had not read or studied enough to care for historically, and appreciate at their right value, these points of contact with the history of the past. Properly speaking, no one should travel through historical lands, and visit celebrated places, until he has prepared himself to understand as well as enjoy what he sees. Unluckily, I traveled at a time when only striking exceptions made much impression on a mind just let loose from school-tasks. Even at that time, however, the Church of St. Ambrose, the former cathedral of the city, and the scene of the great Bishop's defiance of Theodosius, the emperor who had ordered the massacre of all the inhabitants of Thessalonica, in revenge for a slight offered to one of his officers, had a peculiar interest for me. You go in through an *atrium*, or quadrangle, surrounded by round arches with old tombstones and inscriptions, and half-effaced frescoes of the twelfth century (the court itself is said to be of the ninth), but if tradition is right it must be far older, for the massive church gates are believed to be the same which St. Ambrose closed on the excommunicated emperor, forbidding him to defile the House of God by his presence. The sovereign accepted the rebuke, and did canonical penance for his sin, besides giving large privileges and indemnities to the outraged city which he had so wantonly decimated.

This old church was formerly dedicated to the martyrs Gervasius and Protasius, but after St. Ambrose's death, it was re-dedicated to him, and the spot where were the tombs of the former became forgotten. When I visited it, they had just been discovered, and alterations were going on in the modernized crypt, where St. Ambrose is also buried.

The coronation of the Lombard Kings, and subsequently

of the German Emperors, with the Iron Crown*, used to be performed in this ancient cathedral, which, like St. Mark's at Venice, is not content with its own wealth of traditions, but actually claims to possess a Mosaic relic, in the shape of a brazen serpent on a short column in the nave. I do not know the date of this, but it probably came from Constantinople at the same time as the many Byzantine treasures and relics at Venice.

The peculiar galleries of Romanesque form which distinguish St. Ambrose, and the carved marble and porphyry canopy or *baldacchino* over the high altar, which witnesses to the extreme antiquity of the church, strike one less than the extraordinary display of early goldsmiths' work which adorns the high altar itself. The latter is a square-bottom table, between three and four feet high, each side of which is covered with gold and silver, some of which is engraved in *relievo*, but mostly encrusted with uncut gems, and enriched with enamel; the work of a German artist contemporary with Charlemagne (ninth century).

This "golden portal" reminded me of the equally marvelous "golden screen," or *reredos*, of St. Mark's at Venice, a wall of jewelry standing behind the altar; but, like the "portal," only exposed on high days and holidays, unless when privately uncovered for the benefit of sight-seers.

Like most of the churches of the ante-medieval time, St. Ambrose's is distinguished by a bishop's throne behind the altar, in the further end of the apse.

The most perfect specimen I ever saw of the earliest Italian arrangement of seats for the clergy in a cathedral, is at the obscure, deserted little island town of Torcello, six miles from Venice, where the seventh century cathedral is a plain, rectangular basilica, supported by columns, and having the east end, or apse, filled by semicircular seats, rising in six tiers, and commanded by a lofty episcopal throne of rudely carved stone in the centre. The present Roman Catholic custom is for the bishop's throne to be on the right-hand side of the altar.

One of the religious pictures most popular and well-known throughout the world has its defaced and damaged original in the ancient refectory or dining-hall of the (suppressed) monastery connected with the abbey church of Santa Maria delle Grazie. This is Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." It is almost unrecognizable, but some authentic copies and engravings exist, which prove that the popular representatives of the picture are very far from being faithful copies. The head of the Saviour, especially, has less of the usual defect of genuineness than its equivalent in most pictures of Christ, and far less of the conventionality given to it by repeated filtrations of this particular original, through careless engravings and photographs.

On driving through the rather bare *Piazza d'Armi*, or drilling-ground, the changed condition of the city of the Visconti, and then of the Sforza, is strikingly noticed, for the castle of the "tyrants" is now a barrack, and not far is an arena, or circus, for races, built by Napoleon; while opposite, the chief feature in the dreary surroundings, stands the Arch of Peace, with its goddess careering in a chariot with six horses, attended by four "victories" on horseback. River-gods and allegorical and historical bas-reliefs and inscriptions cover the rest of the space, which is

* The Iron Crown is still preserved at Monza, in the treasury of the Cathedral, and was used as late as 1818, when the last of the titular sovereigns of the Holy Roman Empire, Ferdinand I. of Austria, was crowned. It consists of a broad band, or hoop, of gold, studded with jewels, and inclosing a thin strip of iron, said to have been made from a nail (one of the supposed relics of the Passion of Christ), brought by the Empress Helena from Palestine. The Austrians carried off this national treasure in the war of 1859, but restored it after the peace of 1866.

intended to remind one of the Triumphal Arches in the Roman Forum, but usually carries the mind rather to Paris and the Champs Elysées. I confess I could not see the beauty of this gate, standing by itself in a miniature wilderness; it has some of the cold beauty of the Munich buildings, but equally with them leaves the spectator unimpressed and rather cheerless.

Does any one think Milan has, so far, vindicated its claim to being in the van of modern civilization? A section of the inhabitants, at any rate, was determined to prove its "progression" by far more practical tests, one of which exists in the Temple of Cremation, erected for the proper burning of the dead, in the large new cemetery, one of the finest in Italy, whose monuments form absolutely a museum of modern Milanese sculpture, and whose space of 500 acres is inclosed by beautiful, classic colonnades.

The environs of Milan ought to be the subject of a separate sketch, so peculiar are their characteristics, so un-Italian, with their half-submerged rice-fields, and excellent roads on elevated causeways, often bordered with luxuriant hedges worthy of England, and hiding under their bushiness masses of brilliant wild flowers. Well-cultivated farms, and well-kept farm buildings distinguish Lombardy from almost every other Italian agricultural region. As to scenery, there is not much, except in the distant view of the Alps—especially beautiful at sunrise and sunset.



MILAN.—VICTOR EMMANUEL GALLERY—THE GREAT COVERED STREET.

For the Observer.

POLITICAL.

Crimination of the conduct of all the powers of Europe... (Continued.)

ROME.

If we continue the examination of the false steps and follies of cabinets and nations, what a picture does the court of Rome present !

The venerable Pius VI. like another *Eleazar** had set a bright example to his successors ; he had expired in chains, apostolically offering a passive but immoveable resistance, the most touching resignation, and the perfect model of that dignity which should be expected in a temporal prince, and a pontiff, who was aware of the grandeur of his duties, the influence of his example, and the immensity of scandal which might result from a single act of weakness on his part.

Why did his successor desire to surpass him ? Why did Pius VII. by his concordat, appear to condemn his illustrious and respectable predecessor ? for the national assembly did not require more of Pius VI. than Buonaparte exacted of Pius VII. the latter had even in aggravation, to sanction by his concordat all the regicides, the prophanations, the plunders of every species, and the innumerable assassinations which had taken place since 1791, the period of the *civil constitution of the clergy* which Pius VI. had rejected, and against which, they themselves armed La Vendée.

Why did Pius VII. interfere to exonerate in favour of Buonaparte, subjects from the oaths of fidelity due to their legitimate sovereigns, either in France, Italy, or Holland ; as if this pretended right had not been always rejected with indignation by all enlightened men of every persuasion, and by the Gallican church in particular.

* How ! could Rome forget herself to such a degree as to disgrace the priesthood and the pontificate by exacting that priests and bishops, (that she had for ten years incited to obtain for themselves the honourable title of *refractory*, as equivalent even to that of *martyr*) should suddenly swear upon the *sacred book*, that they would become even the *denouncers* of all those who should preserve their attachment to the principles which they themselves had consecrated ; the princes whose kindness they had exhausted ; of all those in short who had a thousand times risked their fortunes and their lives, to conceal, to support, and to protect them, arms in hand, even at the peril of the scaffold ! ! !

How ! in the 19th century, could a pope insult the pontificate by trampling underfoot, the rights, until then so much respected, of a body of bishops, representing a celebrated and entirely

* Maccabees II. chapt. vi. and following.

national church, whose rights were supported by the reclamations which she had in common with several sovereigns dethroned.*

Indeed such an oglio, is worthy the brightest period of this ultramontane age, in which the sturdy doctrine of *papal infallibility* has been so roundly preached !.....

I might again ask how the pope could determine without expiring with grief or with shame, to snatch from the children of St. Louis, the title of *eldest son of the church* to transfer it—to who ? to an usurper, who had publicly declared himself a Mussulman in Egypt,† and who seated himself on the throne of Louis XVI. *This prince who had died as much for the cause of Rome as for his own,*‡ but in ascending it at the very hour, and on the yet smoking corpse of the last of the Condé's, whom he had murdered and to whom he had refused before his death the benediction of a *Roman priest* !!!

How ! could Pius VII. be so wanting to himself, as to represent as examples of virtue to the people, those persons whose turpitude was known to the whole universe ; who were loaded with the plunder of sanctuaries, whose hands were yet reeking with the gore of kings and priests, and stained with the blood of women and of children, who had been massacred under the banners of *Catholicism* !!!

I ask by what right such ministers would henceforth dare to prescribe a severity of morals and of principles, to the prophanation of which, the people have just beheld them offering the most shameful, the most scandalous, the most boundless incense !!!

In short such have been the weapons and the snares which have been used to disarm the insurgents of La Vendée and of Italy ; to excite division amongst the partizans of the kings, and to subjugate them by turns.....in a word, to *destroy* all that could offer any obstacle to the enterprises of Buonaparte.

I know that this dishonoring prevarication has been cloaked under the pretext of the preservation of religion ! but who will believe that Buonaparte, Talleyrand, Fouché, Barrere the *tanner*,§ Santerre the regicide, Augereau the bully, in a word, all the furious jacobins of the revolution ; all the spies of the government ; all the youth of France who are either athiests, deists or sceptics, have become since the concordat, better *chris-*

* 1st. the royal family of France—2nd. that of Sardinia ; 3d. that of the Stadtholder.

† See his proclamations to the Egyptians.

‡ I call in testimony of this, the well known *will* of Louis XVI. and his previous refusal to sanction the decrees against the priests which led to the insurrection of the 10th of August, 1792, that dethroned, and threw him a prisoner into the temple.

§ Barrere de Vieuzac, one of the members of the committee of public safety, was surnamed the *tanner* because he had established a *tannery of human skin* at Mendou near Paris. He is at present, historiographer to Buonaparte.

ians than they were before ! Children or fools could alone accredit such nonsense.

But what is much more true, is that an universal murmur arose against Rome, and against the clergy ; and that blasphemy was then uttered by those who till then would have rejected it with horror, and by those who had sacrificed every thing for the court of Rome, during ten years of persecution.

Every thing that has passed since this disastrous transaction has already sufficiently demonstrated, the advantage which the government of France has derived from this false step, and of that which it yet expects from the degradation in which it has plunged the court of Rome, equally in the eyes of her enemies and friends.

From that moment she has discovered, and very soon she will yet more sensibly discover, neither any advantage is to be obtained by debasing that, which we desire should be respected in the eyes of men.

Yes, very soon, Rome will see, whether now, more than in the days of the rash UZZA, heaven requires the weak and helpless hand of man to support its cause.*

I deem it adviseable to recal this mystic example, to excite reflection in those who particularly consider these subjects ; and to demonstrate by a single trait how easy it would be to prove, that the conduct of Rome with France is as condemnable in a religious as it is absurd in a political view.

In short, I will add that in any hypothesis, it can be but little honourable for a pope to have made use of the papacy and the thunders of the *Vatican*, as auxiliaries to this new Attila ;† *this scourge of God*, who now ravages the universe.‡

M. A.

* UZZA was struck dead, for having put his hand on the ark, which was tottering.....KINGS 2.—Ch. 6.

† *Attila* king of the Huns, who ravaged the Roman empire in the 5th century under the reign of Valentinian, with an army of 500,000 men, assumed this singular title.

‡ I have said that the thunders of the Vatican served as auxiliaries to Buonaparte :—in the first place, because the pope causes M. de Themines, bishop of Blois, to be detained a prisoner in a convent in Spain ; and because this bishop is not the only one who is so unworthily treated for having refused his assent to the concordat.

2dly...Because the *Cardinal Caprara*, legate to Buonaparte interdicted several non-conformist priests in France and other countries.

3dly...Because the pope prohibited the people to acknowledge the dominion of fugitive bishops, who had protested for the preservation of the rights of their sees.

eight o'clock in the morning. He spoke in high terms of my friend, told me that he considered the cause as his own, advised me to urge my point with zeal, and sent me away perfectly satisfied. I had scarcely got home, when my friend came in laughing; and seeing that I was preparing to give him an account of my interview with the minister, he interrupted me, saying, "I have heard it all: the Count de Viry sent for me at seven o'clock; he wished me to witness how much he had my affair at heart, and made me conceal myself behind a screen while he was talking to you." Notwithstanding the favourable disposition which he wished to make us believe that he entertained for my friend, his business did not succeed; though the count flattered himself that he had persuaded us that he had done his utmost to make it.

Nobody could boast of knowing the secrets of the Count de Viry: but as he must appear to place confidence in those from whom he wished to gain it, he would take you aside into the recess of the window, to tell you news which was already public; and if you were to tell him that it was in the Gazette; "Yes," he would reply, "but the Gazette is no authority, and I am." He kept me one time three weeks in expectation of some important information which he wished to give me, and which would gain me credit with my court. I waited upon him on the business; every day I sent a despatch: but he always said, the news was not yet mature. At last, after an hour's preface, he told me the great secret. "Why, sir," said I, "I wrote this to my court a month ago." "No matter," replied he, "write it again, and say that you had it from me."

I thought once of breaking with him altogether. There were at that time five or six young Englishmen in Turin, each vying with the other who should be the wildest and most eccentric. One kicked a tradesman who came to ask him for money; another threw his coachman off the box, because he did not drive him fast enough, and drove the carriage himself; a third insisted upon going on horseback upon the ramparts of the town, in spite of the sentinel who attempted to stop him, and threatened to blow out his brains if he resisted his design; and a fourth drew his sword upon a sentry who opposed his going behind the scenes at the opera. The Count de Viry complained of this last to me, particularly as he had frequently been guilty of similar offences. This same young man was just at that time appointed minister from the King of England to a foreign court. I presented him in that character to the Count de Viry; who made a long speech upon the discernment which the king had shown in choosing a person whose talents and prudence were so generally acknowledged: but the young Englishman was the first to laugh, as soon as we got out of the house, at the encomium he had received, and which he had no ambition to merit.

The count carried this spirit of reserve even into the most trifling of his domestic affairs. The most insignificant message entrusted to any one of his servants, became a mystery to all the rest. If he was ill, that was a secret of state. He once had a slight wound upon one of his legs, and sent for a surgeon to examine it. Some days afterwards a similar accident happened to the other leg, and he put that under the care of another surgeon; so that it might not be known that he had hurts in both legs at the same time. This mysterious reserve was the cause of his death. Lord Townshend was more ingenious: while he was Viceroy of Ireland, he had a swelling of the legs, which he had never been able to get cured. Two surgeons happened at that time to apply for the place of surgeon-general to the army; and Lord Townshend, hesitating to which he should give the appointment, determined to entrust each of them with the care of one of his legs, promising the place to him who should soonest cure the leg that was under his care. They employed so much care and attention in the business, that the viceroy was agreeably surprised to find himself completely cured in both legs. He gave the place to one of the two, and amply recompensed the other for not having obtained it.

To return to the Count de Viry. He had acquired

such a reputation for reserve during his whole life, that when he died, some person enquiring after him, his secretary said, "He is dead; but he does not wish it to be known." and the King of Sardinia said, when he heard of his death, "that he would have made a mystery of it if he could."

CHAPTER XV.

Literary productions—Duke de Crillon: Duke de Savoy—Duchillon recalled: his manner of taking leave of the King of Sardinia.

One day, when I was with the Count de Saluces, an assistant surgeon of the hospital of Saint John came to see him; and perceiving that my eyes were affected, he asked leave to look at them. I allowed him. He told me what was the matter with them; and added, that if I would put myself under his care, he would cure me in three days. I would not even listen to him. When he went away, my friend urged me to try Penchienati (that was his name); adding, that though he was not yet very celebrated, he considered him as very skilful in his profession. By repeating this to me for a week, he at last persuaded me. Penchienati came to me, proved to me that the disorder proceeded from an obstruction of the lachrymal passage, syringed the eyes, cleared the passage, and I was perfectly cured in three days. The cure astonished all who had seen the state of my eyes for several years before. The King of Sardinia, whose sight was weak, had at that time some indisposition in his eyes. The Marquis d'Ormea, at my request, proposed to him to call in Penchienati: he cured the king, became his surgeon, and a short time after obtained the chair of professor of surgery in the university of Turin. The cause of my cure, is that of most others. Eminent physicians fail in the greatest part of the cases they undertake, because they think they discover the origin of the disorder at once, and do not give it sufficient attention; another, more skilful and less celebrated, examines into the cause of the disease, and cures it.

The first use I made of my eyes, was to repair the time I had lost. I applied myself more than ever to study; and formed the plan of rendering an important service to the republic of letters, by giving an edition of the works of Leibnitz. During the fifty years that had elapsed since his death, five or six learned Germans had undertaken to collect his works, and all had been vanquished by the difficulty of the task. The fragments were dispersed throughout all the periodical journals of his time; or incorporated with those of cotemporary writers, or manuscripts in the dust of public libraries. It required a great deal of activity, of time, and of money, to collect them; but these requisites did not deter me. I printed a prospectus; and wrote to all the learned men in Europe, inviting them to assist my design. I received great encouragement from them: they sent me, not only what I requested, but many manuscript letters of my author, and many fragments not known before. I arranged the whole according to the order of the subjects, added notes, and wrote prefaces. Every thing was ready in a twelvemonth; and Leibnitz was published four years after, in six large quarto volumes. At the commencement of my undertaking, Voltaire wrote to me thus: "The writings of Leibnitz are scattered like the leaves of the Sybil, and are as obscure as the oracles of that old woman." But when I sent him a complete copy of that author, elegantly bound, he said to me, "You are like Isis, who collected the scattered members of Osiris, and caused them to be worshipped."

I cannot omit mentioning in this place a remarkable instance of good fortune. Of about five hundred detached pieces composing this edition of Leibnitz, one only was a long time wanting, entitled *Notitia Optice Promote*; which was a dissertation addressed to the famous Spinoza, who had consulted Leibnitz upon optics. All that I had been able to collect concerning this fragment had already been sent to the press. Passing through Paris on my return to London, a friend told me that in turning over the papers in the king's library,

he had seen in the collection D., some papers relating to my family. I went to the library to look at them, and found the papers he had mentioned; but in giving back the portfolio to M. Caperonier, the librarian, we let it fall, and all the loose sheets were scattered by the wind which blew in the gallery. I assisted him to gather them up, making a thousand excuses for the accident; and was struck with the title of a quarto pamphlet of sixteen pages, which I found to be *G. G. Leibnitii Notitia Optice Promote*. Charmed with the discovery, I expressed my surprise by an exclamation; and obtained permission to carry away the pamphlet which chance had so fortunately presented to me.

I am no mathematician; and the mathematics forming the most considerable portion of Leibnitz's works, I should not have been induced to publish an edition of that philosopher, if M. de la Grange had not promised to write a preface to this part: but when he should have fulfilled his promise, he excused himself, under pretence of having so many other avocations. I was then obliged to apply to M. d'Alembert, who also refused to assist me; and I was reduced to the necessity of writing a preface myself. Distrusting my ability for this task, I determined to run no risk: I therefore followed an historical method, merely giving an account of the progress of the author in his mathematical discoveries. M. de la Grange highly approved of it; and M. d'Alembert wrote to me, that it was the best preface in the edition. This would have been sufficient authority for my writing in future only upon subjects which I did not understand. It is certain, that in writing upon a subject which is not familiar to us, we take more pains to comprehend it; and, by explaining it to ourselves, we render it more intelligible to others.*

I wrote also a work at Turin, in which I claimed for the ancients the discoveries which the moderns had attributed to themselves in the sciences. It met with some success, and procured me some enemies. The philosophers of Paris, or those who called themselves such, thought they discovered from it that I was not an infidel; and this was enough to put them on their guard against me. However, as I had the character of being a good sort of man in society, and as my orthodoxy was not yet fully proved by the work, it did not prevent me from being connected with some of their leaders in the course of the following year.

One of the greatest pleasures I enjoyed at Turin, was the facility with which I there met foreigners of distinction, who came from every part to visit Italy. Sovereign princes, noblemen from all countries, ministers who had retired or were disgraced, young and old, men who were already celebrated, or who afterwards became so, all passed through Turin on their way to Rome. Among this latter class, the Duke de Crillon, who arrived there during my last residence, attracted most my attention. At seventy years of age, he left Madrid in the month of January, 1780, traveled with the courier to Rome, where he had a lawsuit to prosecute, and was obliged to return to Madrid in February, to undertake the siege of Minorea, which he captured. I never witnessed so much activity. He was a polite, lively, gay man, and abounded in sallies of wit. During half an hour that I saw him, he related two or three very pleasant anecdotes to me; one of which I cannot omit communicating to my readers.

The Duke de Crillon was at Avignon at the period when the Duke of Ormond died there; and having entered his chamber at the very moment when the latter was dying, he had nearly been a witness to a remarkable scene which had just taken place between the expiring nobleman, who was a true pattern of politeness, and a German baron, also one of the most polite men of his country. The duke feeling himself dying, desired to be conveyed to his arm-chair; when, turning towards the baron, "Excuse me, sir," said he, "if I should make some grimaces in your presence, but my physician

* Dr. Priestly used to say that when he wished to learn he sat down to write a book or pamphlet upon a topic of which he was ignorant.—Ed. S. C. L.

"I am at the point of death." "Ah, my lord duke," replied the baron, "I beg that you will not put yourself under any constraint on my account."

The longer I remained at Turin, the more desirous I was of procuring my stay. I had many friends there, I mixed with the best company, and I was well received at court. The Duke of Savoy even honoured me so far as to allow me to pay my respects to him sometimes in private. I took advantage of this indulgence, to have the satisfaction of more nearly admiring a prince for whom I felt an attachment mixed with the most profound respect. His understanding, his virtues, his mildness, and his desire to please those who had the happiness of obtaining access to him, inspired me with sentiments for his royal highness most agreeable to my heart. At such times, I was always led to regret that fortune had not placed me in a situation to attach myself to his person. In him were to be found all the qualities which are desirable in a master; and if he had not been born to be a sovereign, he would have been sought for a friend.*

The Cardinal des Lances also evinced a great friendship for me. I went often to see him; and the long and frequent visits of a minister of the King of England to a cardinal whose piety was so generally known, gave occasion for saying that he was endeavouring to convert me. But we never, on any occasion, made religious controversy a subject of conversation. His eminence had great wit, learning, and knowledge of the world; he was polite to me, and that was sufficient to entitle him to my attentions. As my carriage was seen so often at his door as at that of Madame Martin, the Marquis de Carracioli, envoy from Naples at Turin, invented a story upon the subject, which Madame de Boufflers told me that she had heard him relate. It once happened that while I was in the house of a bookseller, my coachman having left his seat, the horses, frightened by some means or other, ran away; and, after having run through several streets, at last stopped at Madame Martin's door. The Marquis de Carracioli gave another account of the accident: he said that the horses ran away, broke loose from their harness, and one went to Madame Martin's, and the other to the Cardinal des Lances'.

In the mean time Mr. Mackenzie, who was always mindful of my interests, wrote to me that the Duke of Northumberland, who was then the Viceroy of Ireland, had offered him a deanery in Ireland for me. I thanked him for the kindness he had shown me, but begged that he would excuse me from going to Ireland. Some time after I received another letter from him, informing me that the duke, by another arrangement, had reserved a living of eight hundred a year in England for me, and advising me to come and take possession of it. I thought it would not be prudent to reject such an offer as this, on the following day, therefore, I waited on the Count de Viry, to announce my departure. He told me that he was desirous of giving me an unequivocal proof of the friendship he had always entertained for me; and after having delayed, day after day, to acquaint me with his design, he at last told me to go and take leave of the king, and that I should have reason to be satisfied. In consequence of this, I expected nothing less than a magnificent portrait, or some rich present, which the Count de Viry, in the plenitude of his friendship, might have suggested to the king that it would be proper to give me. I presented myself to the king, and had the honour to be admitted to a private audience, which lasted three quarters of an hour. While his majesty was conversing with me, with that affability which was so peculiar to him, he pulled out a gold snuff-box, which I supposed contained his portrait, and was intended for me; but after he had taken a pinch of rappee, he put it back into his pocket. A quarter of an hour after, the king put his hand into another pocket, and drew out another snuff-box, which I would have sworn was the one destined for me. I had already thought of the acknowledgments

* Such was this prince before his accession to the throne. He has been differently represented since he has been a king: not that he was no longer the same; but because that goodness of heart which caused him to be adored when Duke of Savoy, frequently embarrassed him when King of Sardinia, and has more than once exposed him to difficulties from which the firmness of his father would have extricated him.

which I was to make, when his majesty took a pinch of Spanish snuff, shut the box, and dismissed me with kindness. I returned to the Count de Viry, supposing that he had reserved to himself the pleasure of making the present; but as soon as he saw me, "Well," said he, "I hope you are satisfied. I know that the king kept you three quarters of an hour with him: you are indebted to me for that honour, which is a distinction that no one of your rank has ever before received." Perceiving, by these words, that the whole affair was reduced to the honour of an audience, I withdrew, without appearing to be very highly gratified with the "unequivocal proofs of the friendship of the Count de Viry."

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

Duchillon becomes acquainted with the Duke of Northumberland—Goes to Paris—Conversation with an unknown lady, whom he meets at the play.

Having resigned the affairs of his Britannic majesty into the hands of my friends, for whom I had obtained the necessary credentials, I took leave of my acquaintances at Turin, with the hope of returning to them soon. I came to London, and went immediately to pay my respects to General Conway, who was at that time secretary of state. He did me the favour to say, that the king and his ministers were satisfied with my zeal; and the king honoured me with an unequivocal mark of his approbation, by making me a present of a thousand pounds. I went afterwards to take possession of my benefice in the north of England; and having met Mr. Mackenzie at Newcastle, as he was coming from Scotland, I had the pleasure of returning to London with him.

Nothing was now wanting to my happiness, if I had known how to limit my desires. I saw myself rich beyond what I should have dared to wish for; I had powerful friends, I was fond of study, and I enjoyed good health. What more was wanting? Mr. Mackenzie, with that frankness which I have always admired one day said to me, "Now, my dear D—, you are very well provided for. It appears to me that you may live happily upon the income which I have procured for you; take my advice, remain as you are. I will not deceive you with vain hopes; you must never expect any thing more from me. I have to provide for the fortune of several others, who are situated as you once were. Let us continue friends. You know that I have an esteem for you, and I know that you are attached to me. My house will be always open to you; and I have confidence enough in you to believe that I run no risk in speaking to you in this frank manner." This discourse pleased me; it did honour to us both; and, during five and thirty years that followed this conversation, I can venture to say that I never forfeited the opinion he then expressed of me.

Unfortunately for me, I was not then sufficiently acquainted with the world to be disgusted with it; and I had a sort of mania to be more known in it. I therefore engaged myself most earnestly in forming a connection which insensibly changed all my ideas, and the whole plan of my life.

I waited upon the Duke of Northumberland, to thank him for the living which I had just taken possession of; not that I was indebted to him for it, (for he had bestowed it at the request of Mr. Mackenzie, without knowing any thing of me), but merely out of form, and in order to omit nothing which might be proper. The duke was universally allowed to be the most magnificent nobleman in England; and this circumstance was an additional inducement to me to wait upon him, in the hope of knowing him better. I was received with all that politeness and affability which so particularly distinguished him. He spoke to me of my work in favour of the ancients, which he had read; complimented me upon it; invited me to dinner; and made me so welcome that in a short time I found myself almost as well established in his good graces as if I had passed my life with him. As the whole of my time was afterwards, during a considerable period, devoted to him, it may not be improper, in this place, to make my reader acquainted with him.

The Duke of Northumberland had been one of the

handsomest men in the kingdom; he possessed great talents, a mind highly cultivated, and more knowledge than is generally found among the nobility. Born of genteel, though not illustrious parents, he had been raised by his marriage with the heiress of the name and wealth of the house of Percy; and he showed that he was worthy of them. By the wisdom of his economy, he improved the immense estates of that family; and so increased its revenue that this now amounted to more than fifty thousand pounds a year. He restored the ancient splendour of the Percys by his taste and magnificence. Alnwick Castle, formerly the residence of the Earls of Northumberland, had entirely fallen to decay: he completely rebuilt it, and out of complaisance to the duchess, his lady, ornamented it in the Gothic style, which he himself did not like: but he did it with so much taste that he made it one of the most superb buildings of that kind in Europe. He embellished Sion House, a country seat not far from London; and exhausted the resources of art, at an immense expense, to embellish those two houses with master-pieces of taste, and to render them worthy of their possessors. He was created an earl, received the order of the Garter, was appointed Viceroy of Ireland, and afterwards created duke; and he supported all these honours by an expenditure unexampled in his time. He was not generous; but he bestowed his pecuniary favours so judiciously that he at least passed for being so.

The Duchess of Northumberland was of the highest birth; she was descended from Charlemagne by Jocelin de Louvain, who had married Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of the house of Percy, in the year 1168. She brought, as a portion to her husband, several titles of nobility, the name and arms of Percy, and a princely income. She possessed great elevation of mind, natural and easy wit, a good and compassionate heart, and above all, a strong attachment to her friends, whom she took every opportunity to distinguish and to serve.

Such were the two persons to whom I consecrated most of my time and of my attentions, with that zeal which enthusiasm alone can give. I was dazzled by the magnificence of the duke, enchanted by the politeness and attention with which he honoured me, and particularly flattered by the distinction paid to me by the duchess. Having then more pliancy of disposition than now, I employed the whole of it to interest them in my favour. The duke was fond of the arts and sciences; I entered into all his tastes, conversed with him upon every subject, and he found more variety in my conversation than in that of any other person. The duchess, on the contrary, was pleased with little witticisms in a circle of friends; and amused herself by collecting them.

We thus passed our time in a mutual exchange of good offices. I saw that Lord Algonern esteemed me, and I had a real attachment for him. He had not a single vice, and showed many good qualities. Dogs and horses had before been his ruling passion; but he now derived some pleasure from seeing a young lady of his own age, who was then at a boarding-school, and whom we met every day in our walks. Miss Boucherat was extremely handsome; her figure, her air, her gait, distinguished her above the other ladies with whom she regularly came to the public walk. I never saw a young lady appear with more brilliancy; and her charms seemed to throw a lustre on every thing round her. Lord Algonern was captivated to such a degree, that he sought every opportunity of meeting her, and talked of nothing but Miss Boucherat. Every day he found out the places where she was to walk, and never failed to be there. If there was any public ceremony, any ball or concert, to which the mistress of the boarding-school carried her, he was sure to be there; and, if he could only obtain a sight of her as she passed, he was satisfied, and became so lively and gay that he diverted us exceedingly.

While we were living at this town, we went to see Veret, a magnificent castle to which the Duke d'Aiguillon frequently came. I forget whether it was then, or at another time, that the Duke and Duchess d'Aiguillon kept me to dine with them. The conversation happened to turn upon the merit of M. de Chauvelin: I praised his talent for poetry; and, among other things, commended his verses upon the seven capital sins. I enquired of the duchess if she knew them: "Do I know them?" said she; "it is I who am la Gourmandise, as you might have discovered from the manner in which I

have dined." We also went sometimes to see the Prince de Rohan, at some leagues distance. Lord Algernon took pleasure in hunting with him, while I used to walk about the charming woods of Chambray.

The time which we had fixed upon for our departure having arrived, we set off on our return to England, by way of Brittany and Normandy. I had heard that there was a family of the name of Percy near Vire, and we went to visit them. There are many families of this name in the province; but the chief is at Montchamp, three leagues from Vire; the very place from which William and Algernon Percy came seven hundred years before, when they followed William the Conqueror to England. The eldest of the family remained at Montchamp; and his descendants are there still, having preserved the same patrimony without increase or diminution. Mr. Percy was a little surprised at our visit. I told him that his lordship had come to renew the correspondence between his relations, which had been interrupted for six or seven centuries. He was very agreeably flattered; received us extremely well, and gave me all the information that I could desire respecting the origin of the family. We continued our route by Caen, visited the tomb of William the Conqueror, and returned to London, where Lord Algernon expressed the great satisfaction he had received during the tour which we had made.

About that time Lord Bute desired his brother to bring me with him to Luton, a market town, thirty miles from London, where he had purchased an estate. In a short time he had built a superb house there, the plan of which is a double T. The park is three leagues in circumference, and is enclosed by a palisade; and near the house is a botanical garden of thirty acres, the expense of which alone exceeds a thousand pounds a year. Lord Bute is one of the greatest botanists of the age;* he has collected, with incredible pains, all the rare plants of the earth into his garden, and the most scarce trees into his park. He has made gravel-walks fifteen miles in length; and in all sorts of weather you may walk dry. The annual expense of his house, park, and gardens, is not less than three thousand pounds. His library contains thirty thousand volumes: it is a hundred and fifty feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty high. Adjoining it is a cabinet of mathematical instruments, and astronomical and philosophical apparatus, which may be reckoned the most complete of the kind in Europe. It is there that, since the year 1766, the time when he declared in the house of peers that he no longer saw the king, and that he took no further part in public affairs, Lord Bute has lived, more like a philosopher than a man of the world: applying his mind wholly to contemplation; and to the study of the arts and sciences, which he has always encouraged with a generosity and magnificence unequalled. He, of all the great noblemen with whom I have been particularly acquainted, possessed the most eminent qualities; generous without the least ostentation, great in all his conceptions, noble in all his actions; and at the same time humane, mild, of engaging simplicity of manners in private life, without ever losing any part of the dignity suitable to his character. Lord Bute then intended to visit Italy, for the benefit of his health: and it had been previously decided, that I should make the tour of Europe with Lord Algernon Percy; otherwise, I believe, I should have accompanied him. His brother and himself gave me the plan of the *Itinéraire* which I have since executed, and which is considered the most useful work of the kind that has hitherto been published.

The Duke of Northumberland had engaged me to travel with his son; and I had accepted the proposal with so much the more pleasure, as I had a great desire to see Rome and the rest of Italy, having never been farther than Turin. For a partisan of the ancients, such as I was, this journey had great attractions; and my circumstances not permitting me to undertake it alone, nothing could have been more agreeable to me than such an opportunity. I was not considered in the capacity of Lord Algernon's tutor; but he had been commanded to conduct himself according to my advice, and to pay the same deference to me that he would to his father himself. I was at liberty to form the plan and to regulate the expense. The duke left every thing to me in that respect, strongly recommending us not to spare his purse; and his son was not of a disposition to

render such advice necessary. The day preceding our departure, the duke spoke to me of the reward which the trouble I was going to take upon myself would deserve, and wished to secure it me beforehand; but I constantly refused his offers. I told him I was persuaded that it would not be withheld at my return, if he found that I had merited it; and that I was pleased besides to have an opportunity of making some acknowledgment for the part he had taken respecting the king's promise of bestowing on me the valuable living which soon became vacant. He seemed satisfied with the disinterestedness and confidence that I evinced towards him. I gave the necessary orders for an equipage and retinue suitable for our expedition; and we left London, with the most agreeable prospects of the tour which we were going to undertake.

CHAPTER III.

Departure from London—Pleasant repartee of the Chevalier de la Borde—The Marchioness Balbi of Genoa—Florence.

Though I set out with Lord Algernon upon a long journey, I must inform my readers that I do not intend to give them an account of all his proceedings. I will introduce him and lay him aside whenever it suits my purpose; for as I was only an appendage to his travels, he shall be no more to my memoirs.

I shall content myself with stating once for all, in a few words, the mode I adopted in regulating his conduct, without his having the least suspicion of it: this may be useful to those who have the direction of youth, whether their children or their pupils. I made it a rule to show him a great deal of complaisance in a thousand little things, in order that he might be of my opinion in those which were essential and which but seldom occurred. This conduct never failed to produce its effect. If I had any advice to give him which he did not like, or if I wished to obtain any concession from him of which he alone was to reap the benefit though he was not convinced of it at the time, I was very careful of concealing my influence. I had every thing arranged for that purpose, either through his friends or his confidants; who, knowing my motives, always assisted me in such cases: his valet-de-chambre, his footmen, all who were about him were in my interests. If I foresaw difficulties at a distance, I wrote to his parents; and, without appearing to have had any concern in it, caused orders to be sent at a particular time, requesting him to do exactly what I most desired. By these means we passed four years in the best understanding possible, without his entertaining any idea whatever of his being under my control. When we arrived at any great capital where we were to make a stay, we were presented together at court; he as a nobleman, and I as an ex-minister of the King of England at the court of Turin. We made our first visits together; and while he had no acquaintance or particular attractions, he was as fond of my company as of that of any one else. As soon as I perceived that he was engaged elsewhere, I took a separate carriage; he went to his parties, and I to mine. It was natural that our tastes should differ a little, but they were not the worse for that. We were both fully sensible of this fact; and that constituted the harmony of our union. In short, when I do not mention Lord Algernon while we were together, the reader is not to conceive that it is because I consider myself as the most important person in the tour, but merely because I have undertaken to communicate my own observations in this work, and not those of Lord Algernon.

We stopped at Paris only to get our clothes made; and as we wished to visit that part of France which we had not seen, we directed our course through La Rochelle, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Marseilles, and Toulon. In passing through Châtelleraut, I met with my old friend the Chevalier de la Borde, whom I mentioned in the fifth chapter of the first part of these memoirs. He had married a Creole, who had brought him a considerable portion; and though formed by his manners and his wit to act a distinguished part in the fashionable circles of Paris, he had settled himself at Châtelleraut, that he might see nobody who was superior to him in rank and fortune. He was a little man of much wit and fancy, and made good convivial songs. I recollect an instance of his vivacity on this subject which greatly amused a company at Paris. I was not one of the party, but he related it to me himself.

He had written a song in the country, and had set it to music himself. A short time afterwards he came to town, and found that the song had reached the capital. Being at a house where he heard it sung, he enquired if the author was known; and was told that he was, and that he was a tall officer in the guards, who happened to be present. The Chevalier de la Borde, somewhat surprised, laid a plan with the friend who had brought him to the house, to expose the imposture of this man. They went up to him together, and the chevalier's friend asked him if it was true that he was the author of the song which had just been sung. "Yes, Sir: but pray why this question?" "Because I had supposed," answered the other, "that it was the composition of one of my friends in the country."—"Sir," replied the officer haughtily, "when such a man as I am avows himself the author of such a trifle, there should be no doubt." Upon this the chevalier, placing himself between them, said very loud: "Indeed, my friend, you are wrong; why will you not believe this tall gentleman wrote the song, since I, who am so much shorter, actually wrote it!"

We passed through La Rochelle, where I wanted to see a sister whom I tenderly loved; and after remaining there some days, we visited Rochefort, Bordeaux, and Toulouse, where we staid some time. I had said a great deal to Lord Algernon about the canal of Languedoc: which I never had seen; but of which I conceived a high idea, from the pompous descriptions of it that I had read both in prose and verse. We were very anxious to reach the place where we should obtain the first glimpse of it, and found ourselves upon it when we were enquiring where it was. When we were told that the great ditch we saw before us was the famous canal of Languedoc, we both, at the same moment, looked at each other and laughed. I never was so much deceived in my expectations as in this instance.

We justly admired the natural beauties of Languedoc: particularly the view of the French mountain, ten leagues from Toulouse; and that from Peyrou Place, at Montpellier, from which are seen the sea, the Pyrenees, the mountains of Auvergne, and those of Dauphiny, where the Alps begin. The antiquities of Nîmes and the bridge of Gard pleased me extremely. The *Maison Quarrée*, which was a temple dedicated to Caius Cæsar, and Lucius the son of Agrippa, is one of the finest relics of antiquity, and in better preservation than any other in Europe. We proceeded through Aix, Marseilles, and Toulon: and visited the governor of this last city; who asked us what we were going to do in Italy, and if there were not the most beautiful churches, gardens, and palaces in France, without going so far to look for them. I contented myself with asking him if he had ever been in Italy: he said "No;" but added very justly, that we might know what he said to be true, without going thither ourselves.

We continued our route through Nice: and having sent our equipages in a felucca to Genoa, we passed the Alps; through the defile of Tendi (which is a less agreeable and less convenient passage than that of Mount Cenis) entered Piedmont through Coni, and crossed it without going to Turin, because I postponed till our return the long stay which I wished to make there.

I was delighted with the journey from Alexandria to Genoa. The passage of the Bochetta, especially, is full of charming and well-varied landscapes; and from the summit of the mountain may be discovered, at a great distance, the Mediterranean, the suburbs of Genoa, and a pleasant valley, at the bottom of which runs the torrent of Polcevera, which is the most considerable and the most rapid in Italy.

At Genoa, I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the Marchioness of Balbi: she was handsome; and full of wit, grace, and sensibility. This last quality is generally fatal to those who are endowed with it, and had produced great unhappiness to her. I never found any conversation more animated and more interesting than hers. She had read much; but, unluckily for her, her favourite reading had been the writings of the great wits of the age, and all her understanding could not protect her from the poison of their maxims. The conversations I had with her upon this subject gave rise to a work which I afterwards published at Rome, under the title of the *Tocain*; and since at Paris, under that of *Appel au bon sens*.* In this work I combated the argu-

* This was written in 1776.

* An appeal to Good Sense.

ment of the infidels, dividing them into three classes: *Atheists* or materialists, who admit of but one substance in the universe, of which all the parts of the world, planets, men, animals, and plants, are so many different modifications; *Theists*, who fully admit a Supreme Being, but who deny that he has created the world and that he governs it by his providence, who maintain that all dies with us, and consequently that there are neither rewards nor punishments after this life; and lastly, *Deists*, properly so called, who allow the same attributes to the Divinity which we believe him to possess, who acknowledge the immortality of the soul, as well as rewards and punishments, but who reject every other sort of religious belief, and all external worship. I showed how easy it was to convict the first of inconsistency, absurdity, or insincerity: I proved to the second, that they contradict themselves, and fall into greater difficulties than those they wish to avoid; and I showed the last, that they are afraid of seeing the truth; and that they blind themselves against the crowd of proofs and reasons which might enlighten them, and cure them of the blindness which their passions produce.

From Genoa we went to Florence: where I saw, for the first time, Sir Horace Mann; with whom I had for eight years carried on an epistolary correspondence, without being personally acquainted with him. It is unnecessary for me to say, that nobody can carry politeness and attention to his countrymen, and to strangers in general, farther than Sir Horace did. His house was the resort of the most agreeable and the best company of Florence. He kept, in particular, an excellent table, of which he did the honours to perfection: this made Mrs. Ann Pitt say one day, to somebody who complained that it was impossible to dine twice at his table without suffering for it, "To be sure, Sir Horace Mann's table is a provoking table!"

At Florence I also saw Lord Cowper, who for ten years had had all his trunks packed ready to return to England, but, detained by the chains of the Marchioness de Corsi, had never yet been able to break from them. I saw him, ten years afterwards, still detained at Florence, but by other ties. He had married a young English lady, of great talents and charms, who was as graciously received by the grand duchess as Lord Cowper was by the grand duke; and in order to prevail upon them to stay, the grand duke had given him a thousand proofs of his friendship, and had procured him to be made a prince of the empire. Lord Cowper was amiable, mild, and polite; and had a taste for the arts and sciences, which he encouraged with a magnificence worthy of a monarch.

CHAPTER IV.

Rome; manner of spending the time there—Count de Schouvaloff—Plan of a treaty with the pope.

At last we arrived at Rome: which I found much to surpass the idea I had formed of it, great as that was. The style and magnificence of the churches and palaces exceed every thing that can be related of them, and for that reason I shall say nothing upon the subject; besides, it would require a whole volume to describe every part of that city, and it is not my plan to dwell upon local circumstances. I set myself about visiting all the curiosities of that truly interesting capital of the world; and, in the mean time, I did not neglect society. Those who have said that it is difficult to find agreeable company in this city, either would not or could not get introduced to it; otherwise they would have been undeceived. In every great city, and particularly at Rome, there are circles suited to all tastes and to all conditions. The diplomatic corps there is numerous, and that is a great resource for foreigners. There are always several houses open every evening, where you may join either in conversation or at cards. Many men of wit are to be met with; and the nobility are polite and obliging. They entertain a great prepossession in favour of strangers, and are ready to enter into conversation with them if they speak Italian; and if they do not speak it, it is their own fault. Nothing is more ridiculous than to go to a country, and complain that all languages are not spoken there; as it is much easier for a German, an Englishman, or a Frenchman, who wishes to visit Italy, to learn Italian, than it is for an Italian to learn French, English, and German. It is true, the French language

is most generally spoken in the different courts of Europe: but at Rome, where there is no court, few understand it; and even those who do are not in the habit of speaking it. Besides, in company it cannot be spoken, because there are always some who do not understand it, and towards them it would be a breach of politeness. Let foreigners then, and particularly Englishmen, who are very ready to complain that people speak Italian to them in Italy, do justice to them; and if they wish to be amused, or to be well received, let them use the proper means to procure those advantages.

The houses which I frequented most at Rome, were those of Cardinal Alexander Albani, the Duchess de Bracciano, the Marchioness Boccapaduli, and Signora Maria Pizzelli. The cardinal has been too well known in Europe, as the oracle of good taste, to require my praise: he possessed great wit, a brilliant fancy, and a heart full of warmth for his friends; and during the fifty years of his cardinalate has had many opportunities of showing his magnificence and his talents. The Duchess of Bracciano was a lady of the highest merit; possessing much sense and information, and great elevation of mind. The Marchioness Boccapaduli was insinuating, sprightly, and gay; and her conversation was various and agreeable. Signora Maria Pizzelli possessed all the charms, all the fine and amiable qualities, that can be wished for in a lady whom one would always desire to love: a cultivated mind, good sense, taste, gentleness, modesty, and goodness of heart; to all which were added an interesting figure and a most engaging air. She always preserved the friends that her charms attracted, which is the best proof of her good qualities. Her house was the resort of the greatest men in Rome; where all talked without affectation, and with a tolerance worthy of her who received them.

Among the foreign noblemen who distinguished themselves at Rome by their expense, the Count de Schouvaloff was the most remarkable. He had been the avowed lover of a great northern princess; and, during the whole time he was in favour, had conducted himself in so obliging and courteous a manner, and had been so moderate in his desires, that he was very far from rich when she died. However, from the beginning of the new reign, he saw himself neglected by his friends, and looked upon with an evil eye by the * * *. Apprehensive of the fate that awaited him, he applied to M. de Breteuil, ambassador from France to his court, to whom he had rendered essential services during the former reign, and begged him to speak of him to his sovereign, and remove his fears. M. de Breteuil undertook with pleasure to serve him: he demanded an audience; obtained it, and spoke with all the interest of a true friend, on the subject of the Count de Schouvaloff. She seemed to hear him with indignation. When he had concluded, "Sir," said the * * *, "you appear to be the friend of the count: advise him to travel immediately; for the step which he has dared to take, through you, rekindles a resentment in me which had perhaps begun to die away. Advise him, therefore, I tell you, not to delay his departure till to-morrow, or I will not answer for the effects of my anger." The ambassador, alarmed, wished to intercede for his friend; but the princess stopped him: "Wait a moment," said she; "you yourself shall judge whether my indignation is not well founded. She went into her closet, and presently returned with two letters which the Count de Schouvaloff had written to her when she was in a condition much below a throne, and was ill treated by her whom she had succeeded. In these letters he offered to obtain her some indulgences, but upon this service he set a price offensive to her dignity. Her pride was wounded by a proposal which she regarded rather as an insult offered to her situation than as an homage done to her charms. She requested the ambassador not to acquaint the count with what she had confided to him, but to prevail upon him to depart immediately; which the ambassador did, promising to his friend that he would inform him of the cause of his disgrace if he ever saw him again. The Baron de Breteuil, being afterwards ambassador at Naples, met the count there, and then acquainted him with the cause of his banishment. The count had never imagined that his letters would have produced such an effect, and he now trembled at the danger to which he had been exposed. He found means, however, to render himself necessary to the * * * during his stay in Italy: and she employed him in making the beautiful collection of pictures, sta-

tues, and antiquities, which she has enriched her palaces. He at last obtained permission to return to his country, where he had the good fortune to be reinstated in the favour of his sovereign.

While he was at Rome, he lived in a house built upon the ruins of the tomb of Augustus; the walls of the tomb serving as a terrace for his apartment. He gave dinners to foreign noblemen, and frequently had charming concerts. One day, when several Englishmen were of his party, I could not help reflecting upon the vast difference which seventeen centuries had produced in that spot. We saw a man, the native of a country of which the Romans had not the smallest idea; and the inhabitants of which, together with all the people of the north, they called Hyperboreans;—we saw, I say, an Hyperborean giving musical concerts upon the tomb of Augustus to the English; who in that emperor's time were known only as a tribe of naked savages that painted their bodies (as the savages of America still do), and from that custom were called Picts.

Cardinal Alexander spent all his evenings at home, where he made a party of *minchiati* with three or four particular friends. The Countess Cherofini, who was then old and infirm, acted a secondary part in the house of the cardinal, and retained only the shade of the consequence which she had once enjoyed. After his party, the cardinal was fond of entering into conversation; and if there was an Englishman in the room, he always called him to take a place by his side on the sofa. He could not endure the French. One day, when the Prince Camille de Rohan had left him, I enquired how he liked him: he answered, "Well enough for a Frenchman." I was conversing once with his eminence upon the extent of the power of the house of Bourbon, and I enumerated to him all their possessions. A Bourbon in France; a Bourbon at Madrid; a Bourbon at Naples; a Bourbon at Parma. "Yes," said he, with some sort of impatience, "*vogliono imbarbonar tutto il genere umano.*"

His usual expression was, "Our good friends the English;" and he frequently mentioned to me a favourite idea of his, which he greatly desired to realise. This was, to form an alliance between the court of London and that of Rome, by which an advantageous trade should be granted to the English in the ecclesiastical states; and England, under pretence of supporting her commerce, should protect the court of Rome against the insults of her neighbours. This was in the year 1768; at a time when the King of Naples on one side, and the Duke of Parma on the other, had marched troops into the territories of the pope, and given him the utmost uneasiness. I took up the matter immediately; and sketched the plan of a treaty, which I communicated to him. He approved of it highly. I completed the design by consulting with some enlightened persons, particularly the Cardinal des Lances, who had come to Rome; but Pope Rezzonico dying soon after, I left my plan in the hands of the Cardinal des Lances, that he might obtain the approbation of the succeeding pope to it. He undertook to do so; and it was one of the first things he communicated to Ganganelli, Clement XIV., after he was elected. When I was at Turin, six months afterwards, I saw the Cardinal des Lances, who told me that the pope had greatly approved my plan; and that he had commissioned him to thank me on his part, and to beg me to continue my good intentions towards the ecclesiastical states.

That I may not lose the thread of this affair, I will here state to my readers what afterwards became of it. When I returned to England I drew up a short memorial upon the subject, which I presented to Lord Rochfort, who was then secretary of state. He did me the honour to say, that he had never seen a plan conceived in fewer words, so clearly expressed, so beneficial, and so likely to succeed. He desired me to confer with the under secretary of state upon it, and assured me that he would mention it to the king. But I could go no farther, on account of the under secretary of state, who trembled with fear at the very idea of a treaty with the pope. Eight years afterwards, before I returned to Rome, I caused the same plan to be communicated to Lord Weymouth, by his friend Sir William Lynch. His lordship wrote me word that he approved of it, and requested that I would write to him upon the subject if it should be necessary. I was at Rome in the year 1777; and begged the Cardinal des Lances, as I passed through Turin, to inform the pope of what I had to propose to

him. He did so. Baraschi, under the name of Pius VI., then filled the holy see. I had two long audiences of his holiness, and at the first he told me that he would reflect upon it. The second audience was exactly at the time when France had declared herself in favour of the Americans, against the English. His holiness then observed, that the present was not exactly the moment for the English to offer protection, when they could scarcely defend their own possessions: that they had no fleet in the Mediterranean, and that it was better to wait for more favourable circumstances. This was but too true: the plan, though good in 1768, was useless in 1778; and there the thing remained. If England keeps Gibraltar, and preserves her naval superiority in the Mediterranean, this is a project which ought to be resumed. All the particulars, which are too long to be detailed here, have been well weighed. Rome would be to the English what Portugal has long been, and both parties would be benefitted by the connection.

CHAPTER V.

Naples—Characters of the king, queen, and the Marquis Tanucci.

I was very desirous to see the Pretender, who was then at Rome, but I did not dare to visit him. He did not frequent private houses, because he was not allowed the sovereign dignity on which he still presumed. I saw him only at a distance at the Opera, where he preserved his dignity in the best manner he could. His box was screened by a curtain: he was always there before the performance commenced, and when the curtain rose his curtain was drawn; he appeared, and made his bows to all parts of the theatre; the audience returned them, the opera began, and this ceremony consoled him for the honours which he had lost.

I should have mentioned sooner, that we were presented to Pope Clement XIII.; who received us with great courtesy, and would not permit us to kiss his feet. His court did not appear to me very imposing; nor did it convey any idea of the grandeur of a prince who reigns with absolute power in his dominions, and who governs by the force of opinion a great part of the civilised world. He died suddenly in the height of the Carnival, on Shrove Tuesday; and his death terminated the pleasures of the season. I admired, on that occasion, the tranquillity of the Roman people. Each returned to his house; the tradesmen resumed the ordinary course of their business; and at a time when all government ceased, and the minds of the populace were in the greatest fermentation, there was not the least disorder. "The pope is dead," said one; "Well, we will make another," was the answer; and this was all the importance that the people attached to the event. But the case is very different with the nobility, as there is not a family among them who does not hope for a change favourable to themselves. A new pope brings a new court, and new civil, ecclesiastical, and military employments: for frequently every office is changed, according to the will of him who succeeds. The greatest Roman nobles now go to visit the cardinals, and to kiss their hands: for any one of these may become their master, and in the mean time they share the authority between them. There was a superb temporary mausoleum erected in Saint Peter's, exactly upon the plan of the mausoleum of the ancient Roman emperors; and I have remarked that, to have a complete idea of one of these buildings erected for a pope, nothing is necessary but to read the description which Herodian gives of a mausoleum, or funeral pile, upon which the body of the emperor was burnt.

As soon as the last duties were rendered to the pope, the cardinals assembled in conclave. This is a day of great ceremony; all the nobility go in magnificent dresses to take leave of the cardinals. Foreigners may visit those with whom they are acquainted. I paid my respects to Cardinal Alexander Albani. He had not a little to do: he was director of the conclave, and it was his duty to allot to the fifty-two cardinals their different apartments. One sent to complain that his apartment was too small; another, that his apartment was occupied by some one else through mistake, and to ask which he should go to; at last they tried his patience so far that it forsook him, and turning to me he said, "*Videte, caro amico, tutti quanti cardinali sono quò sono tanti minchioni: e pure da loro si caverà un papa.*" He made

use of a term more expressive, than more gross, than *minchioni*, which, from motives of decency, I have omitted. Cardinal Albani acted with the same liberty that he spoke, and set himself above the formalities of the conclave. The cardinals were prohibited from having any intercourse with the people without, from seeing any one, and from receiving any notes or letters; and they were not allowed to converse but through a turning-box with a hole in it, as the nuns in a convent. It was in that manner that I paid a visit to Cardinal des Lances; but Cardinal Albani, who had allotted the apartments, had reserved for himself one which had a window that opened into a little court of the Vatican, and was about ten feet above another chamber, outside of the conclave. It was there that I visited him, being introduced by his people. He placed himself at his window, and I at mine. I told him the news of the day: and when I had any thing private to communicate, which we feared might be overheard, I had a letter ready; he let down a basket, fastened to a piece of packthread; I put my letter into it; and if he had any answer to send, I received it in the same manner next day.

I left him occupied with the care of making a pope, in which he had a great deal to do, and resolved to avoid myself of the interregnum to see Naples. We performed the journey without stopping, that we might avoid the bad inns. The court was at Caserta: we went thither with Sir William Hamilton, who presented us to the king and queen. The king never spoke, or at least very rarely, to the foreigners who were presented to him; but the queen made ample amends for his silence, by the affability and the engaging manners with which she received them. We admired the immense plan of Caserta; which was not then finished, but which far surpassed the greatest palaces of the first monarchs of Europe. But what most attracted my attention was, the majestic and pleasing situation of the city of Naples: which rises like an amphitheatre, upon the borders of a basin of thirty leagues in circumference; and offers, at a distance of two leagues at sea, the finest perspective of a great city that can possibly be imagined. We visited those classical spots Herculaneum, Pompeii, Vesuvius, and in short every thing that wonderful country furnishes to excite a curiosity which can never be fully satisfied. As I have gone at length into this subject in another work, I shall not enlarge upon it here.

I had brought a letter from the Marquis Carraccioli to the Marquis Tanucci, who invited me to dine with him. He had rendered himself one of the most extraordinary men of the age, by the rank to which he had raised himself. He was formerly a professor at Pisa; and when the present king of Spain, Don Carlos, came into Italy,* he wrote in favour of his title to the kingdom of Naples. His work made an impression upon the minds of the public. He wrote again, made himself necessary to Don Carlos; who, when he was quietly established, sent for him to his court. By degrees he gave him his entire confidence: so much so, that when he was called to the throne of Spain by the death of his brother, he made him guardian of his son; and placed him at the head of the regency of the two Sicilies, which he governed despotically for more than ten years, under the authority of the King of Spain. He might be a great man in the knowledge of the law, but he did not shine in business; and his administration and his ordinances are far from bearing the stamp of genius. I have also read several of his despatches to the Marquis Carraccioli, which partook a great deal of the style of the schools, and in which Homer and Cicero were frequently cited.

When Lord Hillsborough arrived at Naples, Sir William Hamilton introduced him as a man of the highest talents in the affairs of state, and particularly for the department of commerce. In England he had been secretary of state for the colonies, and had discharged the duties of his office with great reputation. The Marquis Tanucci entered earnestly into conversation with Lord Hillsborough upon a subject of so much importance; communicated to him the plans and regulations which he had made for improving manufactures, commerce, and navigation, in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; and concluded by asking his opinion of them. His lordship, who was already informed of the state of the country, and who by no means approved of the marquis's plans, wished to be excused from speaking on the subject of

them. He two or three times begged the marquis to excuse him from giving his opinion, but the other only urged him the more. At last Lord Hillsborough, being obliged to speak, said: "My lord, I have already examined the manner in which things are conducted here, and have paid attention to what you have done me the honour to tell me; and I think that if you do exactly the contrary of what you have hitherto done, you will be much more likely to accomplish the object you have in view."

I have been twice at the court of Naples in the course of ten years; and have always thought it very brilliant, and one of the most agreeable courts of Europe. The king was good, gay, and easy even to familiarity, with his courtiers. Fonder of the chase than of business, he allowed his father to govern the kingdom at a distance, and had a blind deference for his will. He was a good husband, a good father, and a sincere friend: he had a sound judgment, and would have remedied many irregularities if he had been his own master; but he was so little so that even in those things which concerned him most he did not dare to make any change. Conversing one day with an Englishman who accompanied him in the chase, he asked him several questions relative to the game laws in England. The Englishman gave him an account of them. The king approved of them much, and concluded by saying, "That is admirable: it is well in your country, but here we have no laws. *Qua non ci e lege.*"

The queen had an agreeable figure; she was obliging, possessed wit and engaging manners, was studious to please her husband, and was extremely fond of her children. She acquired gradually an influence, and formed a party in the council; since which the Marquis de Tanucci has been kept at a distance, and affairs have gone on better.

One day, when the King of Naples gave the queen the diversion of hunting the wild boar, in the park of Astrone, those foreigners who had been presented at court were admitted into the enclosure intended for the queen. There were several English gentlemen and ladies here. The queen expressed a desire that all should be seated around her; saying, that when she was at her ease she wished every body else to be so. The king came from time to time, to give her an account of the state of the chase; and if any one attempted to rise, or take off his hat, he prevented him with these words: "Sit still, gentlemen: *qua non si fa cerimonie.* No ceremony here."

He was to be inoculated the next day, and in fact he was; and though it was a serious affair at his age, he did not seem in the least uneasy about it. During the carnival, the queen had a grand assembly once or twice a week, where every one came in a coloured domino, but unmasked. The principal apartments of the palace were thrown open, and tables were spread: each mixed with his own party. There was a magnificent hall for the ball, and another large hall to which the guests retired to take refreshments. They came in and went out as they pleased: they talked, played, or danced, or were mere idle spectators. The ease, liberty, and gaiety, which were depicted in every countenance, formed the greatest merit of the entertainments, which lasted the whole time of the carnival. Foreigners of distinction joined the king's party, and sometimes the queen's; and the whole was conducted with the greatest order.

The Neapolitans have much wit and vivacity: I found them good and obliging, whatever others may have said of them. They are very fond of play. I know that they have been accused of not always playing fairly, but I have never observed any thing of the kind myself. I have discovered little meannesses at Naples, and so I have at Vienna, at Paris, and at London; but this proves nothing as to the general character of the people.

At Vienna, for example, I happened once to have given a gold ducat for the cards, because I had no change. One of the principal ladies of the court perceived it. She came up to the table: "What is this," said she; "has a king been playing at this table? But, seriously, this is too much for the valet-de-chambre!" and so saying, she took up the ducat, put it into her pocket, and put down a florin in its place. But, notwithstanding this, I can venture to say that there is no court where they play higher and more honourably than at Vienna.

I heard an instance of knavery which occurred in the fashionable circles of Naples, but I did not see it. I

* In 1759.

not omit it, however, because it appears to me amusing.

A young English nobleman was introduced at an assembly of one of the first ladies of Naples, by a Neapolitan gentleman. While he was there, his snuff-box was stolen from him. The next day, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. He ran to his friend: "There," said he, "that man in blue, with gold embroidery, is taking snuff out of the box which was stolen from me yesterday. Do you know him? Is not he a sharper?" "Take care," said the other, "that is a man of the first quality." "I do not care for his quality," said the Englishman; "I must have my snuff-box again; I'll go and ask him for it." "Pray," said his friend, "be quiet, and leave it to me to get back your box." Upon this assurance the Englishman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. He accordingly came; and, as he entered, "There," said he, "I have brought you your snuff-box." "Well," said the Englishman, "how did you obtain it?" "Why," said the Neapolitan nobleman, "I did not wish to make any noise about it, therefore I picked his pocket of it."

I mentioned that the Marquis Tanucci had asked me to dine with him. The Marquis Carraccioli had written to him that I was attached to the study of the sciences; and this, I imagine, was the reason which led him into a long conversation with me, of which I did not comprehend a single word. He had formed a system of electricity, which he wanted to detail to me, and he kept me standing three hours to explain the first part of it. He talked of the systole and diastole of the earth under the equator, which put electricity into motion, and which had been the cause of the earthquake that had destroyed Lisbon, and he said all this with so serious an air that I had the greatest difficulty in the world to preserve my gravity. An engagement obliged me now to leave him; and I did not venture to visit him again, so afraid was I of the explanation of the second part of his system of electricity.

While we were at Naples, we were informed that the grand Duke of Tuscany had arrived at Rome, with a numerous train; and that the emperor was on the road thither. The latter wished to avail himself of the interregnum, to see Italy. He was to alight at the Villa Medici, the palace of his brother, who had gone on before to receive him. As soon as we heard this news, we quitted Naples in haste, that we might be at Rome upon the occasion, not doubting that the presence of those princes would be celebrated with brilliant entertainments.

CHAPTER VI.

Return to Rome to see the emperor—Character of that prince—Anecdotes relative to him.

We expected to find the emperor at Rome, but he had not yet arrived: indeed, his journey had been kept so secret that it was not even known where he was, though it was certain that he had quitted Vienna to come to Italy. I lived near the Villa Medici. My footman, being at the door at six in the morning, saw an open cabriolet, with two persons in it, driving up to that palace: he supposed that they might be some of the people belonging to the emperor's train, and asked them if they could tell anything of him; when one of them answered that he was not far off. It was no other than the emperor himself who spoke: he was unwilling to enter Rome with his equipage, and had therefore traveled in this manner that he might not be known. My footman followed him to the door of the Villa Medici, and was witness to the ill humour of the porter for being called up so early in the morning; and while the emperor amused himself with the anger of this man, one of the grand duke's people, who knew him, threw himself at his feet. My footman came into my chamber soon after, and I thought he was mad when he told me he had conversed with the emperor.

The emperor had taken the title of Count de Falkenstein, and kept himself incognito in the strictest manner possible. He received visits as Count de Falkenstein, and returned them as such. He would not accept of any of the usual presents, nor of the entertainments which were offered to him; but went as a private individual to those which were given to his brother. He walked in the streets of Rome attended only by a gen-

tleman, till the people began to know him, became troublesome to him. He wished to see men as well as places, and nothing diverted him more than the little adventures which happened to him in this disguise.

As he passed through Bologna, he found his courier disputing at the post-house with an English courier, about horses. He sent for the master of the post-house, and desired to know who had a right to the only horses which were then there. The man answered, without knowing him, that his courier did not arrive till after that of the Englishmen, and consequently the latter had a right to the horses; but that he should not have long to wait. The emperor admitted that it was just, and said he would wait.

He went into a coffee-house not far off, and entered into conversation with an officer in the papal army, who complained very much of a service in which he could not get forward, and in which he was but ill paid. "Why," said the emperor, "did not you enter into some other service? You are very near the King of Sardinia, and the emperor's Italian possessions; why do you not seek employment in the service of one of them?" "It is very easy to talk," replied the officer; "but to whom would you have me apply? Do you think it is only necessary to ask and have?" "If that is all that prevents you," said the emperor, "I have some influence at Vienna, and will recommend you myself." The papal officer, seeing a young man in a lieutenant's uniform offering him his protection, could not help smiling; however, he thanked him politely, but without appearing to set much value upon the offer he had made. "To convince you," continued the emperor, "that I have not said more than I mean to perform, I will give you a letter for a German nobleman, who will pass here in the course of a few hours: I flatter myself it will be of some service to you." He wrote the letter and sealed it; the horses came, and he set out. The officer, who had all the time been incredulous, did not reckon much upon the effect of the letter he had received. "Besides," thought he, "why should this young man be so ready to employ his influence for me, if it be true that he has any?" However, the German nobleman arrived; it was the Count de Dietrichstein, the emperor's master of the horse. The officer, with many excuses, delivered the letter, and was thunderstruck when the master of the horse said to him, "Sir, I congratulate you; it is the emperor to whom you have spoken; he has ordered me to give you four hundred sequins to carry you to the regiment in which he intends to give you a company." He then alighted from his chaise, sent for his banker, and made the necessary arrangements for expediting the poor officer, who was almost overpowered with surprise and joy.

At Radicofani the emperor found the Prince de Lambesc, master of the horse in France; who, as well as himself, had stopped there to pass the night. He sent his compliments to him, and to say, that if the prince would permit, a German baron and his friend, who had just arrived, would have the honour of paying him a visit. The Prince de Lambesc, who was then very young, wished to excuse himself from the company of these German barons; but his governor prevailed upon him to receive them. They came, and the air and manners of the emperor having prepossessed the prince in his favour, after some conversation he engaged him to stay and sup with him. Both spoke of the news of the day; that the grand duke was at Rome, and that the emperor was expected there. "I shall be very glad," said the latter, "to have the honour of introducing you to those princes." "I am obliged to you," said the Prince de Lambesc; "but you do not know, perhaps, that I am their cousin, and can present myself." "Ah! that is true," said the emperor, "I forgot that you was of the house of Lorraine; without doubt you will go and see your relations at Vienna; I am sure they would receive you well." They separated, much pleased with each other, with the promise of meeting again at Rome. As soon as the Prince de Lambesc arrived there, he sent to ask permission to pay his respects to the Emperor and the Grand Duke of Tuscany; and when he entered the hall where they were, was much astonished to recognise in the emperor the German baron, who embraced him, saying, "Come, cousin, I want to acquit myself of the promise which I made you of presenting you to the grand duke."

The Prince de Lambesc was at that time one of the

handsomest men of the age, and was greatly admired by the Roman ladies. I frequently saw him at the house of the Marchioness Boccapaduli. He came from Turin, where he had spent some time; and, speaking one day of the late King of Sardinia, he seemed desirous of ridiculing the person of that prince. I could not help interrupting him, to represent, as politely as possible, that a prince whose reputation for valour, wisdom, and equity, had been so well established throughout Europe, deserved to be spoken of with more respect. I must do him the justice to say, that young as he was, he received the reproof very well; and the next day his governor, meeting me at another house, took me aside to thank me for the manner in which I had corrected his pupil.

I have heard an entertaining anecdote of the Prince de Lambesc, after his return to Paris. He was passionately fond of horses, and this taste was not much out of character in the master of the horse of France. The Marquis D—— one day told a lady at Versailles, that the prince had said the night before, when speaking of a horse of which he was fond, that he would rather ride Papillon than possess the good graces of the dauphiness. The lady would not believe him: upon which the marquis, calling the prince, asked him if he had not said so. "No," replied the prince, "it was Fougueux I mentioned." Some time after, as he was hunting with the dauphiness, the princess said to him, "M. de Lambesc, is that Fougueux that you are riding?"

To return to the emperor. His presence produced the greatest sensation at Rome: the populace followed him every where with acclamation, and cried incessantly, "Viva il re dei Romani! siete a casa vostra, siete il nostro padrone!" I was conversing one day with the Prince de Giustiniani upon this disposition of the people of Rome towards the emperor, when he gave me to understand, that the same sentiments prevailed among the nobility of Rome, that the emperor had only to wish it, to be crowned; but the difficulty would be to preserve the ecclesiastical states against all the powers of Europe, who certainly would never consent to it. The emperor was so sensible of this, that he avoided, as much as possible, all occasions of showing himself to the people. One day, however, while he was examining on foot the antiquities of the Roman Forum, the place was in a moment filled with the crowd, who repeated the customary cries of "Long live the King of the Romans! You are our lawful sovereign!" He turned towards the assembly, and placed his finger upon his lips: in an instant there was a profound silence, almost incredible, among so great a multitude; but as soon as he ceased to demand this by his gesture, they importuned him with the same exclamations, and he was obliged to quit the place.

The Prince Corsini, on this occasion, gave a ball—after which, a supper of five hundred covers was served up. I never saw any thing better conducted; and what astonished me exceedingly, was the information I received the next day from the prince, that the whole had been served up on his own plate, linen, and china. I do not think there are many great noblemen out of Rome, who could have said as much. The Prince Doria prepared, in three days, a hall in his palace, eighty feet square, where twelve hundred workmen were employed at the same time, and in which he gave a superb ball. The Cardinal Albani, though shut up in the conclave, gave a magnificent fête at his country house, where a very amusing incident occurred. A lady of Ragusa, who joined in a country dance, fell in the most unfortunate manner possible for a woman, and almost at the feet of the emperor. The disorder of her petticoats was such that every body was really in pain, on account of the extreme confusion which they supposed she would feel. Quite otherwise: she recovered herself, and resumed the dance, without losing either time or step, as unconcerned as if the accident had not happened. The emperor, who had felt some embarrassment on her account, turned to a person near him, laughing, and exclaimed, "*The ladies of Ragusa for ever!*"

At one of these fêtes I found myself by the side of the emperor. He did me the honour to address me: he talked of what he had seen in the morning; he had remarked particularly the famous porphyry urn which formerly contained the ashes of Agrippa, and is now converted into a tomb for Pope Urban. This circumstance gave him an opportunity of making some observations which were marked by much wit and sprightliness. He wished afterwards to go into another room; and perceiving that

was surrounded by the company, he said to me: "I seem to be at Rome like Moses in the passage of the Red Sea: when I present myself, the waves of the crowd open before me, and close again as soon as I have passed; and if I look back, I see my brother with his secretaries, and his captain of guards, who, like Pharaoh, are overwhelmed by them." His conversation in company was unaffected, cheerful, and sprightly: he showed great solidity and discernment—and all his questions indicated the mind of an enlightened prince. His affability was that of a polite man of quality, without however at all detracting from the dignity of his rank. Mrs. Ann Pitt, hearing much praise bestowed on the satisfaction which he appeared to have in making himself popular, said—"Yes, he is quite proud of his humility." But in this, like many other *bons-mots*, there was much more wit than truth.

CHAPTER VII.

Milan—Marquis de Parabere—A rhinoceros.

We left Rome, that we might be at Venice at the feast of the Ascension. The emperor was expected there—but he did not come. A man may have seen all the cities of Europe, and yet have no idea of Venice, and of the life that is led there. Instead of streets, there are canals; and instead of carriages, boats, which are called gondolas. The nobles have magnificent palaces in the best style of building, but they receive scarcely any company in them. Their wives have small houses, (*casini*), to which they go at night to receive their friends, and where great ease and freedom prevail. The only one who is deprived of these advantages is the doge, who can never leave the city without permission of the senate. The government, always watchful for its safety, allows no discussion upon any thing relating to it: but though the mind is constrained, the manners are entirely free; nor is there any city where libertinism is more extensive, and less repressed, than at Venice.

I found the Marquis de Prie there, who had come to seek an asylum from what he called the persecution of the King of Sardinia. As his property had been sequestered, he was reduced to his shifts, but adversity had not at all abated his spirit. In the midst of the wreck of his fortune, you might fancy you saw Marius seated among the ruins of Carthage.

I found also at Venice, the Duke de Braganza, (a near relation to the King of Portugal,) whom I had formerly seen at Turin. He was settled at Vienna—where his distinguished merit had contributed as much as his high birth, to conciliate the respect of the empress queen and all her court. I shall have occasion to speak more fully concerning him, in my account of that city. He was extremely friendly to me during my stay at Venice: he pressed me earnestly to go and see the court of Vienna, and determined me by these words: "*Come thither, and you will see whether I am one of your friends!*"

We proceeded to visit the rest of Lombardy—and arrived at Milan, where we stopped some time. I had long wished to be personally acquainted with the Count de Firmian, who was prime minister in the states of the house of Austria in Lombardy. Great as was his reputation for wisdom, politeness, wit, and benevolence, I found that an acquaintance with him raised him still higher in my esteem. The simplicity of his manners set off his fine qualities to much advantage. He was fond of the arts and sciences, which he cultivated and encouraged.

There are many great and rich families at Milan. At the time that I was there, the families of *Litta*, *Clerici*, *Borromeo*, *Dada*, and *Zerbboni*, made the most conspicuous figure: the family of *Litta*, particularly, were distinguished for the politeness and hospitality with which they received foreigners. The Marchioness Cusani and the Countess Castiglione, daughters of the Marchioness Litta, who had been recently married, were brilliant ornaments of the court of the Princess of Modena; and the Marchioness Litta had brought up three or four other young ladies, whom she introduced into the world with all the success which the good education that she had given them deserved. I called this family the nursery of the graces; and, far from being jealous of the name, the other ladies approved of it.

There is no city in Italy where foreigners are better received than at Milan: it is, indeed, the only one where they are invited to eat in the houses which they frequent.

All the nobility speak French; and, as to manners, they seem to have selected and adopted all that is most agreeable in the societies of Italy, France, and Germany. There are many very amiable women at Milan—and the education which they receive is admirably adapted to make them so. Among the men of talents were the Father Frisi, the Father Boscovich, and the Marquis Beccaria, whose conversation pleased me more than the perusal of a book which he has since published; I mean his "*Treatise on Style*," in which he has forgotten to give example as well as precept. The Marquis Beccaria, however, was a man of great genius, and of perfect urbanity of manners.

Lord Algonron Percy had nearly become the dupe of a man who called himself the Marquis de Parabere, and lieutenant-colonel of the third legion, in France. He used to meet him at the theatre, and spoke to me frequently of him. He was charmed with the Marquis de Parabere. I had some doubts of the authenticity of this personage—having never seen him in any genteel company. He had, he said, letters for the Count de Firmian, but he did not care to present them. I proposed that his lordship should bring him to dine with us, that we might sound him. And, after dinner, I whispered to him—"He is an adventurer, an impostor; you will find that he will finish his acquaintance by borrowing money of you." His lordship was quite hurt at my having so bad an opinion of his friend. Two days after, he sent for me, in the morning, to show me a note which he had just received from the marquis, begging him to lend him a hundred louis; and saying, that he was obliged to set out for Genoa, to negotiate bills of exchange for twenty thousand livres. I asked him to let me dictate the answer: in which I said, that his lordship was much pleased at having an opportunity of being useful to him; and that if he would present the letters which he had for the Count de Firmian, he would save him the journey to Genoa, by negotiating the bills himself, through his banker at Milan. He excused himself under some pretence: I remained firm to my proposal; and he was embarrassed. He thought to impose upon his lordship by showing him his bills of exchange, which he sent for his inspection. A single glance was quite sufficient to discover that they were forgeries. Lord Algonron was now convinced; but from motives of compassion, sent him a few louis. I then apprised Count Firmian of his character. He had already had his eyes upon him, and the marquis was ordered to quit Milan in twenty-four hours. He set off alone, on foot; and one of my friends, who had met him before, told me that he saw him, two days after, drive up to the best inn in Parma, in a postchaise and four.

This was the only adventurer I met with during this journey. I had myself almost been the dupe of another, whom I had known at Turin: but I was excusable, as he was a Frenchman whom I met at the house of the French ambassador. He did not disclose his name; but the ambassador was in possession of his secret, approved of him, and presented him. He attached himself to me, and begged a letter for the English consul at Genoa. He set out: but two days after, having some suspicion of the probity of the man, from his affectation of great importance, and the parade he made about his equipages, which he said he had sent on before, I wrote by the post to the consul, apprising him that my recommendation did not extend so far as to sanction any advances of money. My letter reached him very opportunely, at the very time when the consul was going to advance him five hundred louis upon his bills on Marseilles. He waived the conclusion of the affair, and in the mean time another mine was sprung. The fellow ran off with some effects of the master of the house where he lodged: he was pursued, taken, stripped of every thing, and left to seek other resources in fresh efforts of his invention.

Of all the dependents upon their wits, that I have ever seen or heard of, a Dutch traveller, mentioned to me by one of my friends, merits the palm. Mr. Bowly told me, that when he was traveling in France, he met at Lyons a Dutch gentleman of some rank, but who was not rich. He generally dined with other foreigners at an ordinary; and spoke with earnestness of a wonderful animal, a rhinoceros, which was in that city—always pressing the new-comers to go and see this strange creature, whose singular qualities he extolled in such a manner that he made some visit it more than once. Mr. Bowly having met him in several cities, and seeing him

always equally zealous on this subject, was desirous to find out his motive. He discovered at last that the Dutch gentleman had found the means of obtaining a living by buying a rhinoceros, which he sent on before him, with a man whom he could trust, to all the great towns where he wished to stop; and introducing himself among foreigners into genteel company, he soon gave to the rhinoceros a celebrity which defrayed the expenses of his own travels.

We arrived at Turin, where I had formed the design of passing five or six months. The number of my friends there made it more advantageous for Lord Algonron to stay there than any where else, on account of the facility with which I could have him favourably received at court and in town. When we were presented, the Duke of Savoy had the goodness to congratulate his lordship upon having such a friend as me—whose counsels, he said, he could not do better than to follow. The king did him the honour to permit him to wear his hunting uniform, and to hunt with him, which gave him an opportunity of being frequently with the royal family. He was highly pleased with Turin. I was easy on his account, and enjoyed in full security the satisfaction of seeing friends to whom I was sincerely attached.

CHAPTER VIII.

Visit to Voltaire at Brucker—Journey to Germany.

The marriage of the dauphin and the Archduchess Antoinette had been agreed upon, and all the imperial family were to be at Vienna on the occasion. Prince Charles of Lorraine went thither also, to receive the Archduke Maximilian, coadjutor of the Teutonic order; and magnificent fêtes were preparing to celebrate these events. These circumstances determined us to go to Vienna; and we took the route by Geneva, as I wished to pay a visit to Voltaire, whom I had never seen, and who had invited me to visit him.

I have before mentioned that I published a pamphlet at Rome, entitled *The Toccin*, in which infidelity was vigorously attacked, and false philosophy set in a proper light to expose its absurdity. Voltaire, Rousseau, and some others, without being named, had been drawn in rather strong colours; and somebody had taken the pains to send the work to Voltaire, and inform him that I was the author of it. I did not know that the *Toccin* had reached him; and was not a little surprised, as I went into the room, to hear myself assailed with the following apostrophe: "Ah! ah! sir; so it is you who have sounded the *Toccin* against me?" I had not put my name to the *Toccin*. It would not have been polite to avow myself the author, and I did not like to deny it; I therefore thought it best to leave the matter undecided. "M. de Voltaire," said I without hesitation, "I am surprised that you, who have so often complained of the public for imputing to you works to which you have not put your name, should accuse me of having written one which is not authorised by mine." "Ah! sir, there are true accusations and there are false ones!" I replied, "that it still remained to be known in which class this was to be placed." He seemed to be satisfied with this answer, and the conversation became general: I told him that I was going to Russia. "You are going to the country of triumphs," said the philosopher, raising his voice: "do you go through Berlin?" "Yes, sir." "You will see the King of Prussia; make my compliments to him, and tell him that I have read his verses:" still speaking in the same tone. I cannot help wondering at the vanity of a professed wit, who could imagine that any man who had not lost his senses would carry so impertinent a message to a great monarch. This was nearly about the time when Voltaire had a dispute with the learned M. Larcher, relative to the signification of a Greek word: I perceived that he had a Greek dictionary opened at the word in question; and I left him, to give him an opportunity of studying his subject. I forgot to mention, that speaking of the quarrels of kings, so fatal to humanity, he said, still in the same voice: "These, sir, are those against whom the *Toccin* should be sounded;" and shortly after he published a pamphlet called the *Toccin des Rois*.

We remained only three days at Geneva, being impatient to reach Vienna. We stopped some hours at Lausanne, to see M. Tisot; and the same time at Berné, to visit the celebrated M. Haller. I was surprised to see

the latter so well informed respecting what was going on in England: particularly when I learnt that he had no other means of intelligence than what was furnished by the English papers, which are full of falsehoods, absurdities, and news fabricated to fill up their sheet. I have sometimes seen in their old storiestaken from Herodotus or Plutarch, modernised; and what is a still better joke, I have seen the same stories indiscriminately copied into the *Gazette de France*, under the article *London*. M. Haller, with more sagacity, used to discover the truth, by comparing together two or three of the papers which he received; and by suspending his judgment upon extraordinary occurrences, till he found them sufficiently confirmed, or at least not contradicted: and he thus formed a sort of political algebra, which amused him. He was, in fact, very well informed himself. From Berné we went to Bale and Schaffhausen, where we saw the fall of the Rhine, which, after that of Terni, is the most considerable in Europe; and, in the opinion of some persons who have seen both, almost equal to that of Niagara in America.

I wished to go through Augsburg, to see the learned Brucker, the author of a Critical History of Ancient and Modern Philosophy, in six quarto volumes. He had assisted me with great zeal in my edition of Leibnitz; and I had besides the greatest veneration for this man, who had obtained much reputation by the merit of his work, which was one of the most useful productions of the age. We were a little embarrassed at our meeting: for he spoke neither English nor French; I did not understand German; and his Latin seemed to me to have as much of the German as mine seemed to him to partake of some foreign language. By degrees, however, our ears accommodated themselves to the difference of pronunciation; and I had every reason to be satisfied with the time which I spent with this respectable man, who died six months afterwards.

We passed through Germany without knowing one word of the language, which was extremely inconvenient to us. Fortunately, I met with an innkeeper the first day who spoke Latin: he said that I might use that language during my whole journey; and that I should find that the greatest part of the innkeepers, and even the postilions, understood it, which proved to be true. Having asked my servant how he could make himself understood, he said (humorously enough) that he spoke bad English, and they made German of it.

It may not be improper to introduce in this place a curious remark upon the analogy between the English and the neighbouring languages. All the words of necessity are derived from the German, and the words of luxury and those used at table, from the French. The sky, the earth, the elements, the names of animals, household goods, articles of food,—all these are the same in German and in English; the fashions of dress, and every thing belonging to the kitchen, luxury and ornament, are taken from the French: and to such a degree of exactness, that the names of the animals which serve for the ordinary food of men, such as *ox*, *calf*, *sheep*, when alive, are called the same in English as in German; but when they are served up, for the table, they change their names, and are called *beef*, *veal*, *mutton*, after the French. Every reader will readily see the reasons.

At Linz we met the dauphiness, who was going to Paris. We regretted that we had not arrived eight days sooner; but entertainment enough remained to be seen, to make us amends for what we had lost. We at last reached Vienna, where it was our intention to remain a fortnight or three weeks; the welcome reception we met with, however, induced us to stay there almost a year.

CHAPTER IX.

Residence at Vienna—Picture of that court.

Lord Stormont, with whom I had been previously acquainted, was at that time ambassador from England at the court of Vienna. M. Langlois, secretary to the embassy, was one of my friends, and I calculated much upon the obliging expressions which the Duke de Braganza had made use of to me at Venice; so that I had every reason to expect a good reception at Vienna. Lord Stormont presented us to the emperor and empress. The emperor immediately said, "We have seen each other in Italy;" and the empress, learning whence we came, said, "Ah! you come from Italy! you have then seen my children!"

That great princess might then have made the same remark to almost every traveller; for she had had the good fortune and address to form the greatest alliances and establishments for her children, beyond any example in history. Of four daughters whom she had married, one was Queen of France, another Queen of Naples, the third Duchess of Parma, and the fourth Governess of the kingdom of Hungary, where she held the rank of a queen. Her eldest son was emperor; her second Grand Duke of Tuscany; her third governed Lombardy, and lived at Milan as a sovereign prince; her fourth was coadjutor of the electorate of Cologne, bishop of Munster, and grand master of the Teutonic order; and the kingdom of Bohemia was still at the disposal of the empress, where she might have placed a son-in-law if she had married the Princess Elizabeth: so that all her children were sovereigns, or held the rank and state of such: for those who resided in Lombardy, at Presburg, or in any other part of her dominions, enjoyed all the consideration in those states to which she herself would have been entitled.

During nearly a year that I passed at Vienna, I had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with the character of that princess; and I can truly say, that there are few sovereigns in the annals of history whose virtues and great qualities shone with more lustre. Her firmness under her misfortunes, the genius and activity which she employed to extricate herself from them, the wisdom of her government, the choice of her ministers, her moderation, and her affection for her people, are known to the whole world; but it is only in her states, and above all in Vienna, that her private virtues can be fully learnt. The love of her children, and the particular care which she has herself taken of their education; her piety, her liberality towards all around her, the constancy of her friendship for those whom she judged worthy of it, and her conduct towards them; every thing contributed to the honour of her heart and understanding. It was pleasing to see the freedom with which she sent every year, to invite herself to dine with those of the *grandees* of her court whom she esteemed, either in town or in the country. In the latter case, she went with her guards, who quitted her at the door; and she was then guarded by her subjects, who were her friends. I have seen her thus at the house of Prince Esterhazy, and at Count Palffy's, in Hungary, walking alone in the gardens, or retiring into a summer-house with a book or her work. The master of the house took care to give orders that nobody should interrupt her in her moments of retirement, and every one of course had sufficient discretion not to obtrude where she was. In a word, I do not know which ought to be most admired; the very allable and confidential manner in which the empress associates with her subjects, or the sweet return of love and veneration with which she is recompensed.

The emperor follows, in this respect, the example of his august mother. I have already mentioned his affability at Rome: he conducted himself in the same manner at Vienna; with this difference, however, that seeing nobody about him but those he loved, he had always an unrestrained and pleasant air, which was infinitely prepossessing. I have had the honour of being often in his presence; either in the boxes at the opera, or at some private houses; and I have always remarked in him that politeness which we admire in a private individual, accompanied with an air of dignity inseparable from his character. I know that it would be ridiculous in the extreme, to be at all flattered by a polite expression from a prince who never used any other; and I hope nobody will believe me capable of such folly, if I relate the following incident:—One day, when I was playing at whist with some ladies of the court, he approached the table: the ladies rose and sat down again at the same moment; and as I continued to remain standing, he took me by the arm, saying, "Sit down again, sir; you are jesting with me." At another time I saw him in the pit of a private theatre in the house of Count Palffy, at Presburg. He was in uniform, and felt himself pushed by somebody who certainly did not know him; he turned round quickly; and seeing that it was a valet-de-chambre who was carrying refreshments to the company, he made way for him, saying, "He is right; he has more business here than I have." One night when there was a large party for cards at court, the emperor, who never plays, seeing that I was almost the only one besides who did not, did me the honour to place himself near me; and

it was chiefly in conversation then that I had an opportunity of observing the penetration of his mind and the solidity of his judgment.

The day when we were presented at court, Lord Stormont took us to visit the two principal ministers, who kept open house, Prince Kaunitz and Prince Colloredo, and introduced us to every body he found there. The next day his secretary gave us a list of all the persons to whom we had been presented the evening before. We were to leave our names at their doors; and this procured us invitations to dinner from all the nobility, which prolonged our stay at Vienna from day to day, and from week to week, till the following year.

The Duke de Braganza had truly said, that "if I came to Vienna, I should see whether he was one of my friends." He enjoyed such high consideration there, that he had power to impart a portion of it to me; and he really did with as much warmth and zeal as he could have felt for a friend to whom he owed the greatest obligations, though I never had any other claim upon him than that of being highly sensible of his merits when I met him at Turin, and of having eagerly sought the honour of his acquaintance.

The Duke de Braganza had possessed great influence with the King of Portugal; but the Count d'Oeyras, since Marquis de Pombal, who was then beginning to obtain an ascendancy at that court, seeing that the talents and capacity of the Duke de Braganza would always be an obstacle to his ambition, formed a thousand intrigues against him. He went so far, that he at last gave him some cause for dissatisfaction, which made him resolve upon leaving his country, and visiting the different courts of Europe. He came to Vienna during the war, where he offered his services to the empress: and he distinguished himself so much in the army by his valour, his zeal, his generosity, and his humanity, that though he had no command, and acted only as a volunteer, he became the idol of the soldiers; and there were several occasions on which his personal courage produced the decision of an important action, and was of more service than the skill of the general. The grateful empress detained him at Vienna by the respect with which she treated him. Ministers and courtiers subscribed without difficulty to the justice which was rendered him: his uncommon merit appeared to have raised him above jealousy. The ladies thought they beheld in him one of those champions of old times, who are no longer to be met with but in the records of chivalry. He respected all; but he attached himself more particularly to the Princess Esterhazy, who enjoyed the especial favour of the empress. In short, he possessed great talents and an exalted mind, and an extreme delicacy in all that concerned honour, friendship, and affection. Such was the friend whom I had the happiness to meet with at Vienna. He took so much pains in producing a favourable opinion of me in company, that in eight days' time I became intimately acquainted with all his select associates; particularly with the Prince de Kaunitz, who never admitted any one to his intimacy but with great caution.

The manner of living at Vienna is more rational and more sociable than any that I have experienced elsewhere. Dinner-parties are very frequent. After dinner they converse or play till evening; when they go to the play or the opera, and from thence to such houses as may be open: where every one selects his own party; or, if he prefers it, retires to the private society of a few friends, who meet every day at the house of one of the ministers, or of some other person belonging to their circle. In these parties wit and gaiety are constantly to be met with; without any traces of that sullen pride which forms no part of their character, whatever may be said by persons who pretend to talk of the Germans without ever having been among them.

It is true that the family of Lorraine has contributed not a little to banish from the court of Vienna the severe etiquette which prevailed there. Francis I. admitted many of the principal officers of the crown to his table: he passed the greatest part of his time in their company, animated the conversation by his good humour, and was remarkable for telling a story with spirit and gaiety. I have heard his physician mention several pleasant anecdotes which clearly show his character to have been mild, cheerful, and good-natured, and such as made him the idol of his court. I met with none who ever spoke of him but with emotion.

CHAPTER X.

Characters of the Prince de Kaunitz and some other persons at the court of Vienna.

The court of Vienna is rendered magnificent by the number of noblemen and princes of the first families of Germany, of which it is formed. It is by no means uncommon to see sovereign princes at the court of Vienna, who have served in the armies of the emperor. I have seen a brother and a nephew of the King of Poland, a brother of the Empress of Russia, and the Princes of Hesse, of Anhalt, and of Saxony, among the crowd of courtiers. Prince Esterhazy and Prince Lichtenstein are more powerful subjects than any of the great subjects of the Kings of France, England, or Spain; their revenues are as considerable as the richest among them, and their privileges are more extensive. I have been at the house of Prince Esterhazy, in Hungary. He had two hundred guards encamped before his castle; the captain of his guards dined with him. After dinner an excellent band of music played while he took coffee; and he had two companies of comedians constantly in his retinue, one German and the other Italian. I know of no such establishment belonging to any other subject in Europe. I was at Presburg when he gave a ball and supper to the empress, at a league from the city. The supper was of three hundred covers; and the refreshments at the ball were served by fifty of his guards, to whom he had on that occasion given uniforms embroidered with gold.

The Duke of Wirtemberg was formerly attached to the house of Austria, and during one campaign brought ten thousand men to its assistance. There is a very good anecdote upon this subject. Being entrusted with a separate command, he entered Lower Lusace with ten thousand men; where, having established himself, he took some prisoners. Upon this he wrote to the King of Prussia to propose an exchange of prisoners. The king, who at that time had Prince Louis, the brother of the Duke of Wirtemberg, in his service, returned him this answer: "Sir, I have received your letter, by which I learn that you are carrying on war against me: your brother is charged with my answer." He had ordered Prince Louis, with five thousand men, to drive the duke his brother, and his ten thousand men, out of Lusace.

The circle I most frequented was that of the Prince de Kaunitz, who was himself its greatest attraction. His constant occupations, added to the consideration of twenty-five years of a happy, wise, and irreproachable administration, naturally induced those who visited him to study his inclination and his amusement, and to render his leisure agreeable to him. Mesdames de Thein and de Walstein, the Countess de Berger, and some other very respectable ladies, the Duke de Braganza, and Lord Stormont, were the principal persons who formed this society; a few foreigners, and some others whose wit and talents supplied the deficiency of high birth, were also admitted. Among the latter, Langier, physician to the king, was conspicuous for his taste, the delicacy and pleasantry of his wit, and the fertility of his imagination. Nobody had more deeply studied the art of being happy; and none knew better how to enjoy happiness himself, or to make others acquainted with it. He used to say, "At twenty-five we kill pleasure, at thirty we enjoy it, at forty we husband it, at fifty we hunt after it, and at sixty we regret it." He was the St. Evremont of Vienna, with this difference; that his hero, the Duke de Braganza, possessed more fine qualities and fewer faults than the Count de Grammont.

Prince Kaunitz was certainly one of the greatest ministers who ever governed a great empire. The wisdom and integrity of his administration were in no respect inferior to those of Sully: like him, he had taken the reins of government in difficult times, and immediately after a long and expensive war; like Sully, he had organised and arranged the finances, paid the debts of the state, and established the public credit so firmly, that when I was at Vienna, the interest of money in that capital was below four per cent. His moderation induced him to resign this department, in order to employ himself wholly in that of foreign affairs; which embraced the government of the Austrian possessions in Flanders, Italy, and other distant parts. He possessed the confidence of the public to such a degree that even during the war he never was in want of money. The Baron de Frise, banker to the court, told me, that he frequently transacted the most important affairs with the

Prince de Kaunitz in a few words; so much reliance did he place upon the firmness of his measures in every thing that he undertook. The prince would acquaint him that he wanted so many millions, upon such and such funds, which would be received at such a time: the baron required no more; he wrote to Madame Nettime at Brussels, to M. de la Borde at Paris, and elsewhere; the money was advanced, and the funds never failed to be received at the appointed time.

The Prince de Kaunitz himself told me, that one day, in a council of finance, he proposed a tax, for which the farmers-general offered a price very much below its value. The council thought it most advisable, however, to accept their bidding; Prince Kaunitz alone objected to it, and took upon himself the care of raising the tax. It produced two millions of florins more than the price offered for it, without any difficulty; and on the first day of the year, he waited on the empress with this surplus, which he told her he had brought for her new-year's gift.

Under the administration of Prince Kaunitz, agriculture and manufactures flourished; the public roads were improved, commerce increased; and neither cabal nor envy has been able to blacken a single action of the longest ministry that has ever been known under an arbitrary government. In a word, the strongest proof that can be given of the propriety of his government, is, that his rivals or enemies have never imputed either vices or errors to him; but have been obliged to obtrude into the sanctuary of his retirement, to discover some of his singularities in private life for subjects of reproach. One of these envious persons, whom by the by Prince Kaunitz had frequently served, had the indiscretion one day, at the prince's own table, to attempt to entertain me with some frivolous observations of this nature. He was desirous even to treat him with ridicule; when I interrupted him, saying: "Sir, the greatest praise that can be bestowed upon a minister who has been five and twenty years at the head of affairs, is, that there is nothing more to reproach him with than what you have mentioned."

The Prince de Kaunitz was a man of deep penetration, and possessed a thorough knowledge of mankind: he had spirit and genius; and was so well versed in the duties of his office that he frequently dictated to several secretaries at the same time. He was serious in public; but amiable, mild, and cheerful, among his friends. He respected virtue and truth; and he had so decided an aversion for vice and falsehood that he never entered into conversation with an unprincipled man, however high his rank, unless it was absolutely necessary. He kept me standing a long time one night at his parting, to talk to me, without having any thing material to say. When I was going to leave him, he called me back: "Do not quit me," said he: "there is Prince . . . waiting to talk with me; but he is such a liar that his conversation is painful to me, and I do not wish to have any thing to say to him."

Among the ladies who at that time graced the court of Vienna, the Princesses of Lichtenstein, (and particularly the Princess Charles,) the Princess d'Auersperg, and the Duchess d'Areberg, were the most remarkable. The last, though she was the first female subject of the empress in Flanders, was no more than a foreigner at Vienna, whither she seldom came. She was perfectly beautiful; but so reserved, that she was charged with being haughty. The Duke de Braganza escorted her every where, and was a great admirer of her. He presented me one day to the duchess, at the house of Prince Kaunitz, to be her partner at play; and the turn of his introduction appeared both new and gallant. "Madam," said he, "permit me to have the honour of presenting to you one of my friends, to whom I owe a thousand obligations;" and then turning suddenly round to me, said, "Now, sir, I conceive our obligations are mutual."

The Prince de Ligni, one of the principal noblemen of Flanders, was also at Vienna at that time. It would require a volume to describe him, and even then nobody would comprehend his character; let it suffice to say, that every feature of it would appear either amiable or agreeable. His society was delightful, particularly when he was seconded by the Chevalier de Boufflers; and the chevalier was very well pleased with Vienna.

I had the pleasure of supping frequently with them, at the houses of the Countess Esterhazy, the Countess Lignowski, and some other persons of distinction. Nothing could be more brilliant and more animated than

their conversations: both amused themselves with writing verses, and succeeded well; and particularly the Chevalier de Boufflers, who was justly considered the most pleasing poet of France. He had been six months at Vienna, and thence he proposed proceeding to join the army in Poland. Since that time he has traveled in Switzerland; whence he wrote letters to his mother, which have been printed, and which contain many interesting strokes of wit and humour.

The mother of the Chevalier de Boufflers, the Marchioness de Boufflers, was a lady of great wit; but she must not be confounded, nor even compared, with the Countess de Boufflers, mentioned in the second part of these memoirs. The latter was superior to the other in figure, in charms, in wit, and in talents. The marchioness, however, was very amiable: she spent much of her time in Lorraine; and it is even said that Stanislaus, king of Poland, though very far advanced in years, was greatly captivated with her. He knew, too, that his chancellor, who was much younger than himself, was in love with her; and, one day, when the chancellor came to see her, he withdrew, kissing her hand several times; and, looking tenderly at her, said, "*My chancellor will tell you the rest.*"

The Archduke Maximilian was admitted coadjutor of the Teutonic order, of which Prince Charles was grand master; and upon that occasion the most brilliant fêtes were given at court. I will not undertake to describe them all; but I cannot pass over in silence a masked ball which was given at the house of the late Prince Eugene, at a seat about a league from the city. Though the house was extremely large, a hall of four hundred feet in length was added along the whole front of the building. This was illuminated with more than a hundred thousand glass lamps; and next to the illumination of St. Peter's at Rome, was the finest I ever saw. The apartments were lighted up with eighteen thousand wax candles; there were six thousand persons at the ball; and the director of the fête told me that he had prepared supper for ten thousand. Every thing had been so well attended to, that even physicians and surgeons had been provided, in case of accidents.

The empress afterwards wished to go with her whole family to Presburg; and the Archduchess Maria Christina went on before, to receive them. I went thither with Lord Algonon Percy, and Mr. Greville, son of Lord Warwick. Prince Esterhazy and Count Palfy distinguished themselves among the great nobles of Hungary, who received the empress at their houses. I have already mentioned, at the beginning of this chapter, the entertainment which the prince gave on the occasion.

Presburg is a very handsome city, situated upon the Danube, and is the capital of Hungary: it is the place where the states meet, and where the government of the kingdom resides. The archduchess, Maria Christina, stayed there with her husband, Prince Albert of Saxony, who was captain-general of Hungary.

That princess kept her court at Presburg, which was more brilliant than that of many kings in Europe, and she did the honours of it with charming affability and grace. She was the handsomest of all the sisters; and danced with so much nobleness, ease, and lightness, that nobody can imagine a more delightful sight than her exercises of this kind. At night the persons of rank went to court, where the whole company assembled in a large hall. The ladies of the archduchess, and the archduchess herself, arranged the parties. Nothing could surpass the politeness with which the guests were received there. The empress once said to the Duke de Braganza, "The sight of this hall always affects me to such a degree that I am sometimes ready to shed tears: a long time ago, a very interesting scene took place here." I asked the duke, the same night, what that event was, and he related the following circumstance: When the empress queen was so closely pursued by her enemies that there was hardly a city in Germany in which she could remain with safety, she retired to Presburg, and assembled her states. She was then young, of a fine figure, and of dazzling beauty. She appeared in the midst of the Palatines of Hungary in a black robe, but with all the splendour of her personal charms: her son, who was then two or three years old, was in her arms. When she had taken her place upon the throne, and the assembly had become silent, she rose; and giving her son to one of her ladies of honour, addressed them in the Latin language (which she spoke extremely well,) and

represented to them in pathetic terms her unfortunate situation. She was so deeply affected while she was delivering this discourse, that she drew tears from the eyes of these brave nobles: but when she said that she had no resource except in their zeal, and that she had come to implore their help, the Palatines could restrain their feelings no longer; but, without suffering her to conclude, they all rose up at the instant, and, drawing their swords, cried out with an unanimous voice, "Mortemur pro rege nostra Marie Theresa—We will die for our king Maria Theresa!"* and they immediately brought into the field an army which re-established her upon the throne of her ancestors.

I saw a man at Vienna who had undertaken to describe the life of the empress by medals; and he had been stupid enough to omit this incident, so proper for the subject of a medal, for which the exclamation of the Palatines would be the legend. When I suggested it to him, he was quite astonished that he had never thought of it before.

CHAPTER XI.

Presburg—Automaton chess-player—Prague, Dresden, Leipzig.

I had heard of a wonderful automaton chess-player, invented by M. de Kempell, an Hungarian gentleman. I went to see it; and played a game with it, in the presence of several ambassadors and noblemen, who desired to be of the party. Of twelve or fifteen persons who were there, nobody perceived the communication which the inventor had with the automaton. I have so completely explained, by the description which I published of this game at chess in all the public journals, and other periodical works of the time, that I shall say no more upon the subject here.

The Archduchess Maria Christiana asked me, next day, what I thought of it; and seemed delighted when I told her that there was nothing of the kind in Europe which could be compared with what I had seen at Presburg. I wrote a letter upon the subject, which was inserted in the foreign journals. Some person, who had not comprehended me, made objections, which obliged me to reply; and this also appeared in the journals. The following winter, the archduchess, seeing me at a ball, called me to her; and asked me if I was not the author of the reply which she had that very morning read to the empress. I answered, "Yes." "Ah! I was right," replied she, "when I told my mother it was you who had taken our part."

Before we left Presburg, I thought it proper to go and pay our respects to the archduchess. Lord Algernon declined accompanying me, but Mr. Greville went with me. While we were at court, he came up to me to say that we were invited to dine with the archduchess on the next day; but that he had declined, saying that we were obliged to return to Vienna. I was extremely sorry at his refusal; I told him that such an invitation was an order which no body ever excused himself from obeying. He was sensible of it; and begged me earnestly to support what he had said, if I should be spoken to on the subject, so that he might not be exposed to the reproach of having so ill known his duty upon such an occasion. The archduchess herself came to me a moment after; and, in the most affable and obliging manner in the world, said, "Is there no means of persuading you to stay and dine with us to-morrow?" I felt exceedingly displeased at finding myself obliged to refuse, so much against my inclination: but from complaisance towards Mr. Greville, and out of regard for Lord Algernon, who would have been mortified at not being invited, I persisted in the excuse of our being absolutely obliged to leave Presburg that very day: and we set out immediately after the court broke up.

We continued to enjoy the charms of the society of Vienna. I the more willingly resolved to pass the winter there, as such a residence was desirable for Lord Algernon Percy. He could not fail to spend his time in good company, for there is no other for foreigners; and as young men in general are only led to prefer bad company because it comes more frequently in their way, they go readily into respectable society, when to seek

* This was the expression which the Palatines made use of, in spite of grammar; so strongly are they attached to the idea of being governed by *kings*.

bad company would occasion them much more trouble, as is the case at Vienna. The French language is universally spoken among the higher classes of nobility; but in inferior circles never, which occasions foreigners to be soon tired of their company.

I was every day at the house of Prince Kaunitz, who honoured me with his good-will, which, added to the friendship of the Duke de Braganza, and the civilities of Lord Stormont, made my time pass pleasantly and rapidly in that city. I even think that I should still have been there, if the design which we had of going to Russia had not rendered it necessary to prepare for our departure. Prince Kaunitz did me the honour to give me his portrait when I took leave of him. He invited me to return to Vienna; and, as an inducement, he offered me an apartment in his palace. I have received letters from him since my return to England, in which he pressed me to keep my word with him, and told me that my apartment was ready for my reception. I had a great inclination to visit him, because I was really attached to him; and I have always preserved the desire, though I have never been able to gratify it.

We passed through Bohemia, which did not appear to me to wear a very pleasing face. It abounds in corn, and has also some considerable forests; but what surpasses all belief, and is nevertheless very true, is the prodigious quantity of game of all sorts, which abounds in that kingdom. The Prince Colloredo gave me an account of a hunting party which the Emperor Francis I. made in the year 1755. There were twenty-three persons in the party, three of whom were ladies; the Princess Charlotte de Lorraine was one of them. The chase lasted eighteen days, and during that time they killed 47,950 head of game and wild deer; of which 19 were stags, 77 roebucks, 10 foxes, 18,243 hares, 19,545 partridges, 9,499 pheasants, 114 larks, 353 quails, and 54 other birds. The emperor fired 9,798 shots, and the Princess Charlotte 9,010; in all there were 116,209 shots fired.

We stayed a few days at Prague, to visit two or three of our friends from Vienna. We dined at the house of a lady whose name I have forgotten, where I remarked a custom which is general in the great houses of Bohemia and Saxony: it is that of keeping a dwarf, as we have a favourite dog or cat. Some of these are well made and very well proportioned. The late King Stanislaus had a very small one which amused him much, and sometimes walked upon the table conversing with his guests. He had him once served up in a large pie, from which he came forth, to the great astonishment of some foreign princes, who had never seen him, and who dined with the king. He has been dead some years; but I saw his figure in wax, dressed in his usual clothes. He was about the height of a child of four years old. The one I saw at Prague dined with the company, and was a little conceited fellow, who talked loudly during the whole time of dinner. He was waited upon by another dwarf, frightfully deformed, who diverted me a good deal by the side-looks which he from time to time cast upon the one he served, and who had no other advantage over him than that of being better formed.

At Dresden we found Sir Robert Keith, who was the minister at that court from England. He had just received his appointment to the court of Denmark, where he was very sorry to go. He was so well acquainted with the imprudent conduct of Struensee, who had already abused his influence, that he foresaw all the disagreeable events which happened the following year. He conducted himself on that occasion with equal ability and sagacity; and he showed so much address, spirit, and firmness, that Lord Rochfort, who was at that time secretary of state, declared that it was useless to give him any instructions, and that if the king and all his council had been at Copenhagen, they could not have done better.

Sir Robert Keith presented us to the Elector and Electress of Saxony. What was remarkable in this presentation, and what was the custom of that court only, was that we waited upon the elector and electress in a dining-hall, where Sir Robert presented us. The elector invited us to dine with him, and we immediately sat down to table. There was nobody there besides their royal highnesses, except the *grand maitresse* and the grand equerry, who seated himself at the table with his boots and spurs. We supped, at another time, with the dowager electress, the mother of the elector, a very en-

lightened princess, and who had a great fund of conversation.

We were once admitted to the private theatre of the court. The actors were all persons of distinction, and were performing a tragedy of Racine with so strong and so marked a German accent, that I had all the difficulty in the world to keep from laughing during the whole representation.

We saw the house of the famous Count de Bruhl, which the King of Prussia, from enmity to that minister, had converted into a guard-house. His wardrobe was a curious spoil; according to the Marquis d'Eguille, it contained sixty swords, eighty canes, three hundred and twenty-two snuff-boxes, five hundred and twenty-eight suits of clothes, six hundred pairs of boots, eight hundred pairs of shoes, and cloth and galeon enough, in pieces, to clothe three cities.*

We proceeded to Leipzig, where I was desirous of visiting some learned Germans; but I found them so heavy and so dull that I repented having wished to see them. I was obliged, however, to endure the visits of most of these gentlemen, as soon as I had made myself known to a few of them; and every one thought himself obliged to come and make a heavy compliment to the restorer of the glory of Leibnitz, the sun of the university of Leipzig.

It was now in the month of March. It was excessively cold, and there was a heavy fall of snow; we were therefore obliged to stop three or four days at Wittemberg. I visited the tomb of Luther, who is buried under the pavement of a church in that town, without any other inscription than these two words:—"Martin Luther." Sir Christopher Wren, who built St. Paul's church in London, has contrived to appropriate to himself a much more magnificent monument, and at a trifling expense; for he has had inscribed upon his tomb, which I have seen in the vaults of that church, *Si queris monumentum, circumspice*.

CHAPTER XII.

Duchillou obtains an audience of the King of Prussia—Anecdotes relative to that court.

From Wittemberg we went to Potsdam, which is upon the road to Berlin. It is at Potsdam that the King of Prussia generally resides; and he was there at that time. We had given in our names at the gates of the city; but the king having perceived us, from the windows of the castle, alighting at the inn, sent a footman to enquire who we were. I gave him our names in writing: and we then went to see the lord mareschal, for whom we had letters; as well as for M. de Cat, secretary of the cabinet, and for Quintus Icilius, one of the king's friends. I had taken these precautions, in the idea that I should find some difficulty in being presented to the king; who frequently refuses to see foreigners, though of the highest rank, especially when he is at Potsdam. The lord mareschal wrote to procure us the honour of being presented, without however acquainting us with the success of the attempt. He talked to us of the frequent refusal of the king to see foreigners; and mentioned the answer of an Englishman on that subject, who had come to him one day, without any letter of recommendation, to ask him to present him to the King of Prussia. His lordship told him that it was not such an easy matter, and that many great noblemen had been refused. "Faith!" said the Englishman, "it is not that I care much about it; but as I have already seen five kings, I should have been glad to make up the half dozen."

The king sent an answer, saying, that he would see Lord Algernon Percy, without saying a word about me. I was not at all satisfied at seeing my attempt frustrated. I had a great curiosity to see the King of Prussia, and had proposed to pass through Berlin solely for that purpose. I applied to the Abbe Bastiani, who dined and supped every day with the king, and was considered as a sort of favourite: he made some attempts, but in vain. I then employed M. de Cat, who was not more fortunate. I went to see Quintus Icilius (of whom I shall say more hereafter); but he was in disgrace, and could not assist me: so that I almost despaired of success.

* There was also a room full of wigs, which occasioned the King of Prussia to exclaim, when he went in, "How many wigs for a man without a head?"

I had perceived, from the conversation of those who were well acquainted with the king, that praise was not displeasing to him; and as his extraordinary merit offered a vast field for my fancy, I resolved not to be sparing of my applause. He was fond of being thought a good architect, and had built a great deal at Potsdam and in its environs. I immediately wrote some verses, in which I extolled Potsdam to the skies. I compared the city to nothing less than ancient and modern Rome, and the king himself to the two Cæsars; to Julius as a great captain, and to Augustus as the builder of so many magnificent edifices. I had these verses lying upon my table, one day, when the Abbe Bastiani came to visit me: he saw them, thought well of them, and said he would show them to the king. The king was pleased with them. He asked some questions concerning me, and my friends took this opportunity of telling him that I had come to Potsdam on purpose to see him. He made no reply, and nobody dared to question him. The next day I went to see the new castle which he had built, at the distance of two leagues from Potsdam. The keeper gave me a book, in which, he said, those who came to the castle wrote their names, and that the king cast his eye over the book when he came to walk there. I wrote my name, and added an eulogium upon the architect: the king saw it two days after, and smiled.

At length, while I was at Berlin, where I had gone to spend a week, I received a letter from the Abbe Bastiani, informing me that the king had read the verses which I had addressed to him; and that it appeared to him, from the observations he had been able to make, that my flattery was delicate and pleasing. I returned to Potsdam; where I had scarcely arrived an hour, when I received a note from M. de Cat, secretary of the cabinet, informing me that the king would see me the next morning at eleven o'clock, and directing me to apply to the Baron de Coccei to present me. This was the very person whom I have already said that I saw at Turin disguised as a Saxon merchant. He waited upon me; and conducted me to the king, who was alone. I found his countenance dignified and noble, his eyes large, his look quick and piercing, his air engaging, and a great facility of expression. He asked me several questions relative to my travels, and the different courts I had visited; and he particularly enquired at what time I had been at Turin. I mentioned designedly the year when the Baron de Coccei was there. He immediately turned towards the baron; and seemed, by his manner of looking at him, to ask if I had been informed of the object of his mission (which I have mentioned in the second part). The baron bowed, in sign of the affirmative; upon which the king looked steadfastly at me, but in such a manner that I read in his eyes that he asked me the same question. To this I replied by a tacit "Yes, sire;" and this mute dialogue was so expressive that none of us mistook each other. The king went on more openly, asking me some questions relative to the subject; particularly about Lord Bute and Mr. Muckenzie, to whom he attributed in part the ill success of his negotiation. As he took leave of me, the king said, "I have only one friend in England, and that is Lord Chesterfield. I beg you will make my compliments to him."

I went to thank the Abbe Bastiani for the pains he had taken in facilitating my presentation; and upon that occasion the abbe said to me, "It seems to me that you know the king as well as we do, who have been so many years about him; there was nothing but the manner in which you have praised him, that could have procured you the honour of an audience."

The Abbe Bastiani was very polite and obliging. Knowing that the king was fond of praise, he had availed himself of it, and at that time stood better with him than any other person. He showed me several letters and epistles in verse which he had addressed to the king; and a large manuscript in reply to the *System of Nature*, in which that prince took the part of religion against the author of a system so contrary to the interest of the state. The abbe was canon of Breslaw. He was very desirous of being the bishop, and thought he had some reason to believe that he should obtain his desire: but the king contrived to amuse him with vain hopes; for he had twice appointed to that bishopric, since the abbe had paid his court to him. However, he did not despond, painful as was the part he had to perform at Potsdam. Perhaps the pliancy of his disposition rendered his task less difficult.

Quintus Icilius told me, that the king once consulted him upon a little treatise on morality for the young nobility, which he wished to have printed. He contented himself with saying, rather drily, that it was good. "The Abbe Bastiani is coming," said the king, "I want to know his opinion." "You will do very right, sire," "Do not you think him a good judge?" "Oh! very good." "And that he will give me his sincere opinion?" "I hope he will." The abbe came. "Bastiani," said the king, "here is a little work of mine, upon which I wish to consult you." "Sire, you overwhelm me with honour." "But I wish you to tell me your opinion freely." "I know that is the way to please your majesty." "It is a treatise upon morality, for the use of the young nobility." The king had scarcely read two lines, when the abbe exclaimed, that he had never heard any thing so fine. "Stop, then," said the king, "till I read farther on." "But, sire, this beginning alone is equal to the best treatise we have on the subject." The king went on: the abbe seemed as if he was in ecstasy; and exhibited such transports that the king was obliged to stop from time to time, to give free course to his praises. At last the reading was finished: the abbe fell on his knees before the king; and seizing his hands, which he kissed and bathed with his tears, "Sire," cried he, "allow me, in the name of all your subjects, to return you a thousand thanks for the good you have done to them and to their posterity, by giving them so divine a work!" The king had too much understanding not to perceive that the abbe had overshot his mark, and probably did not esteem him the more for it. Quintus himself bowing his head, and looking at the abbe, said within himself, "Ah! poor Quintus, thou art but a novice; there is thy master, and the master of all who wish to stand well with kings."

It is proper that I should inform my readers who this Quintus Icilius was. His father was a potter at Magdebourg, and was named Guischard. I do not know by what accident the king happened to see him, when he was only ten or twelve years old. He was pleased with his repartees, and thought he perceived in him the germ of future talents: he therefore sent him to study in Holland; and young Guischard profited so well by the lessons of his masters that he soon made a great proficiency. He applied himself particularly to the study of the classics, and to acquiring a knowledge of the tactics of the ancients: he even wrote a work upon that subject, which he dedicated to the King of Prussia; and as he appeared very fond of the Romans, the king, on the following occasion, gave him a Roman name. One day, when his majesty made a great promotion, he appointed, at his levee, all the officers who were present; and among others, he said that some battalions should be commanded by Quintus Icilius. Every body stared; and was anxious to know who this new colonel was, that they had never heard of before. The king, perceiving their embarrassment, told them that their curiosity should soon be satisfied. The troops were accordingly drawn up, the king directed every officer to place himself at his new post, and taking Guischard (who had never seen an engagement) by the hand, "Gentlemen," said he, "this is Quintus Icilius;" and he placed him at the head of three battalions, which he afterwards employed at Dresden and in the environs, and in operations in which there was not much fighting.

Quintus Icilius, for a long time, enjoyed the greatest favour with the king: he had talents and information; and though a pretty good courtier, he was not a servile flatterer. He fell in love with a young widow, who was very amiable and rich: she was fond of him, and they were engaged to be married. It was necessary, however, to obtain the consent of the king: who did not like his friends to marry, because he said that he could then no longer venture to trust them with his secrets; for fear of their communicating them to their wives, who would not fail to divulge them. Quintus made several attempts to obtain this permission from the king, but in vain. "Why do you wish to leave me, my dear Quintus?" said his majesty one day to him, embracing him: "you are of service to me, I am attached to you; and I foresee that, if you marry, we must separate." This refusal

*The king probably gave him this name of an ancient Roman who had commanded the tenth legion, because Quintus frequently spoke with enthusiasm of the tactics of the Romans.

vexed Quintus exceedingly. He scarcely ever spoke to the king. He continued to dine every day at his table, but always seemed in an ill humour. The king perceived it; was affronted, and resolved to be revenged, in a manner which he thought delicate.

At table he had a custom of jesting with his guests. The Marquis d'Argens, who dined every day with him, had been his butt for twenty years: but he had left Potsdam six months before, on a visit to his native country; so that poor Quintus, in his absence, was most commonly the subject of the king's jokes, and one day he resolved not to spare him. Seeing him, therefore, in an ill humour, "Quintus," said the king, "I am strongly tempted to write your life." "As you please, sire," answered the other: "I am not afraid of any thing." "That is as it may happen," said the king: "suppose, for example, I should begin with these words: 'There was one Guischard, the son of a potter of Magdebourg.'" "Well, sire, from the potter to the porcelain merchant there is only one step." Every body knows that the King of Prussia had established a manufactory of porcelain, which was sold for his advantage. The prince, a little offended, proceeded: "It happened that this Guischard had the honour of being admitted to a familiar intercourse with the king, wholly unworthy of it as he was." "So much the worse, sire, for the king who admitted him to it." All the guests were astonished at the boldness of Quintus. "Furthermore," continued the king, "though he had never seen an engagement, he had the command of three battalions; with which he did not engage the enemy, but pillaged and robbed." "Oh! as for that, sire, you know that we divided the spoils between us." He alluded chiefly to the affair of Count de Bruhl. The king understood him, but every body else was ignorant of his meaning. The king knit his brows, and every one present was embarrassed. At last, after some sharp sallies, followed by repartees as keen, the king concluded by saying: "Well, Quintus, what do you say? am I not a good historian?" "Faith, sire, if I must tell you frankly, kings are generally but indifferent authors: they would do much better to occupy themselves with the government of their states, and leave literature alone; for it is very rare that they succeed in it." At these last words all the company cast their eyes down upon their plates, and did not venture to look at the king. They expected, every moment, to see Quintus thrown out at the window: the king, however, subdued the anger which he really felt. This was at the conclusion of the repast. The company rose from the table, and went into an adjoining room to take coffee; with the exception of Quintus Icilius, who retired to his apartment. The king, not seeing him, asked, "Where is Quintus Icilius? Does not he come to take coffee?" They answered that he had retired. "What!" said he, "is he affronted? Let some one go to look for him, and let every thing be forgotten." They went to Quintus, but he refused to come. The king sent the Abbe Bastiani, to tell him that he positively insisted upon seeing him. He still refused: "Tell the king," said he, "that if he wishes to have buffoons at his table, he should pay them better." (The king allowed him a pension of two hundred guineas.) The Abbe Bastiani entreated him to reflect upon the consequences of such an answer; but he persisted in it, and would send no other: and the abbe, though he was his friend, was obliged to convey it to the king; who only laughed at it, saying, "He will be in a better humour to-morrow." The next day, at four o'clock in the morning, Quintus Icilius left the palace of Sans Souci, and went to Potsdam. The king, being informed of the circumstance when he arose, was really offended: however, he did not suffer his vexation to appear.

Some time having elapsed, Quintus wrote to the king to beg that he would allow him to marry. He did not return any answer. Quintus sent another letter, which was equally ineffectual. He wrote six letters without the king's deigning to take any notice of them. At last, in reply to the seventh, the king wrote to him: "Quintus, you have offended me exceedingly; however, if you will renounce marriage, I pardon you, and restore you to my favour." To this letter Quintus replied—"Sire, I ask no other favour from your majesty, than permission to marry." The king granted him permission, but would never see him again.

It was a short time after this event that I arrived at Potsdam. I dined at the house of Quintus Icilius with

his lady, who appeared to be very amiable. He himself related to me most of the above circumstances, which were afterwards confirmed by the lord marshal and the Abbe Bastiani. He told me, that he had also solicited permission to retire to the estates of his wife; but that the king would never suffer him to leave Potsdam—so that he was, in fact, a prisoner in that city. I learnt, three years after, that he had been restored to the king's favour; but without enjoying the same confidence which he had formerly possessed. He died some years after this, and the king appeared greatly affected at his loss. He said to one of his generals—"See how my friends leave me: the time approaches, when you and I shall follow their example; you will leave me, or I shall leave you. He wrote to the widow of Quintus, to console her: he made her a present of three thousand crowns, secured to her a pension of twelve hundred, took upon himself the education of her children, and purchased the library and cabinet of medals belonging to her late husband, for which he paid her the full value.

CHAPTER XIII.

The lord marechal—Count Hozitz—Baron de Polnitz.

We dined almost every day with the lord marshal, who was then eighty-five years old—and was still as vigorous as ever, both in body and mind. The king had given him a house adjoining the garden of Sans Souci, and frequently went thither to see him: he had excused himself from dining with him, having found that his health would not allow him to sit long at table; and he was, of all those who had enjoyed the favour of the king, the only one who could truly be called his friend, and who was sincerely attached to his person. The king, who was alive to friendship, had remarked in his lordship this disposition towards him; and had set so much value upon it, that there never was any person for whom he showed so much regard, deference, and friendship. Of course every body paid court to him: he was called the king's friend, and he was the only one who had merited that title; for he had always stood well with him, without having flattered him.

One day, when we were dining with his lordship, he received a visit from a great Silesian nobleman, Count Hozitz—who had entertained the king, when he passed through Silesia, on his way to see the emperor. He had received him in a most extraordinary manner; much in the same style as, we are told, the ancient knights were received by the fairies of romance. In a walk which he took with the king in his park, fauns and dryads were seen coming out of the wood, who amused him by their dances and their sports; and when he wished to dine, a table, completely furnished, arose out of the earth. Nymphs did the honours of the wood, and fauns waited at table. When he left him, the king said: "Count Hozitz, I hope you will come to see me at Potsdam. I cannot receive you so elegantly as you have received me, but I will do my best." He was a man of great understanding—frank, cheerful, and always saying the most agreeable things to the king. He had a considerable estate in Silesia, which divided the possessions of the emperor and the King of Prussia, and which was independent of both. One day, when the king was showing him the improvements he had made at Sans Souci, he said to him—"You see that piece of land: it belonged to my gardens; but to make the form of them more regular, I have drawn a straight line, and have given to my neighbour all that is outside of the line. I have made a road, leading to his house, which has cost him nothing; and I am now going to build him a wall at my own expense." "Ah! sire," said the count, "I see it is a good thing for a subject to be your neighbour."

It cannot be said that there was a court at Potsdam. The king was served only by his officers and his soldiers: his *aides-de-camp* were his gentlemen of the chamber, and grenadiers his *valets-de-chambre*. There was one of these latter in whom he placed the utmost confidence. He had given him a palace, which he had built upon the plan of Whitehall, at London: yet, as this man's duty kept him always about the king, he did not lodge in it; but kept a low woman there, to whom he was attached—and who was lodged like a queen, while he slept in a loft at the side of the king's chamber. The same grenadier held the privy-purse of the king, and kept a secretary for that department; and, as he ac-

companied the king in all his travels, his place was upon the coach-box, and his secretary followed in a chaise.

The King of Prussia amused himself with imitating the famous edifices of antiquity. At Potsdam are seen the Pantheon, the Coliseum, the Basilick of Antoninus, and the temple of Tivoli: upon a less scale, it is true, but large enough to give a very good idea of them. He has also built some churches. There was one, the front of which did not please him: he rebuilt it more to his taste—but this front admitted too little light into the church, and the rector and his parishioners made representations to him upon the subject, but to no purpose. He also erected a very handsome building for a town-hall. The mayor of Potsdam thinking himself a great man, and sometimes amusing the king by his importance, his majesty placed his statue on the top of the building, as Atlas supporting the globe; and the mayor, who did not perceive the king's satire, came to thank him for the honour he had done to him.

We visited Berlin, where we remained eight days. I found it one of the handsomest cities in Europe, and greatly embellished by the edifices which the king had built there. The arsenal and the opera-house particularly are in the best style of architecture. The opera-house is dedicated to Apollo, by this inscription: *Divo Apollini*. In the evening we were presented to the Queen of Prussia, Prince Henry, and all the royal family. It was proposed to play at cards; but I preferred observing the manners of the court, which was not very brilliant. I was surprised at seeing old Baron de Polnitz there, whose letters and memoirs I had read thirty years before: he was first chamberlain to the queen. I conversed some time with him, and he appeared to be a man of great wit and politeness. He died the year following.

I also found there, M. de la Grange, who was very well satisfied with his situation. He was enabled to devote his whole time to mathematics and algebra; and enjoyed a liberty which he had not at Turin—that of avowing his sentiments upon religion, which he treated altogether as a fable. This was a frequent subject of dispute with us at Turin; for there are no greater polemics than the infidels. I asked him how matters of religion went on at Berlin, and whether he had the pleasure of disputing now and then upon the subject. He answered, that it was a point of so much indifference in that country, that nobody ever thought of making it the topic of conversation. He introduced me to the most remarkable literary men of Berlin; and among others, to M. Formey, who was always writing, or rather compiling, for the booksellers. He told me very honestly, that he worked so many hours a day; and that when he had gained his ducat, he left off work.

Our design was to go to Petersburg by way of Warsaw; but we found so much difficulty in crossing Poland, on account of the different detachments of confederates who possessed all the roads, that I did not dare to risk undertaking the journey. Besides, the Duchess of Northumberland wrote to me that she was coming into Germany; and was very desirous that I should appoint some place of meeting, where she might see her son. I sent her word, that we should be at Cologne on the 26th of April; and I took measures for arriving there exactly on that day.

We set out for Brunswick on the 13th of April, 1771; and we found that Gustavus III., king of Sweden, had just arrived there. The Duke of Brunswick, who had married his aunt, the sister of the King of Prussia, was wholly occupied in preparing for his reception. This prince was returning in haste from Paris, where he had received the unexpected news of the death of his father. Though it might have been supposed that that event would have induced him to quit the court of France immediately, he, on the contrary, prolonged his stay there a month; and employed that time in forming a treaty of alliance and subsidy with the court of Versailles, and in preparing the revolution which he afterwards so happily accomplished in his kingdom. The conversations which he had at Paris, and the intrigues of the French ambassador at Stockholm, were not unserviceable to his design.

CHAPTER XIV.

Brunswick—King of Sweden: character of that prince—History of Baron Trenck.

I had a letter of recommendation for M. de Feronce—a man of great talents, and high in favour with the he-

reditary Prince of Brunswick. I had scarcely sent him my letter, when he wrote to me, that if we chose to go to court, he would present us immediately, without loss of time. He introduced us to the Duke of Brunswick, the hereditary prince, and the hereditary princess, who was sister to the King of England. We were invited to dine at the table of the Duke of Brunswick, in company with the King of Sweden—so that within two hours after our arrival, we were actually dining at court. I do not know such another instance of expedition. After dinner, I had the honour of being presented to the King of Sweden as a man who had seen the principal courts of Europe. The King asked me many questions relative to the characters of the different princes to whom I had had the honour of being introduced; and when related to him some instances of the despotic power of the King of Naples, or the King of Sardinia, he always interrupted me, saying, "We kings of the north, or rather we republican kings, could not have dared to act in that manner." It seemed to me, however, from all the sentiments which he discovered, that he had already meditated upon the design of imitating them. He appeared to possess the love of glory, and to be desirous of meriting it by governing his people with wisdom. He paid great attention to what I told him of the affability of the King of Sardinia towards all those who desired an audience of him—and of the regular hours which he had devoted to that purpose, morning and evening, for thirty years; when he received every body, without distinction, in his cabinet, from the lord to the peasant—by which he had gained the confidence and love of his subjects of every degree. This circumstance seemed to make an impression upon the King of Sweden. I remarked it at the time: and I know further, that six months afterwards he established this custom at his own court; and that it was one of the means, and not the least effectual, which he employed for gaining the hearts of his people, and disposing them to see with pleasure the astonishing change which he effected in Sweden. Historians have given the details of that revolution: I will, however, mention the principal events.

The senate of Sweden had seized into their own hands the power of the government; and had so limited that of the king, that he not only could not act as a sovereign, but was in a situation not very different from that of honourable imprisonment. They had carried their audacity to such a height as to require that he should even open his letters in presence of some of their body. Driven to extremities by these vexations, insupportable for a prince who had so much elevation of mind, the king began to take measures accordingly. He succeeded in obtaining for his brothers the command of the two strongest places of the kingdom; and agreed with them, that they should gain over the troops, and render themselves masters of them. In this they were successful. As soon as this news was received at Stockholm, the senate assembled; but while they were deliberating upon what was necessary to be done, and some were even proposing to arrest the king, he instantly began his operations. He went to the regiment of guards: and after representing to them in a few words, but in the strongest and most affecting manner, the cruel situation in which he had been placed by the tyranny of the senate, which also extended to the rest of his subjects, he asked them if they would assist him in the just design he had formed of restoring order and justice in the government; and concluded by calling upon those who loved him to declare in his favour. A silence, terrible to a prince in that situation, for a moment reigned among the officers of the regiment; and he has since declared to some of his friends, that that instant of silence appeared an age to him. He repeated the same proposal a second time; when an officer, coming out from the regiment, fell on his knee, and was quickly followed by others. The first use the king made of the favourable moment of zeal which they showed for him, was to surround the senate which was then assembled, and to arrest every member. He afterwards easily prevailed upon the other troops which were in the city and its environs to declare for him; and in a few days placed the government upon so different a basis, that the power was almost wholly in his own person; and his authority is since as extensive and as well established as that of almost any other prince in Europe. He shortly afterwards wrote to the Countess de Bouffiers, for whom he justly entertained the highest esteem, informing her of the particulars of this revolu-

I have seen the letter, as well as several others which he wrote to that lady, with whom he had many conversations concerning the affairs of his kingdom. They were all extremely well written; and breathed nothing but that spirit of justice, courage, and goodness, which characterised this monarch. I consider the honour I had of being in his company during his stay at Brunswick, as one of the most flattering events of my life.

It was usual at that time to go to court at noon, and at one o'clock we sat down to dinner. The duke's table consisted of forty covers; and in an adjoining hall was another of sixty covers, of which the grand marshal did the honours. After dinner we conversed, or sometimes walked; and at night either played or resumed conversation: and I had thus an opportunity of making these observations upon the character of the King of Sweden. I will now return to the court of Brunswick.

The Duke of Brunswick had an amiable simplicity of manners, and was by no means deficient in either wit or information. In his youth he had received lessons from the celebrated Leibnitz. He loved parade, and was as fond of play; and these two passions had so deranged his finances, that the states of Brunswick had already paid his debts twice, and were now upon the point of doing so a third time.

The Duchess of Brunswick was quite proud of being the sister of so great a man as the King of Prussia; and imagined herself to derive, from that circumstance, a superior mind and profound policy. The hereditary princess saw that the duchess had not spoken to me. "Leave it to me," said she, one day; "you will see that she will take notice of you after dinner; but have all your wits about you, for you will have enough to do to answer her." In fact, while we were taking coffee, the Duchess of Brunswick approached me, and entered into conversation with me about her brother; about the manner in which I had praised him, and the circumstances which had attended my being presented to him: and then all at once turning to a different subject, she asked me what I thought of the *Monades* of Leibnitz. Learned as I had been told she was, I did not expect to have seen her take so high a flight; but I was not disconcerted by the question. I told her that I had found that the *Monades* of Leibnitz bore a great affinity with the numbers of Pythagoras. I developed my idea, and explained how both philosophers had given different names to things to which they attributed the same properties. My proposition appeared to her both ingenious and new; and whether she understood me or not, she at least appeared to do so, and afterwards spoke continually of the depth of my learning.

Cards were introduced every night after supper, at the Duchess of Brunswick's, who did me the honour to propose to me to join the party of the king of Sweden at *vingt-un*. But as I judged that my purse was not well enough furnished to play with a king who had just received six millions in France, I begged leave to be excused: and was fully recompensed for the loss of that honour, by a conversation of three hours, upon interesting subjects, with the hereditary prince; whose affable and polite manners, and whose highly penetrating and enlightened mind rendered him one of the most amiable princes of Europe. It was thought, at that time, that he did not live upon good terms with the hereditary princess, but a circumstance now proved to me the contrary; for when I went to pay my respects to her the next morning, she told me that I had made her lose two hours' sleep the night before; as the prince would not let her close her eyes till he had related to her, word for word, the conversation he had had with me. I had thus every reason to be flattered with the gracious reception I met with at Brunswick, particularly on the part of the hereditary prince and princess; and in a letter which M. Feronce wrote to me after my departure, their highnesses did me the honour to desire him to let me know that they would be happy if I would return to make a longer stay at their court.

We reached Cologne on the 26th of April; the Duchess of Northumberland arrived there an hour before us, so well had we taken our measures on both sides. The duchess thought her son much improved, and did me the honour to attribute all the merit to me. She gave me a letter from the Duke of Northumberland, who testified the utmost regret at the disappointment I had met with on his account: as the duke had lately joined the party in opposition; and exactly at that time the

benefice of a thousand pounds a year, which the king had promised me, became vacant. As I was attached to the duke, the minister imagined that the surest method of vexing him was, not only to disappoint me of the benefice, but to give it to a man who had rendered himself obnoxious to the duke by having written against him. The Duke of Northumberland was fully sensible that my connection with his family had subjected me to this loss: he therefore assured me in his letter that he should not be easy till he had repaired the injury I had sustained; and that the first use he should make of his influence, if he regained it, would be in my favour. The duchess gave me the same assurances; but so far from having the least regret on that account, I employed all my reasoning to persuade them that I was more vexed at seeing my hopes frustrated, through the part which they had taken in the affair, than from any thing I should have felt upon my own account.

We accompanied the Duchess of Northumberland to Aix-la-Chapelle, where we remained some days to see the curiosities of that city, formerly the favourite residence of the Emperor Charlemagne: but of all the objects that I saw there, none attracted my attention so much as an Austrian officer with whom I became acquainted.

This officer was called the Baron de Trenck. At the time of the first war between the King of Prussia and the house of Austria, being young and enterprising, he offered himself, with a small band of determined men, to carry off the King of Prussia, when he went out from his camp to reconnoitre the position of the Austrians. In fact, he did attempt the enterprise, but succeeded so ill that he was taken prisoner himself, and condemned to perpetual confinement in the castle of Magdebourg. The treatment he received was equally singular and cruel. He was chained, standing against the wall, so that for several years he could neither sit nor lie down. His guards had orders not to let him sleep more than a certain time; very short, but long enough to prevent his strength from being entirely exhausted. He remained four or five years in this dreadful situation; after which, there being reason to fear that he could not live long in that state, he was chained in such a manner that he might sit down, which appeared to him to be a great alleviation of his sufferings. He told me himself, that after having suffered severe illness during the first years of his imprisonment, his constitution, which was strong and robust, was so unbroken that he recovered his health; and, though he received no other sustenance than bread and water, yet he was remarkably well, and resumed his former gaiety. In this state of mind he found means to soothe the tedium of so long an imprisonment, by making verses, which he set to music as well as he could, and sung for half the day. As he had nothing worse to dread, the King of Prussia was frequently the subject of his songs, and was not spared in them. He also had recourse to the power of his imagination, to soothe the horrors of his situation; and the whole time that he did not spend in singing, was passed in turning his ideas to all the agreeable conditions which it was possible for him to conceive. He was almost brought to consider these wanderings of his imagination as realities, and to regard his misfortunes as mere dreams. At last the empress queen, who for a long time had believed that he was dead, being informed of his miserable existence, solicited his liberty from the King of Prussia with so much earnestness that she obtained his release. I saw him at Aix-la-Chapelle, enjoying very good health, having married a handsome woman, the daughter of one of the principal inhabitants of that imperial city, to which he had retired, that he might not be exposed to the power of any arbitrary government. He has published several German works, some of which are the fruits of the reflections he made during the time of his imprisonment; some poetry against the King of Prussia; and some details relative to the manner in which he passed his time at Magdebourg. He gave them to me himself; and though his works had no great merit in the style, yet the singularity of his thoughts, and the extraordinary fate of the author, rendered them interesting. What astonished me most in him was the force of mind, the courage, and the constancy which had supported him in a situation in which there was no hope of his seeing better days. He appeared now to have forgotten the whole; or recalled the remembrance of his past sufferings, only that he might the better enjoy the

happiness of his present condition. He was very gay; and there were even moments when one might have supposed, without doing him great injustice, that his reason had been in some degree affected by his long confinement: but it was only surprising that this did not appear in a more eminent degree.*

We determined to visit Holland during the *kermes*, or fair, which is held at the Hague in the month of May, and which lasts six weeks. That season is the most brilliant at court, and it is also the most favourable for the country. The fields are delightful. I was then witness to a circumstance I could not otherwise have believed, respecting the price of flowers in Holland; I saw four hundred and seventy-five guineas offered and refused for a hyacinth. It was, to be sure, the most charming flower that ever was seen: it belonged to a florist of Haarlem, and another florist offered this price for it. The reason which the owner of it gave for refusing the offer was, that his hyacinth was known to all the amateurs of Europe, and that he sold the bulbs every year for more than the interest of five hundred guineas. These bulbs produced the same sort of flower, in all its beauty.

The court of the Prince and Princess of Orange appeared very agreeable and gay, though it was graced by few handsome women. The Dutch, in general, have bad teeth; whether from the effect of the climate, or from the little care they take of them, I cannot tell. It is no uncommon thing to see young people of twenty-five, who have lost half their set of teeth; and others who have none at all. We were presented at court. Every morning there was a public breakfast, at which the Prince and Princess of Orange were present; and at night there was either a ball or a play.

We visited the whole of Holland, Flanders, and Brabant, and returned to London with the Duchess of Northumberland.

At my arrival, the duke expressed the same satisfaction that the duchess had done respecting his son; and the same regret as he expressed in his letter, relative to the disappointment of which he had been the cause, and by which I lost a thousand pounds a year. Some days after, he renewed his promises of embracing the first opportunity of making me amends; and concluded the compliment by giving me a draft for a thousand pounds sterling upon his banker. Five years afterwards he was reconciled with the court: I waited ten years, continuing to live with him as usual; and nothing was ever said of either recompense or indemnity.

PART IV.

CHAPTER I.

Journey to Spa and Paris—Characters of the Mesdames de Boufflers—Stay at Paris.

The Duke of Northumberland took me to pass part of the summer with him and the duchess at their estate in Northumberland, where he had immense possessions. A third of that county belongs to him; and if his other estates in Yorkshire and Middlesex are taken into the calculation, it may be said that he possesses more than a hundredth part of all the lands in the kingdom. Alnwick Castle, which he has completely rebuilt, is a vast and magnificent edifice, richly furnished, where he lives in all the splendour of a sovereign. As I was not displeased with pomp and grandeur, and was treated as a favourite in the house, I gave myself up to this family with all the attachment which the most decided fondness could inspire. The duchess wished to make a tour through Scotland: I accompanied her thither; and left her only to pay a visit to my worthy benefactor, Mr. Mackenzie, who received me with open arms. I then returned to London. The Duchess of Northumberland was extremely desirous to persuade the duke to attend her to Spa, and could prevail upon him in no other way than by inducing me to offer myself as their companion. I concurred in the project; my offers decided him, and we set out the following summer to pass the season in that charming place.

Spa is, without exception, the most agreeable resort

* Poor Trenck, wishing to take a part in the French revolution, went to Paris in the year 1793, and was guillotined on the 25th of July, 1794, two days before the execution of Robespierre.

of the best company in Europe: it is frequented as well for amusement as for health; and as every thing is extremely dear during the season, scarcely any body is to be seen there except those who can support the requisite expense, which is very considerable, and of course prevents many people of limited fortunes from going thither. Several persons of the highest rank in Europe were there at that time; and amongst the most distinguished were the Princess Esterhazy of Vienna; the Princess Poniatowski, sister-in-law to the King of Poland; Lady Spenser and her daughter, (since the Duchess of Devonshire); the Countess of Egmont, daughter of the Marechal de Richelieu, and the Countess de Boufflers, whom I was delighted to meet.

She had come to Spa for the benefit of the health of her daughter-in-law, the Countess Amelia de Boufflers, who had married her son. I do not think that nature ever produced a more singular compound than this young lady: she had a most elegant figure, agreeable features, a beautiful complexion, and an infantine, soft, and ingenuous air, under which was hidden the best disguised cunning. She was equally artless, and full of stratagem; she possessed natural wit, which was aided by a happy and wholly original mode of expression, and a subtlety of reasoning which would confound the most experienced logician. Her voice was charming; she sung with great taste, and played upon the harp with exquisite grace. She seemed to be passionately fond of her mother-in-law, and yet caused her the most lively sorrow. The queen once asked her which she loved most, her mother or her mother-in-law: for some time she refused to answer; but at last, being pressed to tell which she would go to save if she saw them drowning, she said, "I would go to save my mother, and to be drowned with my mother-in-law."—Speaking one day of her husband, in no very respectful terms, before the Countess de Boufflers, the latter asked her if she had forgotten that she was talking of her son. "Ah!" replied the Countess Amelia, quickly, "I always think that he is only your son-in-law."

I had the happiness of pleasing the Countess Amelia by my conversation the first time I saw her; and this delighted the Countess de Boufflers, because it gave me an opportunity of being always with her. At six o'clock in the morning I went to drink the waters with these ladies; I attended them in their walks; I escorted them to the assembly; and if they remained at home, I kept them company.

The stay which I made at Spa increased the partiality which I had before entertained for the Countess de Boufflers. She gave me many proofs of her kindness; and invited me to come and see her at Paris, and to take up my residence in her house. I promised that I would. I continued, however, some time longer with the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland: I went with them to Paris; and when they returned to England, took leave of them; and resolved to remain with the Countess de Boufflers, whose acquaintance and friendship afforded me an opportunity I had long desired, of mixing with the fashionable society of France, to which I was almost wholly a stranger. I shall pass over in silence a short visit I made to London, which presents nothing remarkable to my memory, to come to the long stay I afterwards made in France with Madame de Boufflers and her friends.

The fashionable world at Paris is divided into two classes; the first of which is formed of the nobility, and the second is composed of farmers-general† and lawyers. Those of the second class who are eminent for their great riches or distinguished merit, are admitted into some particular circles of the first class, and consider this as a great honour. They take the utmost pains to render themselves worthy of it, (particularly the financiers,) by keeping open house for such of the nobility as choose to favour them with their company; and these latter make pretty free use of this disposition. Amongst others, there were two houses at Paris upon that footing; that of M. de Traidane and that of M. de la Reyniere. Nobody can imagine the trouble and the money which it cost them to induce people of rank to come and sup at their houses: and when any lady of

high fashion descended to say she might go to such a day, it is wonderful what pains they would take to procure such company as would be agreeable to her; and how delighted they would be if she invited half a dozen of her friends to be of the party. The recompense they received was, to hear that such a duke or duchess had highly extolled the elegance of their table; but if they were ever admitted into the houses of these very people of quality who had been so well received by them, they found their treatment quite different, particularly if any other company were there to whom they were not known. They were then received with an air so uncourteous and so humiliating, that they seemed to feel that they were out of their proper sphere, and were glad to get away without experiencing contempt. I was a spectator of this farce three winters, which I passed in various classes of society at Paris; and was not a little amused by the insolence of the one, and the absurdity of the other.

The court, and the houses of the princes of the blood in town, are the sources where what is called the true ton of elegant company may be learned, and where the fashions originate. When I was in Paris, the Palais Royal and the Hotel de Bourbon were the most refined and the most frequented sources of fashion. Those ladies and gentlemen who wished to preserve the reputation of leaders of the mode, were obliged to pay their court at these places to sanction their caprices: thence every new and whimsical fashion sprang, which extended in proportion to the degree of influence possessed by the inventress or the inventor; and happy was she or he, whose superior genius had given birth to one which was generally adopted before it was succeeded by another. The great point on these occasions was to strike, to take by surprise, the attention of the public. I recollect an occurrence of this nature, which almost occasioned the death of two young ladies by vexation: it was at the time when high head-dresses and large feathers were worn.

The Duchess de F—— and the Viscountess de L—— were, of all the young ladies of the court, those whose imagination was the most fertile in the invention of new fashions, and whose figures were best adapted for displaying them to advantage. One day the Duke de Chartres and the Duke de Lauzun, having seen the carriage of those ladies at a milliner's door, waited in the neighbourhood till they went away: when they entered the house, and succeeded so well, by persuasions and presents, that they prevailed upon the milliner to tell them the object of the ladies' visit; and learning that they intended to bring out a new head-dress the next day at the opera, which could not fail of producing a wonderful effect, they ordered two others to be made exactly similar, for which it may be readily supposed they paid very handsomely. The box immediately facing that in which these ladies were to sit, was taken for the purpose; and two women of the town were hired to appear in it exactly at the same moment when the ladies entered theirs. What was their astonishment when, instead of attracting the entire attention of the public, they saw all eyes fixed alternately upon the two sides of the house; and perceived opposite to them the counterpart of their head-dress, which excited the laughter and the insulting clamours of the whole company! They were unable to endure the mortification, and withdrew in a great rage. They soon, however, consoled themselves with other inventions, and used greater precaution, but still they were watched by spies. The vigilance of their tormentors, and the treachery of their friends, produced in a short time a second scene similar to the first. I leave the reader to judge of the state of these persecuted belles, whose vexation may be more easily conceived than described.

One word more upon fashion. I was once at the house of the lady of the Marechal de Luxembourg, at Montmorency—where all the most elegant men, and the most beautiful women, that the court or the town could supply, were then present. In France the company seldom meet, in the country, before the evening: some rise late—some do not dine, or dine privately in their apartments; but at night all are full-dressed, and make their appearance in the hall, where the whole company assembles. The invention of the hostess had been for some time busied in preparations, and that day was the precise period when the grand effect of her labours was to be produced. I must confess that I never saw any

spectacle more varied, charming, and delightful: it seemed to me that I was in a palace of fairies. There were a dozen figures, each of which might have deranged the ideas of the most frigid philosopher: there were also several tables for cards; but the chief occupation was, making an exact inspection of every part of each other's dress, which employed the company until the night was very far advanced.

It has been said, that the reign of women is at Paris; and the remark is just enough, if it be confined to the court and nobility; for it is in that class particularly that their influence upon the mind is the most striking. They express themselves, in general, with grace and with elegance; and having more leisure than men, they occupy themselves forming intrigues at court, with patronising some favourite, propagating new opinions, conducting a law-suit, or supporting a piece at the theatre. They engage in these things with more zeal and assiduity than men commonly do; and though they may be divided among themselves upon some private quarrel, yet when the general interest of the sex is concerned, they unite in its behalf with an enthusiasm of which men are not capable. This is the case especially when a husband, according to their opinion, does not act as he ought towards his wife; that is, when he does not pay her debts without murmuring—when he is dissatisfied at being ruined by her extravagances—or when he presumes to object to visits which she chooses to receive. I knew a lady whose husband took it into his head to go into his wife's apartment at three o'clock in the morning. He found the lady's lover there, and complained of it. She demanded a separation, and obtained it—while the husband was condemned and driven from society. One day, when I was asking some questions on the subject, of some ladies of her acquaintance, they told me that it was true that the affair had happened as was stated; but that the husband was a brute, who knew nothing of the world, and that he had been hooted out of all company.

I also knew a handsome young woman, the Princess de * * *, who never allowed her husband to come into her apartment. A lady of her acquaintance represented to her the necessity of having children to keep up so illustrious a race: but she never made any other answer than, "Oh! for shame, madam, for shame!" And if the other still insisted, continued, "Oh! don't talk in that way, madam; I declare that such language is quite astonishing." If her friend attempted to say any thing more, she was always interrupted, with, "Oh! for shame, madam, for shame!" and could never obtain any other answer.

The influence of women upon society has always been very powerful in France. A small number of them have given the first impulse—which, extending itself, has formed the public opinion. The manners which I am going to depict, were like principles from which nobody dared deviate, through a dread of ridicule. When we reflect that such was the fact, we must not contemplate the disorders which have taken place in that country with astonishment.

CHAPTER II.

Continuation of the same subject—Character of the Prince de Conti.

Among those ladies of the court who were distinguished for their wit and beauty, the Countess de Boufflers was certainly the most celebrated. No person had so many friends and so few enemies: she united all the gifts of nature and a cultivated mind, with an amiable simplicity of manner, a winning grace, a goodness of heart, and a sensibility which always made her neglect her own concerns to interest herself in the happiness or misfortunes of those who surrounded her. I cannot make my reader better acquainted with her, than by copying her character as it was drawn by a man to whom she had rendered the important service of releasing him from a convent and his vows of celibacy. He dedicated a work to her, without putting her name to the dedication, as she would not permit it. The delicacy and wit which adorn this fragment are well worthy of the subject upon which he treated. He expresses himself thus: "I dedicate this work to her, to whom I owe the most precious blessing of life, to whom you know how to enjoy it. Distinguished by rank and birth, she is infinitely more so by the elevation and the delicacy of her sentiments, the brilliancy of her genius, the extent of her

* This was written in 1777.

† Persons who farmed the produce of particular taxes, and of course had the charge of collecting them as profitably as they could for themselves.

knowledge, the penetration of her mind, the justice and vigour of her judgment, the purity and beauty of her language, and the justness and elegance of her taste. Without desiring it, she is considered at court, by the town, in foreign countries, and in the republic of letters, as one of the first women of her nation and of the age. Besides the claim which she has upon my admiration and my gratitude, she has a particular one upon this agreeable labour,* undertaken under her auspices. I do homage to her for it in silence, because I am not allowed to do so publicly: those who have experienced the sweet transport which the recollection of a great benefit excites upon such an occasion, will not condemn my heart for seeking to relieve itself when it cannot be satisfied; nor will they be surprised to see me add, that notwithstanding my regret at being obliged to be silent respecting the illustrious object, of feelings so proper, so natural, and which only require utterance, I sometimes console myself by the hope that she will be known without my running the risk of being so unfortunate as to displease her."

The author of this dedication was a monk, whom the Countess de Boufflers had met in the garden of a convent which she happened to visit. He availed himself of the opportunity to interest her by the recital of his misfortunes, and of the disgust he had conceived towards his profession. She obtained his release from his vows, took charge of his future fortune, and rendered him the happiest of men by so unexpected a change in his condition.

Madame de Boufflers, upon her entrance into the world, was lady of the bedchamber to the Duchess of Orleans, sister of the Prince de Conti; and that connection was the origin of the attachment which was afterwards formed between her and this prince. She had not merely captivated his heart by the graces of her person and the charms of her figure, but had also subdued his mind by the beauties of her own, and by the advantage which he derived from her counsel and her conversation. Thus, when the Count de Boufflers died, every one expected that the Prince de Conti would have married his widow. Such a measure was in contemplation for some time; and I have reason to believe that, if that lady had insisted upon it, the prince would have done so. But, though the marriage never took place, their connection continued until the death of the prince.

The Prince de Conti was one of the most amiable and of the greatest men of his age: his figure was perfectly handsome—his air noble and majestic—his features fine and regular—his countenance agreeable and intelligent, and his aspect bold or gentle, as occasion required. He spoke well, with a manly and spirited eloquence, and expressed himself on all subjects with great warmth and energy. His dignity of mind, the firmness of his character, his courage, and his abilities, were so well known throughout all Europe that it is unnecessary for me to speak of them. His hours of familiarity with those he loved were marked by simplicity; but it was the simplicity of genius. In company, he was the first to banish all constraint: he was so incommoded by it himself that he frequently showed his impatience of it. I recollect that during the early part of the time I had the honour of being admitted to his society, I once happened to be seated, when the Prince de Conti, who was walking about the room, came up to speak to me. I rose immediately to hear what he had to say, and he repeatedly made a sign for me to sit down again: at last, vexed to see that I did not comply with his wishes, he said to me in a half angry tone—"Pray, sir, do not give me so much trouble." He made no distinction of rank in company, yet he fulfilled the duties of politeness himself with more exactness than any one. If any of his friends were confined by sickness, he did not fail to visit them regularly. I saw him go every day, for six weeks, to M. de Pontével; and he did not discontinue his visits until the last moment. As he supped three or four times a week with the Countess de Boufflers, and as I resided in her house, if he did not see me at supper, he sent to enquire after me; and if I was indisposed in my apartment he sometimes came himself.

The Prince de Conti had long enjoyed the confidence of Louis XV., who consulted him upon all the most important affairs of state. It frequently happened that, by

* This was the translation of an English work, the title of which I have forgotten.

his advice, the king had secret ministers at foreign courts, who, without the knowledge of the ambassadors, corresponded directly with him. Such was the Chevalier d'Eon, at the court of Russia—who, upon the recommendation of the Prince de Conti (to whom her sex was not then known), was sent to Petersburg—where she had the address to introduce herself to the Empress Elizabeth in female attire, and, in fifteen days concluded an affair which the ambassador had been for a long time carrying on. It was the Prince de Conti also who recommended M. de Vergennes to Louis XV., as a man extremely well qualified to serve him at foreign courts. He was in Sweden at the period of the revolution, and was in fact one of the instruments of that change of government. Having been previously sent to Constantinople, he had excited the Ottoman Porte against Russia, to promote the interests of France in the war which produced the election of the King of Poland.

The Prince de Conti had given brilliant proofs of his courage, in the campaign which he made in Piedmont, where he gained the battle of Coni, in 1774. He had afterwards the command of an army in Flanders—and he also took Charleroi. It is true, the capture of that place did not cost much blood. He related to me the following anecdote upon this subject. The siege having continued a longer time than was expected, the prince was so much afraid of being obliged to raise it that he began to think of some means of inducing the governor to surrender the place. Fifty thousand crowns were promised to an old valet-de-chambre of the governor, who had commanded at Charleroi during thirty years, if he could prevail upon his master to give it up. The valet, who had great influence over him, was constantly representing to him that he could not hold out long; and that in surrendering he would have the honour of capitulating to a French prince of the blood: he mentioned also several other plausible reasons, which the wish of possessing the fifty thousand crowns had suggested to him. "But," replied the governor, "I must be attacked more spiritedly, and I must seem to have made a good defence." "Ah! sir," said the valet-de-chambre, "have you not retained this place thirty years for the house of Austria? Can any one make a better defence?"

Some time after that event, Madame de Pompadour, desirous of showing her favour to Count de Saxe, resolved to obtain for him the chief command of the French armies; but she clearly perceived that, while the Prince de Conti had a part of the army in Flanders, this measure would be difficult to accomplish. In order therefore to compel the prince to retire, she concerted with the minister of war, to have a resolution passed by the council, requiring the union of all the forces; and by extolling the successes and the experience of the Count de Saxe, she prevailed in having it decided that he should command the whole army, and the Prince de Conti was ordered to join him. He felt what would be the consequence of this measure, quitted the army, and resigned his command into the hands of the king—with whom he had a very spirited conversation—during which, Madame de Pompadour, who was present, had the impertinence to interrupt him while he was making some assertion, by saying—"Do you never lie, sir?" "Pardon me, madam," said he, "sometimes to the ladies;" and turning again towards the king, continued the conversation.

Though his favour was diminished by the resentment which he did not dissemble for the treatment he had received, yet the king esteemed him so much, and was so habitually attached to him, that he had little trouble in obtaining whatever he wished of his majesty, and even had secret interviews with him. One day, among others, when they were talking of the famous M. de Silhouette, the prince told the king that he was a rogue; the king was convinced of it: "And yet," said the prince, "you will see that he will one day be our minister." "Never," replied the king. "Well, promise me, sire, that if he becomes comptroller-general, my affairs shall not be under his direction." The king promised this. Some time after, the prince having completely broken with the king, and M. de Silhouette being at the same time appointed comptroller-general, the Prince de Conti wrote to the king, to remind him of his promise of excusing him from applying to the comptroller-general, and the king kept his word.

The Prince de Conti afterwards evinced the most direct opposition to the measures of the court; and ac-

quired such influence in the parliament of Paris, that no affair of importance passed without his advice. Perfectly acquainted with the French constitution, and supported by a manly and vigorous eloquence, and by the dignity of his rank, he attracted universal applause, and persuaded the other princes of the blood to unite with him: he was thus the defender of the laws, and sustained the persecution of the ministers in place with unshaken firmness. He was the cause of the parliament's being summoned in 1774, which was the period of his greatest splendour. The young king recalled him to court, where he was admired and caressed: but where he seldom showed himself, because he did not approve the measures of the new comptroller-general, M. Turgot; whom he obliged the court to dismise, by the oppositions he formed against him. As he went rarely to Versailles, one day when the queen came to the opera, the Prince de Conti met her in her way in the corridor. "Ah! You here, sir?" said her majesty to him: "what are you doing here?" "Madam," answered the prince, "I am a Parisian, and am come to see the queen." Though his health began to decline, his attachment to the fair sex, which had always been his ruling passion, was not less ardent: perceiving, however, that he did not succeed so well as he had formerly done, he one day said: "It is time for me to retire: formerly my civilities were taken for declarations of love, but now my declarations of love are taken only for civilities."

CHAPTER III.

Lady Algernon Percy—Madame de Trudaine and her society.

About this period Lord Algernon Percy came to Paris with his lady, whom I then saw for the first time. He was very eager to present me to her, being convinced that she had precisely the same qualities which I had always said a woman must possess to make him happy. It was not till after a long acquaintance, that I was able to discover the whole extent of the merit of this amiable and respectable lady; the ornament of her sex, the model for married women, the glory of her own family, (to the dignity of which she had so greatly contributed,) and the idol of the illustrious family into which she had entered, and by whom she was cherished, honoured, and respected. Her example will always serve to reproach those wives who find it difficult to fulfil their duties; those who do not perceive the advantage which results from such conduct, both to themselves and to others; and who do not see, that in making all around them happy, they only promote their own happiness: for it is in this species of labour, as it is with that which is bestowed upon a fruitful soil; which proves beneficial in proportion to the pains bestowed upon it.

Lady Algernon Percy* had an elegant and well-formed figure, an easy carriage, a noble air, agreeable features, and a countenance expressive of all the fine qualities of her mind. To natural cheerfulness she joined great solidity of understanding and the most prudent conduct. She had so excellent a heart, that she was by no means rendered haughty by the change in her fortune, but was herself frequently the first to mention it. All these superior qualities were united with a simplicity of manners, and an affability in conversation, which enchanted by their union, and which never failed to make a favourable impression at a first interview. She was one of the four daughters of Mr. Burrell; a gentleman of handsome fortune, of great consideration in his county, and who had given an excellent education to his children. She was at Marseilles with her father, when Lord Algernon was there: he saw her, loved her, and wished to be united to her; and knowing the desire which the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland had to see him married, and convinced that they would allow him to make his own choice, he acquainted them with his attachment for Miss Burrell, asked their consent to his marriage, and obtained it.

They came immediately to England to conclude the marriage, and the duke and duchess soon conceived the most lively tenderness for their daughter-in-law. She constituted their greatest pleasure: her easy wit, her affectionate yet respectful manners, her extreme attention to her husband, the pains and the judgment she showed in the education of her children; every thing about her

* Now Countess of Beverley.

was calculated to gain, and in fact did gain, the hearts of all.

Lord Algernon Percy, by this marriage, contributed not only to his own happiness, but to the happiness of several others. Lady Algernon was so generally admired, that attention began to be paid to her sisters. The Duke of Hamilton married one, and Lord Percy (Lord Algernon's elder brother, now Duke of Northumberland) married the other. Lady Algernon herself assisted in placing her two younger sisters above her. She saw, not only without envy, but even without regret, that, by the marriage of one with the heir to the wealth and titles of the house of Percy, her own children might be deprived of the fairest hopes which the subjects of a great kingdom could conceive; and by her example and conversation she constantly maintained good harmony and friendship between the two brothers. I do not flatter Lady Algernon by speaking thus of her: to flatter, is to praise faults, to give a specious and honourable turn to defects. I praise her, it is true; because to praise is to proclaim the virtues of a person whom we admire. How delightful it is to be able to do so! Happy are those who find opportunities in society of contemplating closely such merit as that of which I now speak. All England will confirm what I have said; and I am willing to forfeit every title to belief in the other characters which I have drawn and which are not known, if those who are acquainted with Lady Algernon Percy think that I have exaggerated hers.

Lord and Lady Algernon Percy remained only a few days at Paris: she was very far advanced in her first pregnancy, and wished to lie-in in London. I continued my stay in the former capital; where I amused myself by publishing a few works, which had some success. I procured an introduction to some families among the lawyers and farmers-general, from a desire of being well acquainted with all classes of society in Paris; and I may venture to say, that if among them we do not find that sort of society which is termed the high *ton*, we certainly meet with that which is most reasonable and most natural. Among them we may find many enlightened men, instructive conversation, and mild, engaging, and sociable manners. I exclude from this description those who are infected with the mania of aping their superiors; who, in order to outvie in ostentation their equals, gratify the ridiculous vanity of being admitted to visit some of the first nobility, by exposing themselves to the mortifying humiliation which pride inflicts upon presumption.

One of the houses among that class which was most frequented, was that of M. de Trudaine. He was intendant of finances; having the department of the farms, bridges, and highways: which made him a sort of minister, and led him to assume the air and importance of one. He wished to strengthen himself by the party of the self-styled philosophers: he flattered them, and endeavoured to bring them to his house; and as he even sought to be ranked among their greatest favourites, he received the nick-name of the *pretentious philosopher*.

Madame de Trudaine might have been thought to possess talents, if she had not affected to be above what she called the prejudices of the age. This singularity had perverted a judgment, which frequently displayed itself upon occasions unconnected with that notion. She had some taste, great sensibility, yielded easily to professions of friendship, and was frequently duped by them. She took all imaginable pains to render her house agreeable; and to draw the best company of Paris, among the men, to her parties. Two grand dinners a week, which she took the trouble to arrange, and a supper every night, secured her a society which was in fact the more interesting, as it was so diversified. Dukes and peers, ambassadors and other foreigners of distinction, the first nobility, the single gentlemen, poets, men of letters, lawyers, and financiers, were all attracted by the wit and talents which were met with there. Fools were rare among them; because, finding themselves out of their element, they naturally kept away: so that this house was one where the most solid and the most interesting conversation was to be heard. Only one thing was disagreeable: the mistress of the house, though she talked very little herself, and was satisfied with listening, frequently assumed such a disdainful air as silenced those who were not prepared for such an auditor. Still, however, Madame de Trudaine was amiable, and every one was anxious to be noticed by her. I myself was one of

the most assiduous visitors at her house, and was, perhaps, one of those who stood tolerably well in her opinion.

CHAPTER IV.

Singular adventure of a lady who was restored to life.

Madame de Trudaine, whose health was very delicate, perceived too well the indifference which the greater part of those who came to her house felt for her. Lying upon a couch in the corner of the room, I have frequently seen her overcome by the excessively warm disputes of those who attended her suppers. A bow, a cold compliment, being once made on entering, every one was eager to be informed of the news of the day, or of what was passing in Paris at the time. They disputed, they grew warm, five or six voices were heard at once without being understood; while the poor lady's aching head was almost distracted with their noise. She one day whispered to me: "I have, for ten years, taken great pains to render my house agreeable, and to make friends: as to the regard and concern that any one feels for me, you see how well I have succeeded." Tired, at last, of being treated in this manner, and of being the victim of her own cares and complaisance, she resolved to keep her room; but her house was still open to all Paris. People came to sup there, and went away without seeing her; some few excepted, whom she sent for to keep her company, and I was one of this number. She was fond of anecdotes: I had collected many in my travels. She was also fond of characters and descriptions; and as I had seen many originals, I fortunately had a considerable fund of amusement for her.

M. de la Mothe, her physician, a man of wit, who told a very good story, sometimes came to dine with her; and amused her by the recital of certain extraordinary facts, with which, in the course of his profession, he had become acquainted. I recollect one in particular, which appeared to me so interesting that I committed it to writing on the very day of his relating it to us. He only took the precaution to recommend us not to speak of it at Paris, lest some of the persons whom the anecdote either directly or indirectly concerned might hear it. He told us, that having frequent occasion to visit a sick person, he accidentally met three or four times, upon the stairs or in the court, a young lady of fashion who was very handsome, and who occupied the second floor of the same house; she even spoke to him one day to enquire after the sick person whom he visited, and she then appeared to be in the bloom of health. What was his surprise to learn, the next day, that she had died suddenly! Not being able to persuade himself that a person who appeared to enjoy such perfect health should have died in that manner, he requested to see her; and in fact found her covered with a pall, and a priest praying at her side. He examined her; she was cold, without pulse and breathless. He tried several methods to discover whether she really was dead, and had recourse to the means which are employed to revive drowned or suffocated persons: but all was in vain. The husband and the relations had already left the house. He enquired whether there was any person in whom she had particularly confided, and he was told that there was—her maid. He desired that she might immediately be found. She came; he took her aside, and asked her if her mistress had not indulged a violent attachment for some person. "Sir, my mistress was a most virtuous woman, and was very fond of her husband." "Recollect," said the physician, "that the life of your mistress is now concerned: I can scarcely believe that she is actually dead; this accident may be only an hysterical lethargy. Confess the truth to me; and if you love your mistress, assist my endeavours." "Sir," said the woman, looking at him with an embarrassed air, "I have nothing to tell you." He saw by her manner that there was some great mystery in the business, and was confirmed in his opinion that the lady was not dead. He went back to her, and renewed his efforts for her recovery. With great difficulty he made her swallow some drops of *eau-de-luce* and water; and a moment after he felt her pulse beat. He redoubled the dose; she began to stretch herself and to yawn, and at length recovered her senses. All the servants and friends of the family, transported with joy, now ran into the room, which was soon filled. She was in danger of relapsing into the same state; on which the physician sent them all away, and

remained alone with her maid. The young lady, however, looked at them with astonishment, enquired into the meaning of so much bustle, and desired to know what had happened to her. The physician looked steadfastly at her: "You have very strong passions, madam," said he, "and you suffer them to have too much influence over you." "Oh, unfortunate being that I am!" said she, turning towards her maid: "have you betrayed me?" "Madam," answered the woman, "I have said nothing; but I believe that physicians are conjurors." "Be easy, madam," said the good physician to her: "your secret is not known, it is only suspected: but after the interest which I have shown for you, madam, do I not deserve that you should place some confidence in me; and that you should enable me to continue to be of service to you, by making me better acquainted with the cause of your illness?" She answered only by a flood of tears. She continued weeping for an hour, and was greatly relieved. At last, half guessing and half explaining the little which she said, the physician completely discovered the cause of what had happened to her.

The young lady, who was about twenty-four years old, had been four years married to a man of fashion, who adored her, and who flattered himself that he was beloved by her. He had introduced to her his dearest friend, who had been brought up with him from infancy, and who afterwards lived almost constantly with them. This friend, who had too much sensibility, could not defend himself against the charms of the young wife. He condemned his passion, and could not bear the idea of disturbing the happiness of an union so perfect. He did not, however, absent himself from the object of his passion; but thought that he should be able to conceal his love even from her who had inspired it, or at least that he should be silent. He was deceived: the young lady was not ignorant that he was combating between love and duty. She pitied him most sincerely; and was much affected to perceive him in love, virtuous, and unfortunate: but took the greatest pains to conceal from him that she was sensible of his condition. By degrees, pity gave birth to sentiments at which she was alarmed. She then wished to conceal them from herself: she was in despair; she did not dare to unbosom herself to any one: she did not know what conduct to adopt to avoid her lover, without giving offence to her husband. A year passed in this painful situation, both perceiving the impression which they had made upon each other, and both endeavouring to stifle it, without being able to determine upon a separation, which was the only measure that could have been of service to them. At length, one day, when they were in the country, and the husband was from home hunting, they found themselves alone, and entered into a conversation which was the more interesting as it had been so long restrained. They could no longer conceal the sentiments which they had for each other; but at the same moment that she acknowledged her love, she conjured him not to abuse her candour, but to find some plausible pretext for absenting himself from her. He sometimes seemed resolved to do so. She allowed him to postpone the execution of his design. However, he found himself frequently alone with her; and notwithstanding the virtuous sentiments which animated them both, opportunity triumphed: in a word, honour and duty were forgotten in one unfortunate moment; and from that day remorse, grief, and depression, took possession of the heart of the unfortunate young lady. She now could no longer support the presence of her husband. She still sometimes indulged the freedoms of her lover, but not without the most bitter reproaches upon herself. She experienced a tyrannical sentiment, mixed with much bitterness and but little sweetness. Even jealousy crept in: she thought herself neglected by him for whom she had sacrificed so much. Though she wished for the termination of this criminal intercourse, such a conflict of passions overpowered her, that at last, incapable of supporting so violent a state of mind, while she was one day lamenting with her maid the horror of her situation, she fainted away upon her seat. She was supposed to be dead; and if the physician had not fortunately arrived as he did, in twelve hours afterwards she would have been buried.

The husband was already in the room; transported with the most lively joy, he kissed the hands of him who had restored his beloved wife, and begged him not to

- ART. I. — 1. *Storia di Napoli del 1734 al 1825*, del Gen. COLLETTA. Firenze, 1837. (2da ediz.) 4 vol.
2. *Storia di Genova*, di GIROLAMO SERRA. Torino. 1834.
3. *Storia della Repubblica di Genova*, di CARLO VARESE. Genova. 1834.
4. *Storia d'Italia*, di G. SFORZOSI. Italia. 1830.

OUR age is the age of history. Numerous associations of able scholars are actively employed in the compilation of Cyclopædias, universal biographies, and contemporaneous memoirs. History appears in dictionaries and manuals, in general views, sketches, and essays. While the ephemeral literature of periodicals and magazines opens the treasures of memory to the newly-awakened curiosity of the people, works of a more solid stamp, noble monuments destined to immortality, are rising in all countries. Such in France are the works of Thiers and Sismondi, those of Schiller and Niebuhr in Germany, of Hallam and Mackintosh in England, of Sparks and Prescott in America. Every insignificant town, every obscure province in the old world, every state forty years old in the new, is publishing its annals for the instruction of posterity. Sepulchral vaults and family portraits, city archives and parochial registers, are rescued from the venerable dust that covers them, to become in their turn monuments

of irrefragable authority. Add to this the establishment of historical societies and historical lectures ; tragedy turned into historical drama ; and that ingenious device, recently substituted for ancient *epopee*, the historical novel. Verily, our age is the age of history.

This so decided tendency to look to the past, this restless inquisitiveness, that leads us to disturb the silence of the tombs of our forefathers, this universal rage for story-telling, is not so much a matter of choice with us, as of necessity. There are ages essentially destined to act, and ages inexorably condemned to write, history. The progress of human society is marked by an intermittent succession of activity and repose, which, without interrupting its eternal law of continuity, preserves it from the weariness of monotony. The generation, that comes after a stormy period of revolutions and wars, must necessarily be employed in repairing the ravages occasioned by the late convulsions. A council of philosophers is always seen seated on the bloody field laid waste by the rage of the warriors that preceded them, speculating on the causes of the past desolation, and, with theories and systems, providing against its recurrence. The social system proceeds by the impulse of two opposite forces, analogous to the centrifugal and centripetal laws of gravitation, that suns and planets obey. Man, in conflict with nature, is always aiming in his works at immortality. Cathedrals and capitols, forms of religion and constitutions of government, are always intended for an endless futurity. In all his fabrics and monuments, this being of clay seems ever to appeal against the short duration of the span of days that is assigned him.

Thus he prepares laws and institutions for the generations to come. He deplors the consequences of the errors of generations gone by. He endeavours to foresee all contingencies, to conciliate all interests, to remove all subjects of collision ; and he fancies he has secured his sons against the horrors he witnessed in his childhood, and that he shall convey to them the peace and order with which his mature age is blessed.

But, with the new generation, new ideas come up, with which he was totally unacquainted. His sons, not having been struck by the view of the ravages of war, begin to feel tired of the monotony of a stagnating life. New ambi-

tions arise. Men begin to count each other, and to find that they are too many. The most active, at every step, find their neighbours in their way. They feel crowded, uneasy, and jealous. They can no longer breathe freely for want of room. The people riot in the squares ; the nobility conspire in their palaces ; confusion and panic seize diplomacy and police ; men's spirits are again stirred up by the trumpet, the rusty sword is taken down from the walls of the castle, the war-horse is once more harnessed, and the edifice of the prudent father is razed to the ground, like a castle of cards that costs a child so many hours of labor and patience.

But patience is an inexhaustible attribute of man. On the green sides of Mount Vesuvius, there are towns which have been several times covered, and, as it were, washed away, by torrents of lava. As soon as the molten stratum begins to cool, the scattered inhabitants return from their asylum to the beloved scene of danger, and, making the best of their disaster, rebuild their new house with the same lava which buried the old one ; and with such heroic perseverance, that the pavement of the streets of today is on a level with the roofs of the dwellings of former ages.

This is sad ; and yet, sad as the order of human society may appear, we have some reason to believe, that not only is it the result of the inscrutable designs of the Eternal Providence, but that the Utopias and dreams of the most sanguine philosophers, admitting even the possibility of their realization, could never suggest a plan by which human affairs could better be carried on. If all Europe, and all the rest of the world, should advance the arts of civilization to the present standard of England ; if all the systems of popular education, all philanthropic institutions could fully attain their aim ; if all encroachments upon the independence, the liberty, the commerce of other nations, should cease ; if every people should retire within its natural limits, and be contented with its own ; if soldiers and lawyers were sent to till the ground ; we could thus bring society back to the golden age of the poets, but what a fatal monotony would weigh upon life, how many aspiring spirits would pine and sink for want of an object of exertion, how many would say, like Alexander, "Alas ! our fathers have left nothing for us to do !" Evil is then an enemy left among us by a wisdom like that, with which Cato opposed the total demolition of Carthage, that the young Romans

might have an open field for exertion, and discipline might never relax. By the continual aiming at perfection without ever being able to reach it, mankind are preserved in a state of action and reaction, that keeps them almost constantly on the same level, and prevents them from falling into an apathy inconsistent with the demands of their spiritual nature.

It has been always considered as unwise to write the biography of a man before his death. In like manner, because society, and the nations that compose it, never die, or, at least, because the periods of their existence cannot be comprehended by the short-sightedness of man, general and partial history is to be composed during those intervals, which seem to divide it into so many distinct epochs ; when society, after a long period of struggle and violence, sinks into a state of comparative repose, into that condition of meditative torpor, during which it supplies its empty veins with new blood, and acquires strength for new catastrophes ; as the geologist, who would explore the crater of a volcano, must wait for an interval, in which the mountain lies still and cold, as if exhausted by the last eruption, and preparing in silence and darkness the glowing materials for a new one.

As soon as the hour of action has come, society is divided into injurers and sufferers. The bold range themselves in the lists as actors ; the timid stand appalled and silent, awaiting events. None is free from hope or fear ; hence none has patience or courage to write. There must be, necessarily, two ages for history ; the age of heroes, and the age of writers.

Our age is not, — the young and restless murmur against such a sentence, the benevolent offer thanks to Heaven for it, — our age is not an age for action ; we must be contented with writing. The last forty years (we mean the days of the French republic and empire) have furnished materials for a hundred volumes ; the history of the present age will be told in one page. Perhaps the task assigned to us by Providence is the noblest ; perhaps we are, in fact, the benefactors, the true builders, of our race ; but human curiosity is only attracted, where the trampling of hosts and the clashing of steel bewilder the terrified imagination. The history of mankind is only marked by works of destruction, as that of the earth they inhabit is traced by floods and earthquakes. Since 1815, the general peace of the world has been repeatedly threatened.

Events of the utmost consequence have been announced, which seemed likely to bring about a total subversion of things ; revolutions in Spain and Italy, — a deadly struggle in Greece, — wars between Russia and Turkey, — Algiers, — Navarino, — and finally the three days of July in Paris, and their consequences in Belgium, Poland, Italy, and Spain. Never, perhaps, did discord more madly whirl her torch all over the world. Yet while, in other times, only a spark would have been sufficient to raise a general conflagration, those partial and abortive commotions have naturally abated, without any extraordinary cause, or human provision, only in consequence of the general exhaustion and consternation into which the nations had been plunged by the bloody ravages they had recently undergone, and from which, in spite of the fair results of their statistical accounts, and the seeming prosperity of commerce and industry, they have but scarcely recovered.

We are builders. Arts and sciences, public education, societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge, the spirit of invention and discovery, manufactures, roads, navigation, all things useful or beautiful, present the fairest results. But, by the side of such an astonishing progress, wild and bewildering ideas prevail ; new or newly-combined doctrines and systems ; a daring, restless, all-pervading inquisitiveness ; a haste, a discontent, an anxiety, very much like the fever of suppuration after the infliction of wounds.

Such as it is, our social reorganization looks fair and bright in theory. Posterity must come and see how it will work in practice. But we envy them the sad experiment ; we endeavour rashly to hurry events ; we wish to see the motion of the machine we are constructing ; and, in that deplorable impatience, in that reluctance to submit to the eternal course of human vicissitudes, we worry and torture ourselves, and lose the proper blessings of the calm, meditative age, in which we are destined to live.

It would be difficult to form a just idea of the state of the European mind by merely following the general turn of thought in this country. Since the English colonies of North America have been raised to the rank of an independent nation, they have been separated from the world, or rather they have been called to constitute a world apart by themselves. It was fortunate for them, that their emancipation took place before they were liable to be involved in the horrors of the

French revolution. Yet, since it would be to entertain a mean idea of the divine wisdom, to suppose that much good is not to be derived from so much evil, it remains a matter of doubt, whether America will be able to reap the advantages of calamities, in which happily she had no share. To this circumstance, perhaps, is principally to be ascribed the difference of feelings and manners, visibly widening, between the old world and the new. The great achievement of American emancipation was an event wonderful in its success, immense in its results. Still there was, happily, little bloodshed, and a comparatively short and guiltless struggle. There was much firmness and unanimity, but very little exasperation of factions. The whole matter was controverted and settled between two nations of men. It was a fair play, a legitimate debate of right and wrong, something like a difference arising between brothers at the division of the paternal inheritance. Never was liberty purchased so cheaply ; nowhere but in America could a liberty, so easily acquired, be so easily maintained. Since that time, Heaven has smiled incessantly on the land of the free. From her inaccessible shores, America has looked upon the conflict of nations periling at sea. She has had much to learn, much to admire, much to deplore, but nothing to fear or suffer.

This blessed security, this long enjoyment of order and tranquillity, has exerted a beneficent influence over the minds of her people. Conscious of unbounded existence, the American moves to his aim, circumscribed only by the natural orbit of his powers. He fears no encroachment, no obstruction. He relies on no intervention of miraculous agents. Hence his life is movement, not struggle ; he is active, not restless ; his interests are essentially in harmony with the interests of society, his private efforts are always tending to forward the public welfare. Accustomed to see revolutions carried by a majority of suffrages, when dissatisfied with his rulers, he awaits new elections ; he has nothing to hope from violence, he has no occasion for secret conspiracies. His equanimity in social life has a soothing influence on his domestic affections. At home and abroad, the American is a reasonable being, *par excellence*. Disappointed in one branch of industry, he calmly turns to another. Crossed by fortune in the East, he resignedly migrates to the West. He is the citizen of a world ; his rights, his name, and language follow

him everywhere. A descendant of pilgrims, he has no local notions of patriotism. His wooden dwelling is something between a European house and an Arabian tent. On the background of civilization, there opens before him a wide region of swamps and forests, a refuge for the outcasts of society. There, more than in any constitutional providence, lies the secret source of American security. As long as the valley of the Mississippi has marshes to drain and woodlands to clear, a rich soil and a blessed climate to rebuild broken fortunes and soothe disappointment, America will proceed with uninterrupted prosperity. As long as she is in possession of such an extensive and immediate means of getting rid of all corrupting elements, corruption cannot strike deep roots. Civil and religious passions may ruffle the surface, but the waters are too shallow to be much troubled by storms.

On the other hand, Europe is afflicted with the evil most attendant upon old settlements, surplus population. Everywhere land is failing the inhabitants. Domestic and foreign quarrels, plagues and famines, though more busy than ever, appear inefficient and slow. The stubborn human race eludes all agents of destruction. The meanest wretch clings to the roof of his fathers, claims his right to the soil, and hangs on society. He looks upon himself as a victim of the injustice of fortune. He ascribes his failures to a general conspiracy of the whole community against him. Once fallen, he never hopes, never strives, to recover. He curses the hard times in which he was born ; he sinks into dejection and dissipation, waiting for sudden vicissitudes to come to his rescue ; he expects the earth to be stricken out of its path for his sake. Placing thus his expectations in changes and revolutions, no wonder if he does his best to hasten them. The number of individuals of this description is considerable in Europe. They are ruined noblemen, half-pay officers, bankrupt merchants, and other men of all descriptions, with an elastic conscience and loose morals ; meddling, fretting, murmuring ; great haranguers, great alarmists, ominous prophets, seizing upon any pretext, real or apparent, of discontent, stirring and blowing, until they have kindled a few sparks into a general conflagration.

Such are the evil elements of movement in Europe ; but neither are good elements wanting or inactive. Civil commotions and struggles give to characters a high temper, and

teach individuals how to rely upon themselves. The continual spectacle of violence and persecution keeps sympathy and indignation awake. Opinion, fettered and crushed, becomes passion and will. The harmless dreamer is turned into an active enthusiast. Thus, when the season for trial and conflict is mature, the opposite elements bring their forces into the field, unanimous, compact, determined, to engage in a struggle of various success, to retire at the end with nearly equal losses and balanced advantages. Hence social progress is continual and uniform in America ; in Europe it proceeds by fits and starts. Here it results from the combined efforts of masses ; there it obeys the impulse of individuals. In the new countries it follows the dictates of reason ; in the old it arises from the conflict of passions. It is evident, that civilization must advance on a more solid footing, and the influence of evil be less sensible, in this country, however life may appear more dull and monotonous. And so it will be, until America shall have fulfilled her mission of colonization all over the continent ; until there shall no longer be wildernesses to be changed into territories, territories to be organized into states, and states to become powerful nations ; until the spirit of enterprise and invasion shall be compelled, by want of space, to take a retrograde direction from the circumference to the centre, and the diverging interests shall be brought into contact and collision.

History is constantly watching over the different phases of social advancement. Its office ought to be that of a monitor ; each of its pages ought to be intended for a lesson. And to its lessons we listen, as long as the consequences of past evils are upon us. But, at the first momentary relief, we feel a deplorable assurance, that the condition of our times is different from any of the preceding epochs ; that the recurrence of such evils is incompatible with the newly-spread light of knowledge and wisdom ; and we rush headlong down the precipice to add another foul page to that volume of sorrow.

It is on the ground of such considerations, that we deem it salutary to turn the attention of American readers to the history of other nations. America, as is the case with the young, has all to expect from the future. She has little or no past, and that little is all glorious and serene. A rare blessing of Providence is it, that she can safely derive from the example

of others what others often fail to learn from their own misdeeds and misfortunes.

The Italian historians, until the present day, have by the unanimous assent of all nations been placed in the first rank among the moderns. History, as well as almost every thing else that is noble or beautiful in Christian civilization, was originated or restored in Italy. The memories of past ages are written with indelible characters in the thousand monuments, which crowd that land. Every ploughman has a story to tell of his field. The Lombard plain is heaving with mounds covering the relics of all nations. Wave after wave, they came and passed away ; the prints of their footsteps, and the tracks of their chariot wheels, may almost be traced ; but they are gone, the fated land has swallowed them all. Dispersed, harassed, trampled upon, the native races have survived their destroyers. They have counted those numberless hosts. They have handed down to posterity the names of the tribes and their chieftains. They have preserved their annals with that sad diligence, and dictated them with that touching eloquence, with which sufferers are apt to dwell on their woes as if proud of them. The Italian chroniclers of the Middle Ages, generally the inmates of cloisters, respected by all the successive invasions, had the advantage, over their contemporaries of other nations, of a comparative security ; and, although their writings were far from being free from the superstitions and absurdities of their times, it is not less true, that the little that remained of ancient lore found a last refuge in their cells.

But when, at the dawning of a better day, the Lombard and Tuscan cities gave modern Europe the first example of free governments, the young republics intrusted their worthiest citizens with the production of their national trophies ; and history, taken from the silence and barrenness of the convent, and brought into the bustle of social life, began to exercise its highest functions, as treasurer of the past and preceptor of the future. Whilst those enlightened democracies made the first attempts towards establishing systems of general policy and diplomacy, their enterprising navigators brought home information from the remotest regions, and the annals preserved in their archives became universal records of undisputed authenticity.

Lastly, when, in consequence of the natural tides of human

vicissitude, Italy, exhausted by domestic jealousies, became a prey to strangers, and, the scene of active life being transferred elsewhere, she was left to exercise her dominion over the realms of the mind, historical studies were pursued under calmer circumstances, and with wider views; and, allied with strength of reasoning and the charms of style, they constituted that science to which the following ages have given so great an importance. The historians of the sixteenth century, writing in that period of dull repose which succeeded the conquest of Charles the Fifth, when the doom of Italy was inexorably sealed, and tyranny first declared war against thought, were early made aware, that a writer, espousing the cause of honor and truth, must unite to the power of genius the heart of a hero and the devotedness of a martyr. Whatever were the moral characters or the political feelings of some of them, while engaged in the debates of public life, such an air of candor and conscientiousness, of moderation and impartiality, prevails in every page of their writings, as gives a more favorable impression of the integrity and morality of their age, than their descriptions are intended to suggest.

Machiavelli, a stern misanthrope, a warm patriot, — by turns imprisoned and banished, and appointed secretary, ambassador, captain-general, — head and soul of a crumbling state, writing with a hand still bruised and benumbed by the rack to which the vengeance of the Medici doomed him, never betrays, by the slightest allusion in his “Florentine Histories,” any bitterness of resentment. Entirely engrossed by the gravity of his subject, exhibiting his versatile talent in abstracting and generalizing ideas, and his great sagacity in judging of men, he ever shows himself an enthusiastic apostle of freedom and virtue, though he is apt to indulge in some fits of that inborn misanthropy, that a long dealing with men, and struggling with evil, had exasperated and deepened.

Guicciardini, a shrewd politician and a heartless patrician, relating events in which he had taken a great part, loaded with honors by popes and princes, detested by the people, deluded and disgraced by the ungrateful tyrant to whom he had given up his country, never permits himself to be drawn, by party spirit or disappointment, out of the dignity befitting his important ministry.

So Nerli and Nardi, Segni and Varchi, either impenitent republicans, dying in the distress and sorrow of exile, or awk-

ward courtiers, preferring the cause of truth to the favor of their lord, sometimes stabbed or mangled by his satellites, sometimes persecuted even in their tombs by his vile jealousy, that succeeded in burying their writings, and defrauding public curiosity for more than two centuries ; all of them equally excel in that self-possession, which, divesting the related events of all exaggeration or palliative, presents them, bare but striking evidences against the monsters whom they consigned to the unerring desecration of posterity. So Fra Paolo Sarpi, by a rare combination a monk and a citizen, scarcely recovering from the wounds treacherously inflicted by the poniard of Rome, in his " History of the Council of Trent," tracing from its earliest origin that reform which was for ever to part asunder the religious opinions of the Christian world ; so Cardinal Bentivoglio, by a strange anomaly a legate of the pope and a man of high feelings, writing an account of the great struggle of the Hollanders for their religious and political emancipation ; so Davila, an adventurer, a courtier of Catherine de' Medici, a soldier of Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth, describing the factions of the Huguenots, and the horrors of the wars of the League ; so finally, in times nearer to us, Muratori and Denina ; and Giannone, a hero and a martyr, for twenty years the inmate of a dungeon ; and a vast number of others, seem to instruct mankind by their example, that there is no state of violence or oppression, no seduction, no fear, that can allure or deter truth from its straightforward path, and save injustice or wickedness from the watchful retribution of the generations to come.

After such luminous precedents, it would be difficult for writers of after ages to mistake the task, that public confidence, and the great responsibility resting upon their works, impose upon them. But causes of a different nature, resulting from the very calamities of political division and subjection, equally tend to preserve the historians, as well as other writers of Italy, from contamination and baseness. Literature in Italy is no trade. The privilege of copyright can only be secured to the author or editor within the narrow limits of the district in which his works are published. He is well aware, that all around, at a distance of thirty or forty miles, there are a number of piratical printers, lawfully entitled to invade and ransack his property, as soon as it attains any popularity ; and, as the sale of books, except in the king-

doms of Naples and Piedmont is, commercially, free, those illegitimate republications extend their outrageous competition even under the eyes of the author.

Thus it is well known, for instance, that Botta was forced to sell in Paris, for waste paper, the superb French edition of his "History of Italy," while the Italian booksellers were making their fortunes by an uninterrupted series of new editions. Nor are the Italian princes any longer in a condition to be willing to hire the pens of venal writers. After the maxim of the aristocracy of Venice, they wish their governments never to be spoken of, either for good or evil ; and they rather long for that day in which there shall no more exist either printing or reading. Consequently, all court-poets and historiographers have been dismissed ; and, even were writers in Italy willing to sell themselves, they no more could find a purchaser. Flattery is a merchandise equally discredited before power and public opinion ; and the writer cannot aspire to any better reward than the satisfaction of his own conscience and the esteem and gratitude of the good. Literature is there, in consequence, comparatively more sterile and silent, but more pure and dignified than in any of the free countries. It is more oppressed and fettered, hence less apt to grow licentious and insolent. It follows not the opinions and passions of the multitude in all its ephemeral wanderings, but it marches at the head of the movement, a stern censor, dictating and ruling with that authority, which the consciousness of its own irreprehensibility gives it a right to exert.

Of all branches of literature in Italy, history is that to which the greatest attention is generally paid, as it is also, of all studies, the most dreaded and resisted by the watchful curiosity of the governments. History has been long since banished from the Italian universities. In recent times, the heroic epochs of early Greece and Rome have been generally illustrated and understood ; while of Italy not a word has been spoken. The very name of their country has conveyed to the Italians an indefinite idea. Their patriotic feelings have been restrained within the limits of a petty state or town, and all who came from beyond those limits have been pointed out as strangers. It is only in our days that they have begun to acquire some knowledge of themselves. The busy curiosity of the age has led them to interrogate the monuments and

writings of their forefathers. That Italy, which the relentless enmity of fate had long hid away from their anxious solicitude, at last they have discovered ; but, like the Spanish hero in the chivalrous legends, the joy of the discovery has become a source of new distress, when that parent is found lying prostrate and low, her vigor and beauty wasted in tears and chains.

The great object of the Italians is now the composition of the history of their country ; because, strange as it may appear, whilst, as we have said, that nation may justly boast of having produced a greater number of good historians than any other, there is, as yet, no work answering the purpose of a general history of Italy. Beyond all political impediments or sectional prejudices, that may oppose the completion of such a work, the most immovable obstacle lies in the vastness and arduousness of the undertaking. It would be impossible to form a just idea of the extent of the subject, by taking into consideration the works of a similar nature, on the history of any of the other countries of Europe.

The annals of these last can always be fairly referred to one determinate epoch, and comprehended within one period ; and, though the natural course of events may have been repeatedly interrupted, and the national unity broken, still there is always a central organization, a great metropolis, a dynasty forming, as it were, the main *Cordillera*, from which all the secondary chains can be easily traced, and on which they all essentially depend. But the history of Italy is the history of many nations and states. With its head hidden in the clouds of the remotest antiquity, rehearsing for a long lapse of ages the principal part of a drama in which the other nations only played the episodes, twice at the head of the civilization of the world, twice constituting the history of the world ; the history of that country is necessarily divided into several distinct periods, and each period into an infinite number of subdivisions offering but few general points of analytical survey.

The first period, that of Italy before the Romans, is rather indeed the province of the antiquary, than the historian. It comprehends the researches about the aborigines ; the Pelasgi, Ænotrii, Itali, and Siculi, the Etruscans, the Ligurians, and a hundred primeval tribes inhabiting the peninsula, whose existence is attested by the remains of their cities and

the relics of their works of art, whose high civilization seems likely to have preceded the earliest periods of Greece, and whose names, residence, confines, laws, manners, and literature are, in great part, a ground for vague conjectures, and not very profitable controversies.

The second era, the best known and most universally studied, embraces the recital of the glories of Rome. But the history of the Eternal City is not the history of the whole country. The resistance that each of the native tribes opposed to the rising ambition of Rome, threatening its existence in its first growth; the share that each of them took in the exploits of Rome, when united with her; the settlements of the Greek colonies in the south; the invasions of Gauls and Illyrians in the north; the social war by which the rights and privileges of Roman citizenship were forcibly acquired by the provinces from the capital, and the name of Italy was virtually associated with that of Rome; are events which, in a history of Italy, claim a more eminent place than they occupy, when only the rise and fall of Rome are brought into consideration.

The Middle Ages form the third period. It includes the ruin of the western empire; the invasions of Western and Eastern Goths, of Huns, of Alani, of Vandals, and Gepidæ; (for Italy has seen all of them;) the reign of Odoacer; the fifty-seven years of Gothic empire; the two centuries of Lombard dominion; the eighty-eight years during which Italy was swayed by the French monarchs of the Carlovingian dynasty; the seventy-three following, in which she was distracted by the factions of her national dukes and marquises; the two succeeding centuries, during which she faintly acknowledged the dominion of the German emperors from Otho the First to Frederic Barbarossa; and all that long night of violence, ignorance, and superstition, during which the popular principle was gradually awakened, during which, instructed by the errors of the monarchical and feudal systems, by the discords between kings and vassals, between popes and emperors, the people lost all feelings of veneration and allegiance, and began to act for themselves. This is the epoch, during which, by influences then unperceived, a brute mass of serfs and burgesses were raised to the rank of men and citizens.

The fourth is the period of Italian freedom. The maritime towns set up an independent standard, rout the Greeks

and Saracens, and begin to ride from one end to the other of the Mediterranean, free, as the waters which they furrow, and the winds that wave their flags. The inland cities raise their walls and marshal their burgesses, join in a general league and shake off the yoke of the Germans. Liberty is no sooner secured than abused. The feudal and democratic systems, the Guelphs and Ghibelines, the house of Swabia, and the house of Anjou, popes and anti-popes, crusades and heresies, feuds between neighbouring cities, factions within the walls of the same city, turn the whole country into a vast field of battle. Meanwhile, Roman institutions, Lombard statutes, Salic laws, feudal and monastic privileges, Imperial edicts, papal bulls, and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, bring confusion and disorder into civil life, and those young republics are hurried on to destruction by excess of vigor and ill-directed energies ; until at length a bloody tyranny at Milan, a crafty oligarchy at Venice, a stormy aristocracy at Genoa, a raving anarchy at Florence, a feudal despotism in Naples, and an aspiring hierarchy in Rome, open the way for foreign inroads, and invite the shame and misery of a foreign yoke.

The fifth and last period, embraces three centuries of degradation and bondage. It is a succession of invasions of French and Spaniards, Swiss and Austrians, by turns invited and expelled by Italian factions, until the deluded sons of Italy are forced to acknowledge a master in each of the auxiliaries they had the imprudence to invoke. Yet neither is this deplorable period destitute of high interest, nor did Italian greatness set without leaving glorious records. The long struggle of Venice against the league of Cambray, her wars against the Turks, the bold aspirations of Julius the Second, the last heroism of liberty expiring at Florence and Siena, give us reason to mourn over the fate of a nation, every fragment of which seemed able to sustain, alone, the glory of her name. But that fate was fulfilled. A long inaction ensued, only interrupted by a periodical warfare of French and Austrians, in the wars for the succession of Mantua, of Spain, of Austria ; the progressive fall of Venice and Genoa ; the extinction of the princely Italian families ; the exaltation of the house of Savoy, and foreign rulers gaining ground inch by inch ; a lingering decline of arts and sciences, and of all pious, generous, patriotic feelings ; a deathlike torpor, a stupid indifference and oblivion ; then, on a sudden, a general overthrow of all

states and orders, a re-awakening of energies, a maddening of spirits, a brilliant illusion, and a bitter disappointment.

For the erection of such an immense building, the Italians are in no want of copious materials. The patriotism of their municipal governments, the vanity of their lordly families, the diligence of their antiquaries, have not left the most obscure corner without illustrations, nor the most trifling event without description and commentary. It has never been penury of documents, or chasms in the memorials, that has made the compilers of Italian history at a loss. It was rather an indiscriminate redundance and confusion, that perplexed and discouraged all patience, and led astray all critical judgment. Archives and libraries seem to have escaped the ravages of time, and all sacks and conflagrations of cities to have sent down their treasures safe and sound for the gratification of our curiosity. There they lie in scrolls, parchments, and gaudy manuscripts, huge folios and ponderous quartos, with a variety of binding and gilding, in Gothic Latin, or in rude Italian, heaped up, piled up, drawn up in formidable array, the old-fashioned shelves groaning under their weight, dark and dusty, silent and moody, like spell-bound warriors ready to fall on the head of the daring mortal who should venture to break the enchantment.

But the enchantment has been broken, and with luminous success. Muratori, a giant with a hundred eyes and a hundred hands, one of those antique frames cast in bronze and steel, which would almost induce us to believe in a deterioration of the human race at the present day, whose labors would be a wonder, even if, like Nestor, he had outlived three generations and been always at work, with a perseverance rare in all climates, more rare under the seductions of a southern sky, abjured all the ties and charms of society, and buried himself with the dead, to search their monuments and reveal the secrets of the past. Placed over the *Ambrosian* library at Milan, and the *Estense* in Modena, maintaining a busy commerce with the most famous scholars of his times, he published, in one vast collection of twenty-seven volumes in folio, the chronicles and annals of all the towns and provinces of Italy under the title, “*Rerum Italicarum Scriptores ab Anno Æræ Christianæ D. ad MD.*” Then, giving order and system to that formless mass, he published, in 1738, his Latin work, “*Antiquitates Italicæ Medii Ævi*,” in six

enormous volumes, containing dissertations upon all civil, religious, and military orders and institutions, with a precise account of all invasions, settlements, and vicissitudes of the different tribes successively occupying the peninsula ; and tracing the origin and progress of letters, sciences, arts, and language, from the fall of the Roman empire down to the year 1500 ; a work which he reproduced several years later, on a smaller scale, and translated into Italian. Finally, in this last language, he wrote his “ *Annali d’Italia*,” in sixteen volumes, from the beginning of the Christian era to the year 1749 ; closely following all memorable events of peace and war, with a minuteness and precision which leave nothing to be desired.

To the Atlantean efforts of this able workman, amounting to the most ample treasure of historical lore, we believe, that any nation can boast, the Italians are indebted for the foundation on which their historical works have been, and ever will be constructed ; and it is a remarkable fact, that, though the activity of his successors may sometimes have added facts that escaped his vigilance, yet such were his sagacity and discernment, such his candor and integrity, that, in so prodigious an extent of narrations, whatever he stated has never, or seldom, been called in question. Thus, before him, nothing had been attempted in his country, but municipal and provincial annals, or contemporaneous history, such being, in fact, even the high performances of Paolo Giovio and Ripamonti in Lombardy, Bembo in Venice, Bonfadio in Genoa, Costanzo in Naples, Guicciardini and his illustrious contemporaries in Tuscany ; whilst, after him, we have not only a good number of more or less successful attempts in general history, such as Denina’s “ *Revolutions of Italy*,” and Bossi’s “ *Ancient and Modern Italy* ” ; but even such works as were devoted to the illustration of a single district, or a short period, such as Verri’s *Milan*, Galluzzi’s and Pignotti’s *Tuscany*, and Giannone’s immortal work on *Naples*, are conceived under general views, and treat the subjects in their relation to the great history of the progress of civilization.

Muratori and his successors having thus cleared and levelled the way for a work of genius, as early as the middle of the last century, the work of genius would long since have appeared, had it not been for the languor and apathy, and the total extinction of public spirit, that characterized the period immediately preceding the French revolution, and the feverish

effervescence of stormy passions that this last event brought with it. Now that, as we have said, the times are highly favorable to efforts of such a nature, among the mental results which will distinguish the present generation in Italy, we have all reason to expect a good history of the country ; and a general review of what is daily published in that branch of literature will easily assure us, that our anticipation cannot fail to be speedily realized.

The fondness of the Italians for ruins, medals, and inscriptions, which so often proves contagious even to their foreign visitors, and the great efforts of Ennio Quirino Visconti and other illustrious antiquaries, have turned the attention of several able writers of the present age towards the earliest memorials of their country, and enabled them, in some degree, to rescue the primeval period of their history from the oblivious silence of ages, and the misguiding lore of mythological traditions.

At the head of such compositions, are the works of Micali, "*L'Italia avanti i Romani*," published at Florence, in 1810, and "*Storia degli Antichi Popoli Italiani*," printed in 1832. Choosing his own way, in the midst of jarring opinions and interminable doubts ; by the aid of an enlightened criticism, stating and ordering facts with an admirable perspicuity, without attempting to give his subject more unity than it would naturally admit of, Micali endeavoured to collect the records of each individual race of the primitive inhabitants of Italy, one after another, in an easy succession, according to the chronological traditions of their earliest origin, and the influence which they exerted over the land ; and traced their history down to that single point of coincidence to which they all naturally tend, the epoch in which their name was effaced from the list of nations, and their fate involved in the destinies of Rome.

The long period of the Roman republic and empire, the second epoch according to our arbitrary division, has been hitherto completely overlooked by the Italian historians. If we except the immortal discourses of Machiavelli on the Decades of Livy, there is hardly any Italian work on that subject. The Italians early reproduced the annals of Rome, by translations of Livy, Tacitus, and other Romans ; but a methodical compilation of those annals, a work that should take up the subject, where Micali has left it, is still desirable ; nor are the profound and philosophical

views of the German, Niebuhr, sufficient to answer the purpose, though they may serve to suggest new ideas and views on the subject, to such as shall attempt the work after him.

The history of Italy, in fact, may commence where the history of Rome terminates. The two epochs have hardly any link of connexion. The stage is the same ; but the two plays that have been acted upon it bear little relation to each other. With the first inundation of the northern races, with the first setting in of the night of the Middle Ages, commences the history of a new nation. The history of the Middle Ages, the narration of the inroads of the northern barbarians, their laws and institutions, their manners and morals, is still a work to appear. In this branch of history, also, the Italians have permitted themselves to be outrun by foreigners. The works of Hallam and of others, English and German scholars, have prepared the way for the historians of Italy ; but the Middle Ages in her history do not extend to the same epoch as bounds them in the history of the rest of Europe. Feudal disorder and anarchy continued in France until the days of Charles the Seventh, or Louis the Eleventh ; the Middle Ages in Spain closed at the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella ; in Germany, under Maximilian the First ; in England, under Henry the Eighth or Elizabeth ; but in Italy, modern civilization dates as far back as the peace of Constance, in 1183 ; and from that year commences the fourth epoch, the history of Italian freedom.

On this period, a splendid work has been recently published, such as to leave hardly any chance of doing better, hardly any thing to be desired. Sismondi, a name dear to the Italians, descended from a Tuscan family, though a native of Geneva, always seemed to look with pride and affection towards the land of his ancestors. In his "History of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages," published in 1826, in sixteen volumes, and in the compendium of the same work, condensed into a small volume, under the title of "Rise and Fall of Liberty in Italy," printed in 1830, there prevails throughout a warmth of patriotism, that might be easily accounted partiality in a native of Italy. Ten years of travel and local researches enabled him to draw information from the most direct sources ; and that vast mass of erudition, organized with the wide and deep views of a master mind, and warmed with the enthusiasm of a virtuous and chivalrous heart, has

rendered this work one of the most important productions of the present times.

The history of modern Italy has been likewise abundantly provided for. The work of Guicciardini stands at the head of that period. Writing the history of his own age, from 1492 to 1522, from the first French invasion of Charles the Eighth, to the definitive settlement of the Austrian dominion of Charles the Fifth, Guicciardini amply illustrated that momentous era, which put an end for ever to the supremacy of Italy over the other nations of Europe. The continuation of Guicciardini, from 1522 to 1797, and the history of Italy during the last French invasions, from 1797 to 1814, have been written by Botta.

This Guicciardini of our days, this prince of modern historians, as he is generally styled among his countrymen, long since established a wide reputation in this country, by his "History of the War of Independence of the United States of America." It was at first, and is still surprising, how a foreigner, who had never visited the country, could have so deeply studied the complicated institutions of the English colonies of North America, divined the causes that excited and the spirit that supported them during the long struggle of their emancipation, and traced its principal events with a chronological and topographical accuracy, that might deserve encomium even in an eyewitness.

It is highly desirable for a nation to have its history written by an enlightened foreigner. It is important to divest the annals of a country of the selfishness and narrow-mindedness of a mistaken patriotism. It is curious and instructive to read what other people think of us. The Italians have been long since used to perform such good offices for their neighbours, and have lately been amply requited by the labors of Sismondi. Botta's "America," however, was written especially with patriotic views; and the author, while writing, was not much actuated by the expectation of the popularity that awaited him on this side of the Atlantic. The rights of men were in those days blindly debated in Italy as well as in the rest of Europe. Liberty, an epidemic disease, threatened a general overturn. Botta, desirous of giving his countrymen a salutary lesson, thought of deriving his instruction from that recent memorable event, which had perhaps chiefly contributed to give Europe the first impulse. He wished to teach the Ital-

ians, on what ground a people must found its aspiration to independence ; what public spirit, and what private character, become a nation of freemen. It was with that aim, that he dwelt with so much fondness on the simplicity and sanctity of the earliest planters of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. It was as models to the chiefs of the Cisalpine and Italian republics, that he drew, with so much skill, the portraits of Washington, Adams, and Warren. It was as a contrast with *Jacobin* and *Sansculottic* rage, that he exalted the mildness and forbearance of the victors of Bunker's Hill and Saratoga. The length and prolixity of the work, and the pedantic affectation of its style, prevented the instruction from descending to those lower classes among which instruction was wanted. Botta was understood only by few ; and that history remained among the works that are more celebrated than read.

By that history, however, Botta having raised his name into public notice, he ventured on a work of still greater importance to Italy, by writing contemporaneous history. He was well aware of all the dangers attendant on such an enterprise. "Proposing to write," he says, at the beginning of the first book, "the history of events that took place in Italy in our days, I know not what the people of the present age will say of me." The judgment of his contemporaries did, in fact, bear harshly against him. That work was the object of virulent attacks, and the repose of his last years was disturbed by the animosities he had raised. But now Botta is dead, and we, his survivors, his earliest posterity, have a right to constitute ourselves his judges, and review the sentence that party spirit has passed against him. It is not difficult to vindicate his fame against all charges of venality. The indigence and exile, that were his portion after the fall of Napoleon, are sufficient evidence against such vile accusations. Equally reviled by all factions, he was sold to no faction. Those who have seen him in his humble dwelling in France, who know on what means he depended for his sustenance, must confess, that, had he ever sold himself, he must have made, to say the least, a very losing bargain. Nor is the charge of ingratitude towards the memory of Napoleon better founded. Botta was, at different intervals, a physician in the French armies, a deputy from his native district, a president of a scientific institute in France. He never attracted the attention of the great conqueror, except in the last years of his reign. With his great talent for

judging of men, and availing himself of their abilities, Napoleon employed Botta within his natural sphere, and conferred on him no favor from which he did not expect to derive equal advantages for the state. Botta was then bound to Napoleon's memory by no feelings that could hinder him from writing ; nor could he, when writing, be hindered, by any personal feelings, from declaring what he deemed to be truth.

Botta was a patriotic historian. At the moment he began his narration, he had just awakened from a dear illusion, in which all the best friends of Italy had equally shared, and wished to leave in his history a warning to his countrymen against future deception. He had finally perceived, that the Austrians, though the most successful, were not the most formidable, enemies of the independence of his country ; that the antipathy of all Italians, and especially the Lombards, against them, needed no further exasperation ; that no time, no mildness, no soothing manners, could ever reconcile the conquered to the conquerors. Sure on that ground, he saw, on the other hand, that, notwithstanding the severe lesson by which Italy was still bleeding from all her veins, the eyes of all Utopians were still turned towards France for their rescue, and *Gallomania* was still, to many minds, synonymous with patriotism. He saw this ; and, by a heart-rending picture of the horrors he had witnessed, he desired to impress upon his contemporaries that hard, but salutary lesson, which forms almost the conclusion of all his chapters, and so often recurs in the same words ; "that Austrians and Russians, English and French, are equally the sworn enemies of unfortunate Italy ; that there is no deception, no treachery, no ravage she has not reason to expect from them all ; and that, to rely upon foreign aid for her emancipation, can lead to no better result than a change of masters." A holy lesson this, and a prophetic warning ! But, at the moment it was given, the effervescence of men's minds was too great to allow calm judgment the exercise of its functions. The recent remembrance of the military despotism of Napoleon still dazzled the fancy with all the *prestiges* of glory. The dull and deathlike yoke of the Austrians made a sad contrast to the activity and life of the French dominion. The name of Italy was, as yet, imperfectly understood. The patriotic ranks were principally filled by malecontents from the Cisalpine assemblies, or from the French armies ; Jacobins, royalists, constitutionalists ;

opposite elements, cast together by common reverses, and used to call themselves French, and to speak and think in French ; raising, in the secrecy of their homes, shrines to the memory of the “man of destiny” ; looking towards St. Helena, as they had looked towards Elba, for a new rising of *the Star* ; some of them, even to the present day, refusing all belief to the tidings of the death of the *Sultan of death*. To such a set of warm and heroic believers, no wonder if the history of Botta sounded like calumny and blasphemy ; and no wonder also, if after so many lessons, so dearly purchased, in the revolutions of 1820 and 1831, the Italian patriots, resting on the fair promises of France, and plunging still into the same illusions, had the same calamities to deplore.

We do not know, however, how far the end can justify the means ; and we would not take upon ourselves to affirm, that, in pursuance of his own views, Botta has not, in many circumstances, deliberately palliated or exaggerated the truth, making his best of an epoch, in which an impudent system of lying, in all official bulletins and newspapers, had involved truth in a maze of perplexity. He has, for instance, too far exalted the constancy and valor of the ever-beaten warriors of Austria ; he has too often ascribed to chance the brilliant successes of the French ; he has overrated the wisdom and mildness of the old governments, and underrated the talents and uprightness of the new ones. But, above all, the desire of giving to his history the dark hues of Machiavelli and Guicciardini, as he had given his style their turn and manner, has made him extravagant, in his exhibition of human simulation and perfidy. He has put before his eyes a smoked glass, and all around him looks dark and pale. Society is to him a den of wild beasts. Botta is a virtuous writer, but no believer in virtue. He is a patriot, but he has despaired of his country. He is a lover of good, but a prophet of evil. He revolts you with a faithful exhibition, and a strong execration, of baseness and crime ; but he disheartens you by the conviction of their constant prosperity. If there is truth in his doctrines, still we do not see what they can lead to, but misanthropy and suicide.

His other history of Italy, a continuation of that of Guicciardini, from 1522 to 1797, the last of his works, written in compliance with the desire of an association of illustrious citizens from all parts of the country, who provided for the sus-

tenance of their proscribed historian, has met with less animosity, as it relates to an epoch not so intimately connected with the wants and feelings of the country at the present day. Nevertheless, the fondness of the author for an aristocratic or patrician form of government, such as, according to his ideas, principally contributed to the long prosperity of the Roman, Venetian, and Genoese republics, does not agree with the wild doctrines of democratic equality, of which the French revolution has spread the seeds throughout Europe. Italy is eminently a republican country. Wherever her different people, by any happy circumstance, have been masters of themselves, they have never made choice of any but a popular government. All the reigning families in the peninsula have erected their thrones on violence ; none has ever been defended with such beautiful examples of devotion as we read of in the histories of the northern countries. *God save the King*, and *Vive le Roi*, are shouts which find no echo in Italian hearts. On the other hand, no republic is able to hinder true merit from shining, or people from valuing and rewarding it ; nor can a man be put so high, that he may not aim still higher ; nor can he enjoy consideration and power, without endeavouring to forward his descendants in the same career ; nor can nations be prevented from looking with partiality and expectation towards the descendants of a man, who has bequeathed to them high claims to public gratitude. Aristocracy is innate in society ; it is inherent in our best feelings. The republic is wise which provides against its abuses, and prevents this system from becoming injurious to the common interests. The republic is wise, that leaves aristocracy to public opinion, without sanctioning it by law ; but even this is perhaps more than human foresight can do ; as we generally see, where laws oppose aristocracy of birth, a new and more offensive kind of aristocracy arises, that of wealth. Such are the ideas of Botta. He regards aristocracy as the conservative principle of a free state, as the source of all that is really noble and disinterested in public life ; and such principles are quite as likely to be willingly listened to in the democratic states of North America, as among the innovators of old, aristocratic Europe. Among the latter, at all events, they have destroyed Botta's reputation.

So much provision has been already made for the history of Italy. But the example of Botta has excited a noble

emulation among his countrymen ; and, since his death, history has taken in Italy a significant step. Among the writings in which have been more ostensibly adopted the stern and melancholy maxims, the grand and classic manner, the lofty and affected style of Botta, are to be ranked especially two histories of Genoa ; the one, from the earliest foundation of the city down to the year 1483, published in 1834, by Girolamo Serra, a man of noble birth, deeply implicated in the events that brought about the total extinction of his native republic ; the other, from the origin of the republic to the year 1814, by Carlo Varese, a work now in course of publication, which has excited the highest expectation. Another work, received with equal applause, is the history of Naples by General Colletta, who died an exile at Florence, in 1830. His history, published soon after his death, in continuation of one of the most illustrious works in Italian history, the "History of Naples" by Giannone, taking up the subject from 1734 to the present day, gives a faithful account of the revolution of Naples in 1820, an event in which General Colletta played a most distinguished part. In like manner, each province or city is now republishing its annals ; and the history of Como, by Cesare Cantu ; of Saluzzo, by Muletti ; of Pavia, by Robolini ; and essays on the ancient laws of Piedmont, by Sclopis ; on the commerce of Venice, by Mutinelli ; on the Genoese colonies in Asia, by Sauli ; would prove highly interesting in this country, if they could be introduced and circulated. But works written with more general views, and more worthy of the attention of American readers, such as the history of the celebrated families of Italy, by Litta, that of the Italian municipalities by Morbio, both now in course of publication, and the promised history of the house of Swabia, by Nicolini, one of the greatest poets of the age, are destined to be the forerunners of the great work, that, after so many generous efforts, still remains to be written, — a general history of Italy.

Conspicuous among the different attempts that have been made towards a general compilation of the memorials of the country, is "The Revolutions of Italy," by Denina, published at Turin, in 1769, — a work in three volumes, written with sufficient discernment and skill, but not with that wide power of genius, that embraces an immensity of objects, apparently unconnected, and presents them in their mutual rela-

tions, with that proportion and symmetry, which make of history an edifice obedient to the laws of architecture. Nor did the immense work of Luigi Bossi, on the "History of Italy, Ancient and Modern," published at Milan, in 1819, in nineteen volumes, better answer the purpose. Bossi, rather an antiquary than an historian, lost himself in dissertations and conjectures, which are incompatible with the highest aims of a philosophical history. His work is one of erudition, and it may be added to the vast amount of historical materials from which the history of Italy is to be framed. Among his most valuable productions, Botta has left the outlines of Italian history, in a work in three volumes, which he published in 1825, in French, for the Historical Society of Paris, under the title, "*Histoire des Peuples d'Italie*," embracing the whole period from the days of Constantine to the fall of Napoleon. It has been several times translated into Italian as well as into other languages. The depth of the master-mind of Botta is especially visible in this great effort, and his is, in consequence, thus far, the best essay on so arduous a subject; but what he has given, only exhibits the outlines of the great picture for which the artist has not yet appeared. Some praise is due to Sforzosi, who has condensed into one volume the whole history of Italy, ancient and modern. His work has been happily translated into English by a competent scholar in this country. It however had no higher aim than to be an elementary book, and is only to be recommended in that character. The great secret motive which deprives Italy of a work, of which the need is so generally felt, will be easily explained by the success that Cesare Balbo met with in an attempt of a similar nature. He published at Turin, in 1830, three volumes of a history of the Gothic and Lombard dominion, to which it was his intention to add a history of Italian Freedom, and of modern times down to our days; but he was forced to abandon his enterprise at the third volume. Such a work cannot be safely attempted under the iron rule of the Italian governments; but the ancient and modern works which we have noticed, furnish ample means of writing, to such of the sons of Italy, as are placed out of the reach of their enemies' power.

The office of erudition has been completed; the foundations have been laid, and important monuments have already risen, with shining success. A man of genius is

wanted, to take advantage of the efforts of such illustrious workmen, and raise an edifice, which will be the harbinger of union, independence, and regeneration, to that unfortunate people. The efforts the Italians of our days are making for a unity of language, literature, and history, are the best pledge they can give, of their being fitted for their emancipation. It is always by such a wise gradation, that the productions of arts, letters, and science, as well as the works of nature, are advanced to their greatest results.

The plan for the erection of the greatest of temples had long since been modelled and remodelled ; the treasures of more than one Pope had been lavished ; winters and summers had revolved over the rising aisles for more than half a century, before the Vatican felt the first impulse of that hand that was to start it into existence, — before, leaning upon the unwieldy piles heaped up by his predecessors, and taking his model from the works of creation, Michel Angelo raised to the firmament a firmament of marble.

THE LATE GENERAL PAOLI.

"Questo grand'uomo mandato per Dio a liberare la Patria."*

SIGNOR PASQUALE PAOLI was born at Rostino, in the island of Corsica (as would appear from a variety of circumstances) in the year 1726. He was the second son of Hiacinte Paoli, who had always been attached to the popular cause; and consequently was a sworn enemy to the Genoese; for they had attempted to subjugate his native country, both by fraud and by arms; and, instead of endeavouring to acquire the attachment of the nation, had planted the seeds of an unconquerable hatred, by their rapaciousness, their cruelty, and their injustice. Uniting a narrow, commercial jealousy with a fondness for fiscal tyranny, a capitation, a tithe, and a hearth-tax, three of the most odious imposts that could be devised, were levied with an uncommon degree of strictness, and that too on a nation totally devoid of wealth; while they were, at the same time, destitute of the means of supporting their new burthens, by being deprived of trade and manufactures. But this was not all; for the poor Genoese nobles, who had modestly appended the royal crown of Corsica† to the arms of the republick, were sent over, from time to time, to enrich themselves with the spoils of an impoverished people; and like the *Baillis* of Switzerland, pay their debts, and redeem their castles, by means of every species of oppression.

An avenger was at length found, in the person of Sampiero, a native Corsican, who had obtained the rank

* A Corsican proverb, applied to Paoli by his countrymen.

† The bank of St. George had a much better claim to the honour of emblazoning a crown on its paper money, as it actually advanced the whole of the treasure for the extinction of certain claims on the part of the kings of Naples and Aragon, and received in return the island of Corsica, by way of mortgage.

of colonel in the service of the king of France; but who was publicly poniarded in the midst of his followers, by a Genoese. The assassin having been cut in pieces by the indignant multitude, the senate decreed that the expenses of a funeral ceremony should be defrayed by the publick; and at the same time proposed, that a statue should be erected to his honour in the hall of the ducal palace, by the side of that of ‡ Andrew Doria!

In 1725, the Genoese having insisted that, instead of *tithes in kind*, the full value in money should be paid by the islanders, a new revolt broke out, and the standard of liberty was once more unfurled by those hardy islanders. On this, the pretensions of their oppressors, instead of being diminished, were increased. They insisted that all the commodities of the country should be sold to them alone. They seized on a lake for their own use, called *stagno di Diana*; the waters of which were converted into salt by the rays of the sun, while the families of the Ciaccaldi and Raffaelli were deprived of their estates, in consequence of the most frivolous pretexts.

On this, Pompiliani and Fabio Filinhieri were elected the leaders of the insurgents; and, although the latter was put to death by the poniard, a new war was prevented only by the intervention of the emperour in 1734, who had sent prince Louis of Wirtemberg to Corsica, with a body of 6000 men, to the assistance of the republick.

Notwithstanding the *concordat* that followed, the Genoese governed with their usual injustice, and the Corsicans obeyed with the same reluctance

‡ It may not be unnecessary to observe in this place, that the memory of this great man was never disgraced by giving him an assassin for a colleague.

as before. In a short time after, the former having found means to seize on and imprison those whom they termed the ringleaders during the late insurrection, a new war broke forth in consequence of so gross a breach of faith.

This event gave birth to the projects of Anthony, baron de Neuhoﬀ, one of the most extraordinary men recorded in history. After having studied politicks under the celebrated Swedish minister, baron Goertz, and served during some time along with that great warrior, Charles XII. he entered into the service of the emperor; resided during a short period at Florence, in the capacity of his imperial majesty's minister; and having received an offer of the crown of Corsica, provided he would place himself at the head of the insurgents, he accordingly repaired to Aleria, on board a vessel mounting 24 guns, and carrying an English flag. Soon after this (in March, 1736) he was conducted to Corte, the capital of this island; and, in a general assembly of the inhabitants, was immediately elected *king of Corsica and Capraja, under the name of Theodore I.

But, as the natives have ever been impatient of superiority, they soon became to the full as tired of their new sovereign then, as they were of the English about half a century afterwards; and both were accordingly obliged to abdicate. The retreat of the former, however, must be allowed to have been more honourable, as his majesty, king Theodore, withdrew for the express purpose of obtaining supplies, after having convoked a *consulta*, in which he took a solemn and publick leave of the nation. He also established a regency, and, by an edict published at Sartene, conferred the provisional government on twenty-

* Theodore I. coined money, established laws, instituted the Order of Deliverance, and created a number of nobles, among whom was the father of Paoli, who obtained the dignity of a marquis, and the post of grand treasurer.

eight nobles, at the head of whom we find the marquis Hiacinte de Paoli, with the rank of marshal general.

Soon after this, the king of France ordered a body of men, under general de Maillebois, to land in Corsica, for the express purpose of assisting the Genoese. But as the natives were in no small degree formidable, this commander offered his mediation. It however was refused on the part of the marquis de Paoli, but accepted by his countrymen. On this, he immediately left his native island, in company with his two sons, and repaired to the continent. Having obtained the countenance of one of the neighbouring princes, into whose service (we believe) he entered, Hiacinte settled at Naples. While there, he soon perceived the seeds of extraordinary talents in his second son, Pasquale; and being determined to bestow a good education on him, he placed his favourite child under the Jesuits, then esteemed the best masters in Europe. Thus confided to their tuition, he attained an extraordinary degree of proficiency in the learned languages. Active, sober, never indulging idleness, or abandoning either his mind or body to the grosser pleasures of sensuality, he, at an early period of life, conceived the bold idea of placing himself at the head of his nation, and becoming its deliverer. Meanwhile, he was introduced at court, obtained a commission in the service of Naples, and endeavoured to make himself acquainted with the art of war.

At an early period of his life, he displayed a lofty port, and exhibited what he himself was pleased to term

“Una superbia indicibile.”

His mind, at the same time, became deeply imbued with all the ancient precepts relative to liberty; and when spoken to respecting the dangers that must be necessarily encountered in attempting to enfranchise his country, he was accustomed

to reply by means of a line from Virgil :

“ Vincit amor patriæ laudumque immensa cupido.”

Meanwhile, his father, who appears to have been a man of talents,* brought him up with the most noble notions, and carefully inculcated the practice of all the heroick virtues. In addition to this, his own mind being filled with important objects, his passions, instead of being wasted in ignoble pursuits, were occupied solely with important objects. Accustomed to contemplate and to reason on the practices of former times, he took part with the stoicks in preference to the epicureans and was eager to remark, “that while the former had produced but one great man, the other could boast of a multitude.”†

“ Hi mores, hæc duri immota Catonis
Secta fuit, servare modum, finemque tenere,
Naturamque sequi, patriæque impendere vitam,
Nec sibi sed toti genitum se credere mundo.”

Lucan. Pharsal. lib. ii. l. 380.

At length the time arrived when Paoli was to carry his schemes into execution. He accordingly took leave of his father, who, after embracing him with affection, expressed himself as follows :

“ My dear son, I may possibly never see you again ; but in imagination, I shall ever attend on your footsteps. Your design is great and noble, and I doubt not but God will bless and assist you in it. The little which remains to me of life,” adds the hoary chief, “ I shall consecrate to your cause, by offering up my pray-

* There is a sonnetto still in existence written by Giacinto Paoli to celebrate the exploits of his colleague, general Giafferi, who afterwards retired, like himself, to Naples, during the siege of Cordone. It begins with the two following lines :

“ A coronar l'Eroe di Cirno invito,
Morte discenda e se l'inchini il fato, &c.”

† A Tour to Corsica, by James Boswell, Esq. p. 304.

ers and supplications to heaven for your prosperity and protection.”

Having repaired to his native island, he found a sudden change in respect to the difference of manners. For the people there were still rude, uncouth, and, in some respects, savage. They seemed, however, admirably fitted for war ; and exhibited, at the same time, a steady determination either to recover their lost independence, or perish in the attempt.

As it was impossible, on account of his extreme youth, that he should all at once aspire to the honour of being one of the chiefs of his nation, Paoli officiated for a considerable time as secretary to Caffori, a physician, who happened to be one of his own kinsmen, and who was at this period at the head of the malcontents. At length, on the assassination of that leader, he presented himself as his successour ; but he was opposed by signor Matra, the son of a marquis of the same name, who, like Paoli's own father, had been attached to the popular cause, and formed, in conjunction with him, one of the council of regency. Being a man of noble sentiments, and uniting the patriot and the warrior in his own person, he formed a formidable rival to Pasquale ; and the adherents of both parties having armed on the occasion, the Paolists were defeated, and obliged, with their chief, to take refuge in a convent, where they were closely blockaded. But Matra soon after experienced the same tragical end as his two predecessors, Sampieri and Caffori. On this, his competitor was immediately liberated from his confinement, and publicly canvassed for the chieftainship, now become once more vacant.

Paoli appears to have been formed by nature to attain the hearts and suffrages of his countrymen ; for his deportment was grave and prudent, and his judgment was matured by reflection rather than by age, while his patriotism was unquestioned, and his eloquence superiour to that of

any of his rivals. He was accordingly unanimously chosen *generalissimo*, in a full assembly of the people, when he had attained but the 29th year of his age. This joyful event was immediately announced, by means of a proclamation, "in the name of the supreme and general council of Corsica, addressed to the beloved people of that nation," dated from St. Antonio of the White House, July 15, 1755. It was there stated, "that having determined on the election of one political and general chief, the voices had been unanimous in favour of Pasquale Paoli, a man whose virtues and abilities rendered him particularly worthy. He had expressed great reluctance," it was added, "to accept of the command, but had at length been prevailed upon to take upon himself the government; in the conduct of which he was to be assisted by two counsellors of state, and one of the most reputable persons from each district, all of whom were to be changed once a month."

Paoli was accordingly intrusted with the sole management of publick affairs, both civil and military, and soon obtained such an ascendancy over the minds of the people, that they implicitly assented to every thing proposed in his name. As his patrimony* was extremely slender, it became absolutely necessary that he should obtain a settled revenue. His expenses were accordingly provided for, by means of an annual tax, called "*Il fiane del generale*."

The situation of the island, in respect to its internal government, being very unpromising, this chief new modelled the laws, discouraged assassinations, imported arms, and established the appearance, if not reality, of subordination. In addition to all this, he instituted schools, erected a university at Corte, and

actually laid the foundation of a maritime power; or, at least, what was considered as such in that part of the Mediterranean, although it only consisted, in 1760, of a few *feluccas*, under the command of count Perys, who was henceforward designated under the pompous title of high admiral of Corsica.

In 1761, the doge and senate of Genoa, perceiving the change lately effected among the natives, by the good conduct of one man, sent a deputation to a general *consulta*, convoked at Vescovato, for the express purpose of proposing terms of accommodation; but as the pulse of liberty now beat high, it was unanimously resolved never to make any peace with the enemy, unless on the express condition of Corsica being guarantied in the full enjoyment of its independence. A memorial to the same effect was also addressed, at the same time, to all the sovereigns of Europe.

At length, in 1768, this petty and tyrannical republick, being now in despair of ever bending the Corsicans again to its yoke, actually determined to dispose of the island to the best bidder. Accordingly, the sovereignty was transferred to France (at least, so far as such a transfer can be esteemed legal) for the sum of forty millions of livres, a large portion of which was, however, deducted as an antecedent debt.

But Paoli, although greatly alarmed, was not utterly dismayed by this cession. On the contrary, he aroused and prepared the spirit of his followers for a fresh contention, and animated them to persevere, with additional zeal, in the defence of their liberties and independence against all opposers. He, at the same time, solemnly promised never to abandon the cause; but either to triumph or fall at the head of his countrymen!

This heroick resolution, coupled with the justice of the cause in which he had embarked, obtained for him the esteem and regard of every lover

* It consisted solely, as has been confidently said, of a house and garden at Rostino, the place of his birth.

of humanity throughout Europe. He had already added to his reputation by driving the Genoese from the open country; shutting them up in the maritime towns; and besieging the city of St. Fiorenzo; which he was only prevented from taking possession of by the ignorance of his countrymen in respect to the attack of fortified places, as well as the total want of cannon of every description, without which it was utterly impossible to make any impression on a town defended according to the modern rules of war.

But the situation of these brave islanders was soon altered for the worse, as *M. de Marbœuf, an officer of considerable talents, had landed with six battalions, in 1764. But yet Paoli was still considered, by all parties, as the legitimate chief, and it was not until some time after, that a new war, and that too with such a powerful monarchy as France, became inevitable.

Meanwhile, the people of England, always impressed with noble ideas in behalf of freedom, began to conceive a high notion of the inhabitants of Corsica, and to feel a generous wish to serve them. This passion was not a little inflamed by the writings of a young Scotchman,† who had been induced to visit that island in 1765, without any other introduction than a letter from the celebrated author of the *Social Contract*.

By this means he obtained an introduction to Paoli, whom he describes as follows: "I found him alone, and was struck with his ap-

pearance. He is tall, strong, and well made; of a fair complexion, a sensible, free, and open countenance, and a manly and open carriage. He was then in his fortieth year. He was dressed in green and gold. He used to wear the common Corsican habit; but, on the arrival of the French, he thought a little external elegance might be of use, to make the government appear in a more respectable light.

"He asked me, what were my commands for him? I presented him a letter from count Rivarola; and when he had read it, I showed him my letter from Rousseau. He was polite, but very reserved. I had stood in the presence of many a prince; but I never had such a trial as in the presence of Paoli. I have already said, that he is a great physiognomist. In consequence of his being in continual danger, from treachery and assassination, he has formed a habit of studiously observing every new face. For ten minutes we walked backwards and forwards through the room, hardly saying a word, while he looked at me with a stedfast, keen, and penetrating eye, as if he searched my very soul.

"This interview was for a while very severe upon me. I was very much relieved when his reserve wore off, and he began to speak more. I then ventured to address him with this compliment to the Corsicans. 'Sir, I am upon my travels, and have lately visited Rome. I am come from seeing the ruins of one brave and free people: I now see the rise of another.'

This event, trifling as it may appear, tended not a little, in consequence of the policy of Paoli, to raise him in the estimation of his own countrymen, and even of the neighbouring states. Boswell was immediately lodged in the house of signor Colonna, the lord of the manor, and visited by all the nobility. And whenever he chose to survey the country,

* M. de Marbœuf was much beloved by the natives. It was he, indeed, who protected the family of Buonaparte; and being very much attached, as has been said, to his mother, obtained leave for him, during the reign of Louis XV. to be sent to *l'Ecole Militaire*.

† The late Mr. Boswell, son of lord Auchinleck, one of the lords of session, a gentleman who seems to have begun the world as a speculative whig, and to have ended it as a practical tory.

was attended by a party of soldiers. "One day," says he, "when I rode out, I was mounted on Paoli's own horse, with rich furniture of crimson velvet, with broad gold lace, and had my guards marching along with me. I allowed myself to indulge a momentary pride in the parade; as I was curious to experience what could really be the pleasure of state and distinction, with which mankind are so strangely intoxicated." It was easy to countenance, or even to originate, the report that a gentleman, whose zeal alone carried him into the wilds of Corsica, had been sent thither on a secret mission; and the "*Ambasciadore Inglese*," by means of the Avignon Gazette, was soon introduced to the notice of all the people of Europe.

While Paoli was thus flattering the vanity of his countrymen, and consolidating his own power, the conquest of the whole island seems to have been meditated by the court of France. Louis XV. an indolent and voluptuous prince, addicted to the loosest pleasures, and regulated by the will of his mistresses and his ministers, was prevailed upon to make the attempt in 1768. M. de Chauvelin, one of his favourites, and the father of that ambassadour whom we have seen at our own court, as the representative of Louis XVI. was accordingly nominated to the command of the expedition.

The army destined for the acquisition of the poor, barren, and desolate island of Corsica, was composed of sixteen battalions and two legions, amounting in all to about 5000 men. These were to be supported by a squadron, consisting of two sail of the line, two frigates, six armed brigs, a number of transports, &c. It was evidently the interest of the English nation to have prevented this acquisition on the part of France: but a secret understanding appears, at that time, to have subsisted between the two courts, and a spirit of compliance actually evinced itself on this occa-

sion that cannot be accounted for on any honourable principle. Lord Chat-ham did not, at that humiliating period, preside in the councils of the nation: yet we have always understood, that the late marquis of Lansdowne, then earl of Shelburn, objected to the tameness with which such an insult was born, and that he actually resigned the important office then held by him, in consequence of it.

Be this as it may, a furious war ensued between France and Corsica; in which numbers, military science, money, and discipline, were on one side; and on the other, an almost unarmed multitude, enthusiasm, bravery, and a good cause.

As the Corsicans were unprovided with artillery, and even with bayonets, and combated individually rather than in regular masses, it would have been highly impolitical for them to have encountered the French in the plain, and thus placed the fate of their country on the issue of a pitched battle. On the contrary, it was their interest to prolong the war, in order to give time for the intervention of the neutral powers. Paoli, therefore, posted his troops on the heights of Nebbio, de la Groce, and St. Antonio, where they remained firm; hoping, in a mountainous warfare, to be able to contend with less inequality than in the low country. They were obliged, however, after repeated charges, to retire before the veteran troops of France, who acted in concert, and possessed a variety of advantages.

On this, the islanders withdrew behind the Guolo; but not until they had already exhibited such a specimen of their bravery, that, instead of pursuing the enemy, Chauvelin found it absolutely necessary to draw reinforcements from his own coast.

In the course of a short period, the tide of war turned against the invaders; and the Corsicans (who had hitherto acted on the defensive) at length became the assailants. Many

officers distinguished themselves on this occasion, particularly Clemente Paoli, the elder brother of the general. He was a singular man, who united the most exemplary deference to the superstitions of the church, with a passionate attachment to the profession of arms, and led the life of a monk, when he did not act in the capacity of a warrior. Perceiving that a considerable body of French troops, with the usual audacity of that nation, had penetrated into the Pieva, or district of Casinca, he called on the natives to rise in a body; and having assembled four or five thousand of them, he attacked the enemy; forced the post of *La Penta*; obliged the foe to recross the river; and actually drove them before him to *Notre Dame dell' Orto*. But this was not all; for no sooner had his success been made generally known, than the detached camp of St. Nicholas was attacked by multitudes of armed men, and general Grandmaison, who commanded there, was obliged to fall back to Oletta. The town of Borgo was the next object, on which the conquerors fixed their attention; and although utterly unacquainted with both the art and the means of attacking fortified stations, they found means to penetrate into the place, and make a lodgment there.

On this M. de Chauvelin resolved to advance in person, with the main body of the army, while Paoli, being encouraged by the recent conduct of his troops, determined to give him battle. An action accordingly took place on the fifth of September, 1768; for the French having advanced in three separate columns, hoping by means of a combined movement, to carry every thing before them, the Corsicans, as usual, placed themselves in ambush, and, as they fired with all the certainty of American riflemen, they of course made a great slaughter. Of three hundred of the garrison of Borgo, who sallied out during the fight, one man only re-

turned alive; and that place was accordingly obliged to surrender next day.

After this the French general retired first to Bastia, and then to Versailles, chagrined to behold some of the best troops of France circumvented, defeated, and killed, by a body of mountaineers, headed by a general who was acquainted with the theory of war alone, and had never, until now, beheld an engagement. The conclusion of the campaign of 1768, so disgraceful to the French army, and so honourable to its enemies, afforded a fair opportunity for the intervention of the maritime powers. But as M. de Choiseul, at that time minister to Louis XV. was but too well acquainted with the disposition of the British cabinet, which could alone have animated the allied courts into action, he determined to send powerful reinforcements to Corsica. These consisted of twenty battalions, two legions, and twelve hundred mules; and the command of the whole was intrusted to the count de Vaux.

This officer unfortunately happened not only to be brave and active, but also to possess a mind well acquainted with all the resources of war. He himself was familiar with the scene of action, and well aware of all the faults committed by his predecessor, who had escaped from disgrace, and even from punishment, only by the personal attachment and regard of the monarch, in whose debaucheries he had for many years participated.

The new commander in chief, fearing, above all things, lest the war should be protracted, determined to divide his army into two columns, of about twelve battalions each, and by one grand movement put an end to the contest, by the complete subjugation of the whole island of Corsica. Paoli, from this moment, foresaw that his country must not only be overrun, but conquered. He, however, defended the bridge of Guolo, and

the village of Valle, with a considerable degree of obstinacy ; after which, he retired with about six thousand men to the top of a mountain, surmounted with a Turkish mosque, originally built by the Saracens, and since converted into a Christian church, dedicated to St. Peter. As this commanded the four adjacent valleys, and was considered as the last and chief defence of the island, every thing depended on keeping possession of it. But the Corsicans were equally overpowered by numbers and by skill ; and fifteen hundred of them having been nearly cut off, in an attempt against the French army at Ponte Nuovo, the final subjugation of the natives was now unhappily accomplished.

Dumourier, who served on this occasion, with the rank of adjutant general, is liberal enough, in the Memoirs of his own Life, to pay the highest compliments both to the Corsicans and their chief. In respect to the former, he observes as follows :

“ It is astonishing, that this handful of islanders, destitute of artillery, fortifications, magazines, and money, should have kept France at bay during two campaigns, although she had no other enemies to cope with. But liberty doubles the valour and strength of man.”

“ Paoli,” says he, in another place, “ has rendered his name illustrious, in consequence of the vigour with which he supported the cause of public liberty among the Corsicans ; but in truth, it was a little at the expense of their individual freedom. In the course of this war, he displayed great genius, and a noble consistency. Had he been endowed with military talents ; had he known how to have instructed his countrymen in that species of hostility best suited to the natural bent of their genius, he would have destroyed our little army in 1768, and done us much more harm than we experienced in 1769.”

This celebrated chief had the good fortune to escape during the general

confusion, with the loss of his library and his baggage. Having with some difficulty assembled a few of his faithful followers, among whom was his own brother, he repaired to the seaside, and being accompanied by these on board an armed vessel, bearing the English flag, which had been provided for his reception, he was landed in Italy.

After remaining a short time at Leghorn, he repaired to England, where he had many friends and admirers. Indeed, it was but a few days before his final retreat, that he had received a liberal subscription, from a number of private individuals, for the express purpose of enabling him to continue the war against France.*

Immediately on his arrival, the patriots, at the eastern extremity of the metropolis transmitted a formal invitation to the general, to repair to the city, where an entertainment had been provided for him. Alderman Beckford, Mrs. Macaulay, alderman Fecothick, and a number of his friends and admirers were all present on this occasion, and expected his appearance with impatience : but the general, having received an intimation from the patriots of the west end of the town, that his presence would give offence to the court, he felt himself suddenly *indisposed*, and sent his secretary with an excuse.

Meanwhile Paoli was presented to his majesty, at St. James's, and most graciously received. He was at the same time gratified with a pension† for himself, while a liberal provision was made for his brother, signor Clemente Paoli, and also for his nephew, signor Barbaggio, the latter of whom had accompanied him to England, while the former resided in Italy.

From this time forward, the ex-general remained chiefly in London, leading the quiet life of a private gen-

* The aldermen Beckford and Fecothick, together with Samuel Vaughan, esq. were the trustees.

† Twelve hundred pounds per annum.

tleman, keeping a hospitable table, a carriage, and every thing appertaining to a man of fortune. Having been waited upon, soon after his arrival, by Mr. Boswell, the latter presented Dr. Johnson to him, on the 10th day of October, 1769. "They met with a manly ease," says Mr. B.* "mutually conscious of their own abilities, and of the abilities of each other. The general spoke Italian, and Dr. Johnson English, and understood one another very well, with a little aid of interpretation from me, in which I compared myself to an isthmus, that joins two great continents."

During the space of twenty-three years, Paoli enjoyed an honourable and secure asylum in Great Britain, where he, of course, expected to end his days. But the extraordinary events of the French revolution at length induced him to embark anew in the storms of civil strife.

No sooner had the constituting assembly proclaimed liberty to the nation, than the fate of Corsica appeared to be meliorated, and a people so long oppressed, received a glimpse of freedom. On perceiving that his native country had become one of the departments of France, her ancient chief transmitted a letter to his fellow citizens, in which he expressed his congratulations on this event, but lamented, at the same time, that he could not rejoin them consistently with his gratitude and attachment to the British nation.

Notwithstanding this, he took leave of his friends here, and repaired to Paris in 1792; having been well received by the party then in power, he pronounced a speech at the bar of the assembly, in which he observed, "that after a painful exile of more than twenty years, he now rejoiced to behold his country restored to the possession of her rights and privileges, by the generosity of the French

nation." He, at the same time, expressed his readiness "to contribute, as much as it was in his power, to the happiness of his fellow citizens."

These sentiments being highly popular at that period, experienced general applause; and Paoli having taken the oath of fidelity in the face of the nation, was thus enabled to reinstate himself in all his former power and authority. Soon after this, he embarked for Corsica, where he was received with an extraordinary degree of attachment and respect. In consequence of this, he was elected mayor of Bastia, commander in chief of the national guard, and president of the department. In fine, he soon acquired more authority in the island than before its subjugation by the French.

Notwithstanding this, he appears to have been still ambitious of its entire independence, and an epoch soon arrived, when he imagined that so desirable an event might be effected with impunity. This was the execution of Louis XVI. which divided the French nation into two parties, rendered a civil war exceedingly probable, and animated the enemies of the new republic with new hopes.

The convention having been informed of his secret practices, immediately issued orders to Paoli, to repair to their bar, and defend himself against the accusations of his enemies: but he pleaded his age and infirmities, with a view of gaining time, and assured that assembly he would never be found defective in respect to his duty. To a second decree, more peremptory than the first, he replied in a different manner, and with more frankness: after which he repaired to Corte, the ancient capital, situate in the centre of the island, where, surrounded by his friends and adherents, he laughed at the proclamation which had been issued, declaring him a traitor, and setting a price on his head.

On this occasion, however, a number of the most powerful families in

* Life of Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. vol. ii. p. 76.

Corsica declared against him; and Saliceti, Arena, Gentili, Casa Bianca, together with many of those who had sworn fidelity to the new constitution, and like himself subscribed the civick oath, publicly declared, that they could not assist in subverting those regulations, in favour of which they had taken so solemn a vow, in the face of Heaven and of mankind.

On the other hand, the whole body of the clergy, disgusted at the late reforms, which had deprived them of a large portion of their revenues, sided with their ancient chief; and to these adhered all such as were eminently devoted to the church of Rome, a numerous and powerful class of men, who assumed to themselves the appellation of the *sacred band*. But as Paoli knew from long experience, that it was impossible to resist the power of France, alone and unsupported, he determined to call in the assistance of England, which at this period occupied Toulon, and waged war, with a degree of vigour and of bitterness, hitherto unexampled in the annals of that kingdom. He accordingly invited the British admiral,* who had been recently foiled in an expedition against his native country, to invade it anew, with a fleet, accompanied by a body of troops, to whom he was prepared to give every possible succour, having been once more elected *generalissimo*, in a grand council of the nation. That officer, having first despatched colonel, now general sir John Moore.† together with the late major Kœhler, to examine into the prospects and resources of the insurgents, an expedition sailed from the bay of Hieras, January 24, 1795, for the express purpose of driving the French out of the island. A body of troops having been landed under lieutenant general Dundas, the tower of Mortella was taken with some difficulty; after which, Fornelli was attacked with success, and St. Fiorenzo having been

evacuated, Bastia and Calvi, also, yielded to the victors.

Immediately after this, a general *consulta* was assembled at Corte; and Paoli having been elected president, the representatives of the nation unanimously voted the union of Corsica with the British crown. This proposition having been readily accepted, on the part of sir Gilbert Elliot (now lord Minto) then his majesty's commissioner, he was immediately invested with the dignity of viceroy. A new constitution was soon after formed, which, if not exactly suitable to the genius of the nation, must be allowed to have been exceedingly favourable to liberty; for these subjects now received as a boon, many of those very privileges which the inhabitants of England had long demanded in vain as a right, particularly short parliaments, and an equal representation of the people.

It might have been supposed, that the triumph of Paoli was complete, and his happiness placed on such a permanent basis, as never to be either ruffled or disturbed during the remainder of his life. But the fact, which proved directly the reverse, tends not a little to demonstrate the mutability of human happiness. A jealousy, how justly founded we are unable to determine, soon after took place between the British viceroy, and the Corsican chief, the result of which was undoubtedly connected with the future fate of the island. Paoli, however, on this occasion, cheerfully yielded to the force of circumstances, and was generous enough before his departure, to address a valedictory letter to his countrymen, in which he exhorted them to cultivate the friendship of the English, and remain firm in their allegiance to his majesty George III.

These loyal effusions, however, during his absence, were attended with but little effect; for the natives, naturally inconstant, soon became disgusted with their new allies and protectors. Dazzled, also, at the same time, perhaps, with the splendour

* Lord Hood.

† Lately killed at the battle of Corunna.

of the victories of their countryman Buonaparte, in Italy, and determined, above all things, on a reunion with France, it was at length deemed necessary, on the part of the English troops, to evacuate an island which has always proved destructive to every nation connected with it, either by friendship or by enmity.

Meanwhile, a sad reverse of fortune attended on Paoli; for, by the failure of a commercial house at Leghorn, he lost the sum of five thousand pounds, which was all that he possessed in the world. In addition to this, the payments of his pension had been suspended; and on his arrival in England, he was not received at court with so much attention, as heretofore.

About this period, he was visited by the author of this article, who found him in an obscure lodging, above a shop in Oxford road, whence he at length removed into a small house in Edgeware road, on the right hand side, a little beyond the turnpike. The remainder of his life is one entire blank, totally devoid of incidents, until his death, which had been preceded by a lingering illness, on Thursday, February 5, 1807, in the 8th year of his age.

Few foreigners, however distinguished, have been so much caressed in England, as the late general Pasquale Paoli. By living in habits of familiarity with men of letters, his name and exploits acquired fresh celebrity; and Boswell, Goldsmith, Johnson, Macaulay, Barbauld, and Lord Littleton, although differing in almost every thing else, most cordially united in his praise. Abroad, too, his reputation was greatly respected; and the eulogiums of such a man as Rousseau, then in the zenith of his reputation, was alone sufficient to ensure reputation throughout the rest of Europe.

While his laurels were still green, it was usual to compare Paoli to Timoleon and Epaminondas: and it was appositely remarked by an English minister, that the same thing

might have been said of him, as had been formerly uttered by the cardinal de Retz, in respect to the famous Montrose, "that he was one of those men who are no longer to be found any where, but in the lives of Plutarch."

That the Corsican chief was a great man, cannot well be denied; but it is the opinion of those, who have enjoyed an opportunity of studying his character, that he was a politician rather than a soldier; that he shone in council more than in arms; and that the leading feature of his publick conduct, was a certain degree of *Italian policy*, which taught him to refine and speculate on every event.

Among his countrymen he was adored; and to support his superiority, he made use of those arts which have usually passed under the name of *pious frauds*. These, perhaps, appeared indispensably necessary for the government of barbarians! Accordingly, like Numa, he pretended to a direct communication with the Deity,* and also affected, on all occasions, after the manner of the heroes of old, to be surrounded by dogs of a particular breed, which were indeed necessary to preserve him from assassination.

It is not a little remarkable, that Corsica, an island which seems to have been equally despised, both by the ancients and moderns, should have produced two men, one of whom engaged the attention of all Europe, towards the middle of the last century, while another seems, unhappily for the repose of mankind, destined to regulate its fate, at the beginning of the present.

* That this amiable chief should have persuaded an uncivilized nation, that he received intimations of future events from above, is but little surprising; but that he should have also persuaded one of the inhabitants of an enlightened country, is absolutely unaccountable. Let it be recollected, however, that some of the countrymen of Mr. Boswell, at that very period, actually believed in *second sight*.

THE BENEFITS OF ITALIAN UNITY.

FROM THE ETUDES RELIGIEUSES.

REVOLUTION is a dangerous syren. The nations of the earth have yielded to her seductions, but the day is coming when with one voice they will curse the great enchantress who has lured them on to apostasy. For a century she has not ceased to announce an era of prosperity to the rising generation, but at length we see her promises are as deceptive as her principles are corrupt. From the heart of all nations rise up groans and maledictions against her teachings, and against her agents who have betrayed the hopes of their partisans, brought death instead of life, ruin instead of prosperity, and dishonor instead of glory. In a word, revolution is in a state of bankruptcy. This is not acknowledged by the politicians of the *tiers-parti* and their followers. They still continue to proclaim the sovereignty of the "immortal principles," declare revolution a success, celebrate its material and moral benefits, and boast that "real social justice was for the first time rendered in 1789"—after eighteen centuries of Christianity! But people are ceasing to be duped by any such political sophisms; they are beginning to regret profoundly the peace, order, and security, and all the benefits assured to the world by the supremacy of religion, and lost through social apostasy. The wisest of politicians are tired of revolutions. People who have lost their sacred heritage, and find themselves deprived of the highest blessings of life, are beginning to remember their baptismal engagements, and to feel the necessity of putting an end to revolution, and re-

turning to the social order established of God. The prodigal son, famished with hunger, makes an energetic resolution: *Surgam et ibo ad patrem!* Hesitation is no longer possible. Weary of your modern theories, we will return to our Father's house—to Christ and his church!

The man who comprehended most thoroughly the Satanic nature of the revolutionary spirit—Count Joseph de Maistre—had an intuitive assurance of the calamities that would avenge the disregard of the laws of order, and lead future generations back to the sacred principles of their ancestors. The foresight and warnings of this eminent writer are well known. Addressing the French, he says: "Undeceive yourselves, at length, as to the lamentable theories that have disgraced our age. You have already found out what the promulgators of these deplorable dogmas are, but the impression they have left is not yet effaced. In all your plans of creation and restoration you only leave out God, from whom they have alienated you. . . . How has God punished this execrable delirium? He has punished it as he created light—by a single word—*Fiat!*—and the political world has crumbled to atoms. . . . If any one wishes to know the probable result of the revolution, they need only examine the point whereon all its factions are united. They all desire the degradation, yea, the utter subversion, not only of the monarchy, but of Christianity; *whence it follows* that all their efforts must finally end in the triumph of Christianity as well

as the monarchy."* In these few words the great philosopher gives us a complete history of the era of revolution in the past as well as the future. He declares it a widespread overturning of order, necessarily followed by terrible misfortunes, till a counter-stroke turns the nations back to the way appointed by God. †

While M. de Maistre was regarding the progress of events from the heights of his genius, he gave the most minute attention to the ravages of the revolutionary spirit in every department. In the *Mélanges Inédits*, for which we are indebted to Count Joseph's grandson, and which appeared on the very eve of our great disasters (1870), we find more than a hundred pages devoted to reviewing the *benefits* of the French Revolution. They contain an inventory drawn up by the aid of the republican papers of the time, in which the moral and material results of revolutionary barbarism are attested by the avowal of the barbarians themselves. A certain historian of the Revolution would have done well to examine this catalogue before officially undertaking, in the presence of the National Assembly, the awkward apology so generally known. And what if he had continued to verify the benefits of the revolutionary syren, still beloved of certain politicians, till the

end of the year 1872? How glorious would be the balance-sheet of the "immortal principles" in the eighty-fourth year of their reign! Every Frenchman knows what it has cost to be the eldest son of the Revolution! — As statistics are held in such high honor in our day, why not draw up the accounts of '89, and establish clearly the active and passive of the revolutionary spirit now spreading throughout the world?

We lay before our readers some notes that may be of service in this vast liquidation, taken from two valuable works that have been kindly brought to our notice.* We do not feel at liberty to designate the eminent person who wrote these *Notes*, which, if we are rightly informed, were first published in the *Messager Russe*. All we feel permitted to state is that we can place full confidence in the probity of this traveller. He belongs to the diplomatic corps, but unfortunately is not of the Catholic religion. We will let him testify for himself. It will at once be seen by the frequent quotations we shall make that he is a man of superior mind, decision and honesty of character, and of an upright and incorruptible conscience.

"Eleven years ago, I witnessed the foundation of the kingdom of Italy. I have just seen the work completed—the edifice crowned—Rome made the capital. — My observations have been made in person, and are impartial, as I had no preconceived opinions. My numerous quotations are taken in a great measure from Italian sources, nay, even *the most Italian*. My position as an independent observer, unbiassed by any feeling of responsibility, enables me to judge events in a cooler manner

* *Considerations sur la France*, chapter x. *et alibi passim*.

† M. de Maistre is sometimes quoted as taking a different view; for example, in an article in the *Correspondant* for Nov. 10, Joseph de Maistre declared revolution an epoch and not an event. But this by no means signifies that the illustrious publicist meant that revolution was about to prevail. He says: "The French Revolution is an important epoch, and its manifold consequences will be felt far beyond the time of its outbreak and the limits of its original sphere. . . . If there is not a moral revolution throughout Europe, if the religious spirit is not strengthened in this part of the world, the bonds of society will dissolve." The clergy of France, in particular, are called to "the essential work" of reacting against the influence of the *Goddess of Reason*. See *Considerations sur la France*, chap. ii.

* *Études sur l'Italie contemporaine*, and *Notes d'un Voyageur. Première Étude*, June, 1871; *Seconde Étude*, July, 1872. Paris: Amyot.

than might be done by an opponent of the various publicists that have treated of the successive phases of the great Italian drama." *

Here, then, is contemporaneous Italy studied by an observer of incontestable impartiality—studied on the spot, and from authentic sources. It is by no means uncommon to hear the correspondents of Catholic journals accused of exaggeration. Certain newspapers under party influence, like the *Journal des Débats* and the *Indépendance Belge*, are paid to divert public attention from facts that cannot be denied. We are sure the Italo-Parisian and the Italo-Belgian press will not say a single word about the *Etudes sur l'Italie contemporaine*. †

I.

How shall we characterize the Italian crisis as a whole? Is it merely one of those accidental revolutions which history is full of, or is it a genuine revolution with its systematic hatred of Christian society? Our readers must not be astonished at such a question. I know some Catholics—a little too liberal, it is true—who have not thereon, even in these times, perfectly correct notions.

* *Première Etude*, p. 3.

† "Except the *Univers*, which has a correspondent at Rome, and keeps up constant communications with that city in other ways, and, on the other side, the *Journal des Débats*, which is supplied with information by the Italian government, and, as we have been assured, receives a handsome subsidy for the patronage accorded, most of the French papers have no other source of supplying their readers with news than the conjectures, more or less unreliable, of the Havas agency, a *succursale*, as to what concerns Italy, of the Stefani agency at Florence. It is supposed, however, that nothing is easier than to obtain information about a country at our very doors."—M. Ed. Dulaurier, member of the Institute, "Impressions et Souvenirs de Rome," in the *Gazette du Languedoc* for Sept. 19. I take the liberty of recommending to M. Dulaurier, and all who wish to know the state of affairs in Italy, the valuable *Correspondance de Genève*. The *Journal* of Florence, recently combined with the *Cattolica* of Rome, affords instructive reading. Besides information peculiar to itself, this paper reproduces in each number interesting extracts from various Italian journals.

We remember certain unfortunate expressions respecting the governments of the *ancien régime* which committed the unpardonable fault of injuring Italian liberty, and even respecting that venerable Christian administration that has been dragged through blood and fire. Did not the honorable M. Dulaurier recently confess in an ingenuous manner the illusions he was under before he set foot on Italian soil, and how he believed in the possibility of a reconciliation between the Pope and the excommunicated king? He says he heard on all sides a sentiment to which he gave credence without much reflection: "Why interpose between the two parties contending for Rome? Pius IX. and Victor Emmanuel are both Italians: they will end by settling the difficulty, and we shall trouble ourselves for nothing." The reality, the sad reality, forces us to a different opinion.

It was a beautiful illusion—once greatly dwelt upon in official papers—to think Piedmont sincerely and uniquely preoccupied about the freedom of Italy; to believe in the Subalpine posture of disinterested chivalry, and in Napoleon III. going to war in a great cause merely for the glory of being a liberator. Doubtless there was, for some time, a liberal party in Italy dreaming at once of a confederacy and of national independence. But Mazzinism and its ideas of unity prevailed, and it was manifest to those whose eyes were not blinded that the Piedmontese government superseded *Giovane Italia* by taking advantage of the *naïveté* of honest liberals. * All sin-

* "The French, under Napoleon I, introduced the idea of centralization into Italy and the code of the Revolution which the restored princes had the want of foresight to retain. The old municipalities were destroyed, and never recovered their former independence even in the States of the Church. Piedmont, of all the states of the Peninsula, was the longest under the poi-

care and upright minds must free themselves from so illusive a deception. The mask has fallen off, so must the scales from their eyes. The Italian movement is essentially revolutionary—or Satanic. It is not one of those transformations so frequent in the political life of a nation: it is a work of subversion, a war on the church, a religious persecution, and “pure impurity,” to use Joseph de Maistre’s words.

It has been demonstrated quite recently in this magazine that the whole tendency of the Italian Peninsula, and its providential destiny, are opposed to unity; that the Revolution has done violence to nature and religion, to the institutions and traditions of the past, and to the faith and morals of the people weighed down by the yoke of unity; and that it has lied to history, to the world, and to God. *Les Etudes sur l’Italie contemporaine* takes a similar view of the case:

“The unity of Italy was not a national necessity; . . . the movement was not spontaneous, but forced. . . . The Piedmontese government has shown some shrewdness (unscrupulous shrewdness) in borrowing its programme from Mazzini. The campaign of 1859 led the way to this political intrigue. As to the nation, it imagined the promised regeneration would produce a new era of happiness when the foreigner was once got rid of. The masses have given in to the ambition of the minority.

“In the transformation of Italy, we see action precede reflection; we see what Frederick the Great said of Joseph II.—the second step taken before the first. . . . It must be remembered that the geography of Italy was one of the causes of its division, the length being so disproportionate to its width, which prevented a common centre, and led to separate developments and outlets. . . . Even if

sonous influence of foreign ideas. Hence it became the centre of the Revolution”—*Quel est l’Avenir de l’Europe?* pages 40-41. Geneva: Grosset, 1871. The author of this remarkable work is of the school of the Count de Maistre, and worthy of his master.

railways are now a means of greatly shortening distances, the union of the remote parts ought to be the result of a natural and progressive tendency—not revolutionary.

“The first idea of Rome as the capital sprang from the classics. It was a rhetorical expression (according to Senator Stefano Jacini). . . . If official Italy had need of Rome, Rome by no means had need of Italy. . . . And what do they wish to do with Rome? The unionists in favor of a monarchy wish to transform it into a modern capital that it may become the centre of the general action and influence which united Italy is ambitious of exercising in the world. The Mazzinians, the socialist republicans, and the free-thinkers wish to make it the centre of the doctrines they are desirous of substituting for Christianity. These new apostles are not agreed among themselves, but they are all fighting in the breach against the Catholic organization, and their real object is the destruction of Christian principles.”*

To effect the unification of Italy, it was therefore necessary to conspire against the natural inclinations of the inhabitants, against the rights of local principalities, and against the real interests of the nation, to conspire not only against the temporal, but the spiritual power of the papacy. Where they do not find the normal conditions of assimilation, they do not hesitate to resort to deeds worthy of brigands. Conspirators, alas! have never been wanting in the country of Machiavelli. In the present age they superabound. “It has been the misfortune of Italy—its robe of Nessus—that for twelve years all who have succeeded to power, even the best, have been conspirators.”† Yes; and foremost among them is the *great* and *good* Cavour, whom a French diplomatist—an honest man, however—has lately depicted, with an enthusiasm that has hardly died away, as struggling to

* *Première Etude*, pp. 6, 12, 23, 15; *Seconde Etude*, pp. 4, 10, 11.

† *Première Etude*, p. 10.

promote the greatness of his country.* We do not dispute Cavour's ability, or his perseverance in striving after a certain end, or his subtleness and patience in the execution of his designs, or his skill in availing himself of the very passions he pretended to yield to. He succeeded—is it not a glorious title to fame?—in keeping Napoleon III. in leading-strings till a Prussian Cavour is found to continue the rôle and lead the emperor on to Sedan. But herein Cavour showed himself crafty, deceitful, and—why should we not say it?—criminal. Has not M. Guizot called a certain writer a "*malfaiteur de la pensée*?" Besides, Cavour spoke of himself to his friends somewhat as we do. Our French diplomatist, M. Henry d'Ideville, in a curious page of his *Notes Intimes*, lets us into the secrets of the game and those who took part in it.

"You see, my dear d'Ideville (it is Cavour who is speaking), your emperor will never change. His fault is a disposition to be for ever plotting. . . . With a country as powerful as yours, a large army, and Europe at peace, what is he afraid of? Why is he for ever disguising his intentions, going to the right when he means to turn to the left, and *vice versa*? Ah! what a wonderful conspirator he makes!"

M. d'Ideville is a man of wit. With all possible courtesy, he replied:

"But, M. le Comte, have you not been a daring conspirator also?"

"I? Certainly," replied M. de Cavour. "I have conspired, and how could I do otherwise at such a time? . . . We had to keep Austria in the dark, whereas, your emperor, you may be sure, will remain for ever incorrigible. I have known him a long time! To plot, for ever plot, is the characteristic of his nature. It is the occupation he prefers, and he pursues it like an artist—like a *dilettante*."

* *Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie*—See the *Etudes* for July, 1872.

In this rôle he will always be the foremost and most capable of us all."*

US ALL! Yes, there it is ably expressed in a word: all conspirators and accomplices, not to speak of the dupes. On the 24th of March, 1860, M. de Cavour, after signing the treaty that ceded Nice and Savoy to France, approached M. de Talleyrand, and, rubbing his hands, whispered in his ear: "We are accomplices now, baron, are we not?"† Alas! wrongfully acquired, and never any benefit, we now see why we have lost Alsace and Lorraine!

The entire route from Turin to Rome is marked by the deeds of these conspirators, by their tricks and intrigues, and by their crimes and double-dealings, which have resulted in the profit of Piedmont and Prussia, and the disgrace of our poor France. M. d'Ideville's conscience evidently reproached him at last for having liked Cavour so well, and for imprudently interesting himself in the Italian scheme. The other diplomatist, who has anonymously given his *Etudes sur l'Italie* to the public, seems never to have had the least sympathy with the iniquitous and sacrilegious ambition of the Sardinian government. It is true he does not belong to the French diplomacy infatuated with the ideas of '89!‡ He finds nothing seductive in the policy of the conspirators. The fiction disguised under the attractive title of national rights, the age of annexations, the trick of the plebiscites, the system of moral agency, the so-called exigencies of civilization and pro-

* *Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie*, pp. 305, 306.

† *Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie*, pp. 116, 117.

‡ *Les Diplomates Français sous Napoléon III.*, by B. d'Agreval. Paris: Dentu, 1872. A work we recommend to all publicists who wish to add to their knowledge.

gress, and the revolutionary messianism which constitutes the foundation of the Napoleonic ideas, have no attraction for him. His style is tolerably forcible when he speaks of all these stratagems: "Such tactics are nothing new. They have always been resorted to in order to palliate schemes of ambition and hypocrisy." *

II

A government given to conspiracy condemns the nation that supports it, as well as itself, to degradation—to moral and material ruin. If for a while it flatters itself with the hope of systematizing the revolution and directing its energies, it soon becomes its slave and finally its victim. When the hand is caught in machinery, the whole body is soon drawn after it, the head as well as the rest.

Our diplomatic traveller states some aphorisms in connection with this subject that are full of significance, and reveal the genuine statesman.

"A government that owes its existence to a revolution is not viable in the long run unless it has the power and wisdom to sunder all the ties that connect it with the party to which it owes its origin.

"Every government that has a similar origin to the Napoleonic Empire, and, still more, one which owes its existence thereto, will find itself in danger when traditionary principles once more assert themselves for the safety of society.

"Governments of a revolutionary origin have been known to become conservative and renounce their former principles of action. The Italian government may likewise wish to do this, but it cannot.

"All who have risen to power in Italy have had some connection with the revolutionary party, and are obliged to favor it. In particular instances, they have sometimes manifested a certain firmness towards its factions, but in essentials they have yielded to the inevitable pressure.

* *Première Etude*, p. 10.

"Revolution leads to disorder, and, when it triumphs, the destiny of the country is thrown into the hands of its adherents. Political bias must take the place of capacity and often of honor itself." *

One of the first material disasters produced by a triumphant conspiracy is the squandering of the finances. There is an immediate necessity of enriching itself, repairing all deficiencies, paying traitors, buying consciences and votes, keeping a secret reserve of ready money to reward the zeal of journalists, and stimulate or lull the passions according to the exigencies of the moment. The wretched state of the budgets in United Italy will become as proverbial as the *marchés* of the 4th of September in France. With all the domains Piedmont has received from the annexed states, it ought to be rich—rich enough to pay the debt its accomplice, the Empire, has bequeathed to us. The finances of the different states, especially of Rome, were in perfect order, and, with the exception of the kingdom of Sardinia, the receipts surpassed the expenses. Now the credit of Italy is destroyed, and nothing is heard of but duties and taxes, such as were unknown throughout the Peninsula in 1859, more particularly at Rome. Figures are eloquent—we must refer to them:

"Previous to 1860, there were seven states in Italy, each with its court, ministers, administration, and diplomatic corps. All these governments expended about five hundred millions of francs a year, and the imposts amounted to nearly the same sum. These seven states had a debt of about two milliards and a half. At the present time, without reckoning the interest on the floating debt to the National Bank, Italy annually pays about three hundred millions of interest, corresponding to a debt of seven milliards, and all this notwithstanding the sale of

* *Première Etude*, pp. 5, 10, 11; *Seconde Etude*, p. 4.

domanian property amounting to six hundred and fifty millions, notwithstanding the alienation of the railways of the state and the manufacture of tobacco, and notwithstanding the seizure of ecclesiastical property, all of which have amounted *in nine years* to nine milliards three hundred and sixteen millions of francs received at the state treasury. Nevertheless, the public debt amounts to the aforesaid sum of seven milliards. And yet the army is badly maintained, the navy poorly organized, and the administration in a state of chaos and unparalleled demoralization.*

And here is M. Quintino Sella, who has just made known the projected budget for 1873; he acknowledges a deficit of sixty millions, as had been anticipated, while the ordinary receipts amount to eight hundred and five millions. If the kingdom of Italy were administered as economically as in the time of the seven sovereigns, a budget of eight hundred and five millions would leave a surplus of three hundred millions. And yet one of the pretexts of unification was that it would save the expense of so many courts, which bore hard on the people! Poor people! they know now what to think of cheap governments, and will soon see that the ministration of the imposts is leading to bankruptcy, in spite of the fresh confiscations and appropriation of conventual property about to be made at Rome.†

And it must be remembered that, in spite of these great budgets, the army is badly maintained and the navy poorly organized. Custozza and Lissa had previously convinced us of this. Austria was well aware of it, and even the France of M. Thiers suspects that, in spite of the valor of the old Piedmontese soldiery, and the discipline of the Nea-

politan army; in spite of the aptitude of the Genoese and Venetian sailors, the military forces of Italy are a mere illusion, particularly on account of the inefficiency of the leaders of the army and navy. Since the time of M. de Cavour, whose ability is by no means beyond doubt, there have been only second-rate men beyond the Alps—not a statesman, not an orator, not a minister, not a financier, not a genuine soldier—everywhere and in everything there is the same disgraceful deficiency. *Facundum sed male forte genus.*

"I knew well the men of 1848, some of whom are still remaining, but they must have degenerated through ambition and the necessity of sustaining their position, for even in the revolutionary ranks there was more elevation in 1848 than at the present time.

"Previous to 1860, the armies of the different states, including, of course, the Piedmontese army, constituted a more powerful and better organized force than is now under arms. 'Our army,' says General La Marmora, 'has the traditional reputation of being disciplined, but it is demoralized by a want of stability in its organization, and a lack of moral influences.' La Marmora opposes among other things the exclusion of chaplains and of the religious element among the troops.

"The Sardinian and Neapolitan navies greatly surpassed the Italian. The men were better drilled, and the shipping in better order. Such is the opinion recently expressed by the English naval officers in port at Naples who were at the exposition of the present year."*

And yet the military forces are the only remaining bulwark of order in Italy—I mean material order, for moral order no longer exists anywhere. The so-called conservative party, that is to say, the moderate revolutionists, rely on the army. But the ultra revolutionary element is also to be found there, and some

* *Première Etude*, p. 7.

† The minister has laid before the Parliament the account of the expense of opening the breach in the walls of Rome. This crime cost nearly forty-eight millions.

* *Première Etude*, p. 11; *Seconde Etude*, p. 12.

day the advanced party will, for its own designs, entice away the officers that followed the hero of Caprera in his campaigns. It will not be sufficient to name Cialdini, Cadorna, or even La Marmora, to counteract the fatal consequences of Castelfidardo and the Porta Pia. By excluding religious influences from the army, and giving it a false idea of patriotism, the source of courage and energy is dried up. After all, revolution will never be friendly to the army, and the genuine soldier will always execrate revolution, whether instigated by princes, citizens, or the mob. A soldier who entered Rome through the breach, lately wrote to the *Libertà*: "The day the King of Italy is satisfied with mere volunteers, as the Pope was, we shall see whether it is the Pope or the king that is loved and esteemed the most by the Italian people."

In opposing the system of territorial divisions on account of the army, which he considers unsuited to the Peninsula, General La Marmora's opinion is founded on a proof that has the misfortune to prove too much. "If there were small territorial armies," says he, "in addition to separate administrations in the various regions of Italy, the unity for which we have done so much, and Providence still more than we, would incur great danger."* Why not boldly declare, general, that there are two Italys—the *Reale* and the *Legale*, one of which has a tendency to revolt against the other? And, above all, why utter a blasphemy against the sovereign providence of God?† *Italia legale* labors in vain; the revolutionary impulse given to it by Cavour is an accelerated movement; it will never reascend the de-

clivity that leads *al fondo*. It will always have against it not only the betrayed interests and the revolted conscience of *Italia reale*, but, above all, Divine Providence, who will one day show that the favors and proofs of protection accorded to the "regenerators" were merely for them, as for Napoleon III., the snares of avenging justice. *In insidiis suis capiuntur iniqui*.

"As to greatness and political importance, admitting even the possibility of indefatigable and intelligent effort, Italy will never equal the glorious traditions of its past history. Italian glory is the glory of the different states of the Peninsula. . . . To acquire fresh glory, there must be, besides unity, a strength of organization it does not possess, and cannot, because it is a mirage and not a reality.

"The North invades the South: this cannot be called community of interests. It is an attempt at absorption on the part of the North, and at the expense of the South.

"Once at Rome, the programme was to have ended. A new life was to commence; fresh energy was to be the signal of an era of grandeur and prosperity; interiorly, there was to be a more perfect administration; exteriorly, a prudent *national* policy, that is to say, the Napoleonic idea of the Latin races that Italy was to revive. Rome was to be the great centre of liberal influences. . . . All this had been announced and promised. As for me, I see no choice between a blind alley and a *politique d'aventure*.

"It seems to me the union, at a critical moment, should find protection in the wishes of the inhabitants. I can testify that if the former sovereigns of Naples, Florence, Parma, and Modena could return, the day would be hailed by a majority of the inhabitants as one of deliverance. In Lombardy it is different, I acknowledge. The *noblesse* say, as I myself heard a personage of great note: We are badly governed, but at least it is no longer by foreigners. The middle classes are republicans, and in the country the Austrian rule is regretted. The people of Venice either aspire to a republic or regret the unfortunate Archduke Maximilian, whom they would have liked

* Cf. *Première Etude*, p. 10.

† See a forcible and eloquent article in the *Civiltà Cattolica* on the *Caresses de la Providence*. Sér. viii vol. v., No. 519, Feb., 1872.

as an independent sovereign. In the old pontifical provinces called the Legations, they would not care to return to the former condition of things as they were, but some would be satisfied with the Pope and a local autonomy; the remainder form a sufficiently numerous republican party."

"In a word, THERE IS EVERYWHERE DIS-SATISFACTION AS WELL AS DISAPPOINTMENT, AFTER TWELVE YEARS OF EXPERIENCE."*

It is not astonishing, therefore, that at an audience on the 18th of last Nov., the Grand Duke Nicholas, nephew of the Emperor of Russia, said to Pius IX., with all a young man's frankness: "Most holy Father, since I have been in Italy, everywhere I go, I hear nothing but evil of King Victor Emmanuel and his government."†

We need only open our eyes to see the interior condition of united Italy as soon as there was any question, no longer of conspiring and declaiming, but of organizing and governing. And its exterior political relations compare quite as unfavorably with the programme of emancipation. By a kind of divine irony, Italy has become a mere humble vassal of Germany—of the Holy Protestant Empire of Berlin—and the future King of Rome was only acting his part when he proclaimed himself the King of Prussia's hussar.‡ It is well known at the Quirinal that, though influenced for the moment by the dominant party, the authorities may some day return, even through inter-

est, to traditional principles and the old political code which does not recognize the revolutionary schemes of nations or parties. Besides, the Italian princes, who represent the law, are still living. Francis II. may be found to be a genuine Neapolitan, Ferdinand IV. a very good Tuscan, Robert I. an excellent Parmesan, and Francis V. the best of Modenais. And, lastly, is not Pius IX. more of an Italian than the Savoyard who styles himself the King of Italy? . . . And if the French, whose connivance can no longer be expected, even under M. Thiers, should favor the restoration of the throne to a prince, "*qui a la justice dans le sang et dans l'âme*," and would at need have it in his hand, the Italian framework, which merely stands through toleration, would be threatened with sudden and ignominious ruin. It is all this that recently induced the *prince-héritier* to mount like a Hungarian foot-soldier behind the triumphal chariot of the German Cæsar.

Another evil: the Prussians are not the most scrupulous people in the world about other people's property, and their investigations in the Peninsula have excited suspicions as to the object of their cupidity. Let M. de Bismarck, more audacious and grasping than the late M. de Cavour, once succeed in driving the Hapsburgs from Germany, will it not occur to him to take advantage of the title of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom for the benefit of the Cæsar of Berlin? For it is skilfully demonstrated in Germany that the Germanic race has the power, and, therefore, the right, to a powerful navy, and, for the benefit of this navy, an outlet on the Adriatic. And there is no other possible ally but Prussia to protect what calls itself the kingdom of Italy!

* (*Première Etude*, pp. 7, 8, 27; *Seconde Etude*, pp. 11, 12) "The invaders take the stand of masters, but the people have not joined them. They remain isolated in their midst in the position of a military and administrative colony, about as favorably regarded and received as the Prussians in those departments of our country where they are still encamped. The Romans, it cannot be denied, love their Pope."—M. Ed. Dulaurier, *loc. cit.*

† *Union*, Nov. 26.

‡ "We continue to be regarded at Berlin with the most favorable dispositions, as the demonstrations of which our princes were the object prove."—*Speech of M. Visconti-Venosta* in the Chamber of Deputies, Nov. 27, 1872.

"Alliances are beneficial when the parties unite their influence for a common end. (Allies, in our day, no longer seek to know each other's principles or origin.) But when they are not formed *inter pares*, or nearly so, and especially when they are intended to guarantee the very existence—the vital principle—of the weaker ally, then the alliance loses its true character, and soon ends in subjection on the ground of politics or economy, and sometimes both." *

Such are the glories of Italy *free from the Alps to the Adriatic!* If, in spite of her presumptuous *farà da se*, she was obliged to have recourse to a foreign hand in order to rise, and still needs a foreign arm to stand erect, she will, according to appearances, have need of no one to aid her in falling: she will topple over of herself. The so-called free country is only an enslaved kingdom—a vassal, a satellite without strength and without prestige.

III.

Of all the Italian formulas that have served to mislead the liberal mind, there is not one more odiously false and deceptive than the too famous expression, *A free church in a free country*. History has already interpreted it, A persecuted church in an enslaved country. The revolutionary factions that have assumed the authority have imposed thereon the complete execution of their plan, and we know that the Masonic lodges, though they denounce Mazzinian deism, have fallen into the atheism of Renan, *al fondo!*

The sacrilegious frenzy of the Revolution, and the madness of those that encouraged it, have been stigmatized in forcible terms by the august prisoner of the Vatican:

"Unbelief assumes an air of authority, and proudly stalks throughout the length

and breadth of the earth, doubtless imagining it is to triumph for ever. . . . Woe to those who are linked with the impious, and dally with the Revolution under the pretence of directing it! Sooner or later they will be drawn into the abyss. The recent disasters at Naples may be adduced as an example. A great number of curious people, heedless and devoid of all prudence, hastened to get a nearer view of the devouring flames issuing from the fearful mouth of Vesuvius, and many of them became victims of mistaken curiosity. So it is with those who covenant with the Revolution and the revolutionists, hoping to overrule the former and keep down the latter. Rash people! they will all become a prey to the flames that surround them on every side." *

The revolutionary lava floods the streets of Rome and covers the whole Peninsula. It began in the cities, spread into the country, and will end by swallowing up the army. The universities and common schools are invaded, the torrent engulfs the workshops and stalls, and undermines the walls of palaces. Princes even have opened their gates at its approach. In vain the Holy Father sounds the cry of alarm; in vain his prime minister publicly denounces the progress of the deadly current—party spirit seems to have paralyzed all in authority.

We will not describe the exploits of this new Islamism against the papal power. The history of its ambushes and pillages is sufficiently well known. There never was a richer treasure of dishonor for revolution to endow a people with. "The title of liberators was all the same retained." Yes, all the same!

Joseph de Maistre somewhere refers to an English functionary as saying that every man who spoke of taking an inch of land from the Pope ought to be hung. "As for me," adds the witty writer, "I cheerfully

consent, in order to avoid carnage, that *lung* should be changed to *hissed*."*

Let us wait. An avenging God will do both: *subsannabit, conquassabit*. Had the plots of the unionists merely aimed at the temporal power, perhaps divine justice would have been satisfied with a hiss at the hour of some Italian Sedan, but the gibbet—it is a law of history—is reserved for persecutors and apostates.

When the Sardinian government knocked at one of the gates of Rome, as it awaited a propitious moment for battering it down, it bound itself before all Europe to solve the problem of the separation of church and state which had puzzled all the doctors of liberalism, and of which it pretended to have found the key. It was said the Roman question and the Italian question were to cease to be antagonistic, or, at least, they were to resemble those rivers that, while mingling their waters, preserve their own colors, as we see in the Rhône and the Saône. It was promised a channel should be made wide enough for this double current of opinions. Hence the origin of the famous law of the Guarantees. This scheme of conciliation is properly appreciated in the *Etudes sur l'Italie Contemporaine*:

"How many times I have heard it said that the Papacy and the Italian government, even though they never came to an agreement, might at least be like two parallel lines indefinitely and pacifically prolonged! This is a mistake arising from a judgment founded on impressions—and when I say impressions, I mean appearances.

"From the beginning, this law of Guarantees was a one-sided and fruitless attempt. . . . The government and the Chambers never had any doubt as to the refusal of the Pope. This law was like an olive branch presented at the point of

the sword as a suitable corrective to palliate the violent occupation of Rome. . . . I do not think a single statesman could really have believed in the success of this law, otherwise than as the decree of the conqueror.

"Besides the moral, juridical, and historic reasons to hinder an understanding between the Pope and a sovereign master of Rome, there was also the impossibility of coexisting with a power that rests on an unstable foundation.

"Even from the point of view of modern but not subversive ideas, A SEPARATION MORE IMPORTANT THAN THAT OF STATE AND CHURCH IS THE SEPARATION OF STATE AND REVOLUTION."*

These are golden words. But our diplomatic traveller is forced to acknowledge that the Italian government cannot break its iniquitous bonds, that it lacks honesty and force, and that all the factions seek their own good first and then the evil of others. Our author, though, unfortunately, too indifferent a spectator to Italian persecution, at least has the advantage of being an unexceptionable witness.

"Practically, it is not the state, it is society, that modern Italy separates from the church. . . . One of the greatest mistakes the unionists have made since the beginning of the Revolution has been the war declared against the clergy and the church. It is at once a political and historical error, and the greater for being committed at Rome.

"Tolerance (practised from time to time according to orders) has its reaction, and of the deepest die, in a recrudescence of insults, sequestrations and confiscations imposed on the ministers of the sanctuary and even the sanctuaries themselves.

"Anti-Christianity has established itself with a bold front at Rome—with its schools of free-thinkers, speeches in which atheism is proclaimed without the least reticence, burial without any religious ceremony, and irreligious books sold at low prices.

"In everything relating to teaching, the choice generally falls on the unbeliever.

* *Correspondance Diplomatique* in the year 1815.

* *Première Etude*, p. 17; *Seconde Etude*, pp. 4, 14, 15, 16, 17.

"Materialism is taught *ex cathedra* in all the universities.

"They have not yet touched on the most vital question—the suppression of the convents (at Rome) and the incameration of the property of the clergy. But they will come to that, and speedily. . . . The attempt at what is called a conciliation must sooner or later end in an outbreak."*

They did come to it—to that shameful encroachment of the government on the religious corporations. The party demanded it, M. de Bismarck advised it, and the diplomatic corps tolerated it. What will not diplomacy tolerate? It was, however, clearly demonstrated to the representatives of different governments the urgent necessity there was of taking under their united protection the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff so poorly guaranteed by the usurper, of declaring the inviolability of church property, the possession of which—and it is a wholly legitimate one—is a *sine qua non* condition of pontifical independence, without considering that most of these establishments have a double claim as to their origin and destination, to be regarded as international property.† Nothing was done. The tolerance of official Europe towards the Piedmontese filibustering has been unlimited, though unrestricted usurpation has been followed by open persecution. Pius IX. had good reason to severely allude to "the so-called governments" that find amusement in the Revolution. Europe seems to have sent its diplomatists to the court of the usurper in the capital of the Christian world, that they might close their eyes to

* *Première Etude*, pp. 25, 26; *Seconde Etude*, pp. 15, 16, 26.

† See, in the *Etudes* for Oct., 1871, the article by Fr. Ch. Clair, who, in an address to the government of M. Thiers, carries on a vigorous argument *ad hominem* respecting the "necessary liberties" of the Pope.

all the schemes of Freemasonry, and the numberless vexations and spoliation, that they might play the rôle of stage-dancers in the sacrilegious comedy! Such base complacency justifies the expression of a Catholic writer: "Europe is in a state of mortal sin!"

I am almost ashamed to be obliged to refer to the authority of a diplomatist who belongs neither to our nation nor our religion. I wish I could quote some official report of a minister from France! Might not M. Fournier have employed his time better than in figuring at banquets offered to a renegade, and in listening to heretical and atrocious speeches from the professors of the Romano-Piedmontese university? I will console myself in transcribing a page from M. Dulaurier, the honorable member of the Institute, likewise an ocular witness, and a witness worthy of credit, even from a subscriber to the *Débats*:

"These grievances and many others are aggravated by the excesses to which the press—the illustrated press, above all—has given itself up, and by the incessant war it wages against religion. Ignoble caricatures are daily exposed for sale in the sight of the police, and to their knowledge, in all the Kiosques and newspaper shops, and on the walls, or are hawked around by miserable creatures in rags. The *Don Pirlou-cino*, a humorous paper, obsequious to the government, diffuses three times a week its abominations on the most august mysteries of the Christian faith and the ministers who dispense them. The cross itself—the cross before which Christians of all communions bow with respect—not only Catholics, but schismatics, Greeks, and Orientals, and even Protestants—is not safe from its insults. My heart swells with horror

when I recall one of these pictures—a caricature of the Crucifixion. In the place of the God-Man is Dr. Lanza, Minister of the Interior. The words put in his mouth, and on the lips of his murderers, are untranslatable. Under his feet, at the lower extremity of the tree of the cross, is fastened transversely an instrument that I dare not designate otherwise than by saying it is made a burlesque use of at the end of the first act of *M. de Pourceaugnac*. Our French revolutionists, in their senseless fury, have broken the cross in pieces, but it never occurred to them to defile it in such a manner. So revolting an idea could only spring from imaginations the country of Aretino alone is capable of producing.

“In the presence of these abominations echoed by the political press devoted to the advancement of free-thinking, the Sovereign Pontiff, the clergy, and the Roman people who are fundamentally religious, can only veil their faces, resign themselves, and have recourse to prayer. And prayer rises unceasingly to heaven in expiation of so many horrors. It is the only consolation left to all these afflicted souls. There is a constant succession of triduos, announced by blank notices, headed *Invito sacro*, and signed by Mgr. Patrizi, the Cardinal Vicar. One of these notices, which I saw affixed to the columns at the entrance to his eminence's palace near the Church of Sant' Agostino, gives an idea, in the very first line, of the indignation that is fermenting in every Catholic breast: ‘The earth is full of the most horrible blasphemies. *La terra è piena della più orrende bestemmie.*’”

IV.

We will not deny one benefit—and this time a real one!—that has sprung from the Italian Revolution:

it has served to revive the fidelity and fervor of all true Italians. It can be rightly said of it, as M. Guizot says of the Reformation of the sixteenth century, It has awakened, even among its adversaries [we must correct this Protestant writer's mistake—he should have said among its adversaries alone], religious faith and civil courage. Some natures that were formerly nonchalantes, timid, and delicate, are no longer satisfied with groaning over the evil, but take a bold stand against the inroads of impiety. Italy, somewhat inclined to the *far niente*, might of itself have yielded; sustained by the hand of a great Pope, she is roused to withstand the unloosed tempest. She no longer falters before the responsibility of a religious manifestation or an anti-revolutionary vote. No longer afraid of the threats of the poniard, or of conciliating, through culpable prudence, her temporary masters, she at last ventures to show herself openly, as she really is—the cherished and faithful daughter of the Church of Rome. Roused by provocations and blasphemies, her filial piety towards the Papacy has become more lively and aggressive. She protests solemnly against the schemes of the adventurers who have trampled under foot their faith, honesty, morality, and honor. At the sight of these sublime outbursts of a spirit at once Catholic and Roman, the church is consoled, and observant Christendom begins to hope the reaction will be the more salutary from the extreme violence of the crisis.

One of our co-laborers has expressed all this much better than we can:

“If there is a country we have reason to conceive such consoling hopes of, assuredly it is Italy, in spite of all the scandals and all the infamy that now degrade

it. All who have had a favorable opportunity of observing the moral condition of the country agree in declaring the greater part of the inhabitants faithful to their belief. It is merely the froth and pestilential impurities that are scething on the surface. Some day it will doubtless be with this impure froth as with the stagnant waters for which Pius IX. some years ago made an opening to the sea, giving fresh fecundity to the old Italian soil. Purified by trials, as by a new baptism, this nation, in many respects so highly gifted, will once more have acquired a beneficial discipline of mind and character, the advantages of a robust and manly training, the practice of energetic individual action, and especially of great combined efforts which she is beginning to give us the consoling spectacle of in the recently formed Catholic associations." *

In France we think lightly, or rather we have an incorrect idea, of what our brethren in Italy are effecting. The very people among us who only talk of harmony and compromise reproach the Catholics of the Peninsula for being inactive and inefficient. They even make them partly responsible for the national misfortunes and the decay of moral principle beyond the Alps. We protest against such superficial judgments. We know Italy too well not to have a right to speak in favor of those who are so unjustly accused. Catholics in Italy decline public offices, *ne eletti, ne elettori*; and they do well, because the Sardinian government imposes an oath after the style of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. Tell us if it is proper for a Catholic to take a seat in a parliament established at Rome between the Vatican where the Pope is imprisoned, and the Quirinal where the Piedmontese has established himself by the aid of a false key. Does the military career offer much attraction when he might

be ordered to assassinate the pontifical zouaves, open a breach in the walls of Rome, bombard Ancona or even the quarter of the Vatican? He might without any great difficulty present himself at the municipal and provincial ballot-boxes. The faithful Neapolitans, at the invitation of their archbishop, formed a majority there, and this is not an isolated case. But do you, who are the safety of France, set the example of hastening to the polls? — No; good Christians in Italy are far from being inert, nor do the clergy inculcate inertness. Abstaining is quite a different thing from inaction. Is the public aware that the Catholic press is one of the glories of the Peninsula? There are a hundred journals and reviews on the other side of the Alps consecrated to the service of the truth, and some of these publications are of unequalled merit. It is sufficient to name the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the *Unità Cattolica*, and the *Voce della Verità*. We confess our admiration for the courageous journalists who keep their own course in spite of arrests, law-suits, fines, imprisonment, and threats of *coltellate*. And the tone of these papers, with some insignificant exceptions, is healthier than with us, the union of sentiment stronger, and their adhesion to the apostolic constitutions more sincere and open. Associations have spread from one end of the Peninsula to the other, and everywhere produce the most beneficial results. I need only mention the Society of Catholic Youth at Bologna, celebrated on account of the generous filial stand it has taken from the first in favor of Pius IX., and the Roman Society for the promotion of Catholic interests, which, by its branches and parish committees, exercises so prodigious an influence over the city of Rome as to excite the anxiety of those in authority.

* P. Toulement, *La Providence et les Châtiments de la France*, ch. xvii.

But let us once more listen to our unexceptionable witness, whom I think every one will feel indebted to us for quoting so much at length: *testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ*.

"The religious reaction is more and more decided, even in the middle and lower classes, owing to the zealous associations that have assumed the direction. This movement is worthy of study . . . At Rome, and throughout Italy, this reaction has given rise to societies composed for the most part of men still young, whose object is to oppose all pernicious doctrines. These societies are to be found at Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Naples, Turin, Verona, Genoa, Lucca, Padua, Pisa, and Bologna.

"In January, 1871, the following statement was made in the *Riforma*, the organ of Rattazzi. 'The clerical party is being more and more reinforced at Rome; the clerical press every day acquires more strength, its organs increase in number and boldness.' . . . The clerical press is really well sustained, and, in spite of the persecutions and ill-treatment of all kinds the editors of these journals have to undergo, they do not cease their energetic efforts.

"The administering of the oath has caused wholesale resignations in all the *dicastères* (at Rome). Many of these functionaries are left without any means of subsistence. . . . As early as the year 1871, there were more than four thousand resignations.

"Thousands of Romans go to the Vatican to give their plebiscites, and to the basilica of St. Peter to offer solemn prayers for hastening THE DAY OF DELIVERANCE." *

The day of deliverance will arrive, and, in spite of the sneers about our wailing over disappointed hopes, it will come soon! But how will this deliverance be effected? United Italy has against it the upper and nether fires—the Catholic reaction that will never stoop to parley, and the exertions of the demagogues, which are continually increasing. At present the nether fires seem like the prelude of the Internationale.

* *Première Etude*, pp. 24, 25, 26; *Seconde Etude*, pp. 17, 22, 34.

The intermediate party, which would like to consolidate *le fait accompli*, and which recruits adepts from the very opposers of the *mezzi morali*, is not sufficiently free from all alloy of party spirit to constitute a government capable of resistance and of exacting respect from the league of destruction.

Unhappy but beloved Italy! Great and holy city of Rome! shall we have the sorrow of seeing the enemy *flamber* your palaces, your museums, your churches?

Not long since we were asked at Florence to read the prophecy of Joel, so applicable to the future of Italy: "Hear this, . . . tell ye of this to your children, and let your children tell their children, and their children to another generation. That which the palmer-worm hath left, the locust hath eaten; and that which the locust hath left, the bruchus hath eaten; and that which the bruchus hath left, the mildew hath destroyed. Awake, ye that are drunk, and weep, and mourn, all ye that take delight in drinking sweet wine; for it is cut off from your mouth."—Joel. i. 2-5.

It is true too large a part of the Italian nation have grown giddy from the intoxicating draught of liberalism, and it is to be feared they may be condemned to drink the bitter cup of expiation to the dregs. The international "locusts" will devour that which the Sub-Alpine "palmer-worm" hath left. To-day, the taxes of Sella; to-morrow, the communism of Castellani: yesterday, a political revolution; to-morrow, a radical revolution: yesterday and to-day, the hypocrisy of the tribune; to-morrow, the bloody scenes of the national Comitia. After the physicians and lawyers, after the members of the Con-sorteria and the friends of Rattazzi, the lowest grade of society—the "bruchus" and the "mildew"—like

a barbarous horde, will overturn, and destroy, and deluge with petroleum.

Italy, more than France or Spain, has abused the divine gift. She has "the light of Rome and the sun," but has been ungrateful, proud, impious, shameless, and reckless. The whole land is now a mere haunt for banditti, traitors, and buffoons.

Alas! it is so: but Pius IX. still prays for his beloved Italy! Following the example of its lawful ruler, the nation—at least, the better portion of the nation—have multiplied their holy prayers, which daily grow more frequent from the delay of the benefit and the example of France. It has a clearer sense of equity and justice; it already feels disposed to renew its former covenant with God, return to the path of order, and take up its national traditions of glory. It is awakening from its dreams of moral and social primacy. It will be satisfied with, and glory in, being the *patrie environnante* of the Vicar of

Christ. Would that France, once more regenerated, might speedily aid her in breaking loose from the tyranny of lodges, and shaking off the Prussian suzerainty!

In 1860, the unhappy King of Sardinia said to M. de la Tour d'Auvergne, the French minister at Turin: "I do not wish you to leave me under false impressions. I feel sure you regard me as impious—as an infidel, as people persist in saying. You are wrong. (??)—If I number kings among my ancestry, there are likewise saints. Here, look around.—Well, do you think that in yonder world all these sainted relatives of mine have any other occupation than to pray for me?"*

Our Saviour prayed for those who knew not what they did! *Pater dimitte illis*. May all the saints in heaven and on earth pray for poor Italy! It has need of it.

* *Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie*, pp. 17, 18.

THE CICISBEO, OR CUSTOMS OF SICILY.

BY LIEUT. WM. D. PORTER, U. S. N.

CHAPTER I.

The following events and scenes occurred on the Island of Sicily, partly in the city of Messina. Turning into the Straits of Messina, avoiding Scylla and Chyribdis, sailing along the coast of Calabria, you pass a little fort seated like a gull on a projecting point, termed a "mole;" you enter the quiet harbor of Messina and land in front of a line of beautiful public edifices, before which, extending along the water, is a walk neatly paved with square limestone. Passing through arches covering the streets, you enter a wide, well paved street, on either side of which the stately palaces of the nobility meet your gaze. At the head of this street, near a turn of the Bay, or arm of the Straits, stands the stately palace of one of Messina's haughtiest nobles, the Count de Cheveta. Ostentatious, haughty and reserved, the Count seldom appears in public, but as a member of the Council. His palace, or palazza, as it is generally termed, is situated in the most romantic and secluded portion of the city of Messina: the verandah overhangs the clear, quiet arm of the Bay; the gardens extend along the shore of the Straits; on one side you have a view of the coast of Calabria, on the other Mount *Ætna* appears almost to overhang the cypress trees and myrtle bowers which beautify and grace his property.

It was the last of the carnival, and one of those soft evenings so peculiar to Sicily;—the Count and his friends were, as usual on occasions of this kind, gathered at the front windows of his palace, pelting the masquers with sugar plums, which were returned with great spirit, and sometimes with interest. The gardens of the Count were illuminated with various colored lights, throwing among the arbors and shrubbery a soft and mellow radiance; the moon also lent her silvery rays, giving a still softer effect to the quiet of the garden. In this garden, two children were playing at hide and seek, their joyous laugh rang among the bowers as each detected the other's hiding place. While engaged in this childish sport, another joined them. He was the brother of one and the cousin of the other. The last of these children was a boy not above sixteen, yet he walked with the steady step of manhood, and o'er his brow was already seated the sedateness of mature age. "Gerald," remarked Constantine De Cheveta, "the Count, my father, requires your presence in the hall; leave off this childish buffoonery with Ada and come with me."

Ada, thus referred to, was only thirteen; her soft, black hair curled in long glossy ringlets over an alabaster neck, and almost swept the ground. She was for her age very slight and delicate, but active as an antelope, she bounded over her father's lawns and made the tall cypress groves merry with her laugh. Her eyes were blue, resembling the soft heavens overhanging her native land, her brow was fair and pencilled by eyebrows of raven hue; in her manner, she was peculiarly soft and voluptuous, showing at the age of thirteen, all the Sicilian. Gerald, her cousin and playmate, was about to leave home to join the army as a page. In all he was a Sicilian.

The two youths left the garden together and were soon with the Count, who gave Gerald his final instructions previous to his departure and turned to the window again to amuse himself by throwing sugar plums at the passing masquers.

After Gerald left the garden, Ada sought a favorite retreat at the foot of a large cypress. Thoughts of love, far above her years, passed through her mind. She had not long remained in this secluded spot before Gerald again stole from the hall and sought the same retreat.

"Ada," he whispered, "where are you?"

"Here, Gerald, at the foot of the cypress," was the reply, in a voice so musical and mild, that it might have been mistaken for the soft voice of the nightingale.

Gerald seated himself by her and placed one arm around the delicate waist of Ada, who unconsciously placed her hand in his, leaning her head upon his shoulder, and turning her soft blue eyes up in his face. A gentle sigh escaped her, the first sigh of love.

"Gerald, what detained you so long? I had almost determined to return to the *Casa* and join in throwing sugar plums."

"Ada," replied Gerald, "Uncle detained me to receive his benediction and advice, previous to my leaving Sicily, I am afraid, Ada, for a long time."

A tear stole down the cheek of Ada at this announcement, which was kissed off by Gerald.

"Gerald, do not forget the little song I taught you, and do not teach it to any one, for if you do, cousin, I won't love you."

"No, Ada, I promise you I will not, nor will I again sing it until we meet."

The children arose and tripped, laughing and singing, back to the palace.

CHAPTER II.

The last night of the carnival was succeeded by a day of solemnity. The churches were crowded by the nobility of Sicily, who, to all appearance, were as penitent, as the day before, they were joyous. The Count De Cheveta and family proceeded to the church of St. Paul's to offer up

prayers to their patron saint for the safety of their only son, and Gerald, their favorite nephew. Ada and Gerald knelt in front of the Virgin, their hands clasped in each other's, and their young hearts poured forth in silence a prayer for the welfare, safety and prosperity of each other.

The family returned to the palace of the Count, where a slight breakfast of chocolate and toast was already waiting. The hearts of Gerald and Ada were too full to partake even of this slight meal. Too young to conceal their thoughts and feelings, or even to be aware of the extent of their affections, they gave free vent to their sorrow on parting.

Constantine and Gerald embarked on board a light Xebec, which loosing her wide white sails to a gentle breeze, gracefully swept around the point which forms the harbor of Messina, and was soon gliding through the straits, her sails swelling and hull bending to the increasing breeze. Constantine was on deck gazing with boyish wonder and surprise upon the snow-capt mountains of Calabria, until his spirits became as buoyant as the light bark that bore them o'er the bounding waves. Gerald, on the contrary, had thrown himself upon the deck and watched the gradual disappearance of Messina, in the distance, nor did he move from his position until the dome of St. Paul's sank beneath the horizon; then rising, he slowly walked to the prow of the vessel and appeared to watch the sparkling foam as it danced in the beams of the golden sun, while in fact he thought only of Ada.

On the departure of her brother and cousin, Ada rushed to her room, which overlooked the harbor, and gave full vent to her sorrow in a flood of tears. The separation from Gerald was the more distressing to Ada in consequence of his being her confidant and playmate. She was the only daughter of the Count and Countess, who were loth to send her early to a convent, the usual school for young Sicilian girls; but now that the two boys had left, and having no one to confide in, she proposed to herself the necessity of finishing her studies. For this purpose the convent of St. Urmola was selected. It was necessary that *lent* should expire previous to her departure, and in the interim the Countess was preparing Ada for the separation.

The moment at length arrived when she was to be placed under the care of the Lady Abbess of St. Urmola, who, on the admission of her pupil, received the usual fee, and promised to attend strictly to her religious and mental education.

CHAPTER III.

Several years had passed since the transpiration of the events mentioned in the last chapter, and Ada De Cheveta had bloomed into full womanhood; her figure was still slight, but began to assume a

more graceful appearance; the eye had gained a deeper blue and her whole manners were soft, lovely and love-infusing. The Count and Countess were anxious that Ada should unite her affections to those of some rich and influential noble. Associating with the best Sicilian society, since her return from the convent, had to all appearance eradicated from her mind the remembrance of Gerald. She was the gayest of the gay, and her musical laugh and soft, sweet voice enraptured all who became acquainted with her.

About this time, or a little previous to it, a young English merchant settled in the city of Messina. He was of a sedate turn of mind, and presented credentials that at once admitted him into the very best society of Messina. He saw and soon became enraptured and in love with Ada, who appeared not averse to his addresses. He continued his attentions, and in a very short time her hand was partly promised him by her parents. During this time, her brother arrived in the city; he had grown to manhood and looked upon all foreigners with distrust; he was averse to the alliance and reminded Ada of her youthful affection for Gerald, which often drew forth a sigh from her, but the ties of consanguinity prevented any matrimonial engagement taking place between them.

Ada did not love Gerald less for her attachment to Mr. Johnston, but the wealth of the Englishman, and her parents' wishes determined her to give her hand to this foreigner. Mr. Johnston was rich, young, handsome and accomplished,—to none of which could any lady have a very serious objection, much less Ada, the daughter of a Sicilian Count, whose fortunes had long been on the decline.

Frank Weston, a friend of Johnston, arrived in Messina the evening previous to the final arrangements between the parents of Ada and Mr. Johnston. Frank was about thirty-five, slightly made and rather hard featured; he could not exactly be termed a rake, but was one of those truly flippant beings whom we meet every day in good society,—one of those butterflies always fluttering around and among the ladies, laughing and making witty remarks without meaning them,—whose constant boast is, that they are not susceptible of love, yet are deep in its mysteries,—who are always using the worn out adage of "Ladies' hearts are trifles light as air," only to be played with, not owned; and yet are deeply engaged in winning the trifles, ever near it, yet never gaining the object. Weston was in fact a cosmopolite, in the strict sense of the word; he had travelled over nearly every portion of Europe, like an old trunk, collecting dust without becoming polished. By some curious and singular incident in Johnston's early life, he became acquainted with Frank Weston, and though their characters were entirely dissimilar, they became sincere friends.

Frank, while at Naples, had heard that Johnston was in love, and the intention of his visit to Messina was to persuade his friend to give up his Sicilian love, and remain in single blessedness like himself. Though Weston was selfish, he felt a sincere friendship for Johnston; probably this very selfishness of heart caused the feeling; as it was reasonable to suppose if his friend once married, the companionship would in all likelihood cease.

Weston sought his friend and found him reclining on an ottoman at the Count's. "Tom, my dear fellow, how do you find yourself?" was Weston's first remark, on entering the saloon.

"Well, my good friend, Frank; you are in time to be a witness to my marriage ceremony."

"Ah! Tom," remarked Weston, "you know not what you do. Oil and fire will sooner unite in harmony than a Sicilian and an Englishman. I know the parents of your lady love. The Count is haughty and the Countess proud; they would look upon you with distrust, and believe me, you can have no hopes of thawing them into compliance. I understand you have been dancing attendance here now two months, without any prospect of success, and that her brother, the heir apparent to a penniless title, treats you as haughtily as though he owned the whole of Sicily, and could command Mount Stromboli."

"Frank, my dear friend, forego for once your opinions; the Lady Ada is beautiful; to-night I serenade in the Italian style under her window; she is then to answer me; to-morrow, I demand her of the old Count, my fortunes against his titles, and I am not mistaken in the result."

These remarks only brought forth a laugh from Weston, who touching his friend gently on the shoulder with the point of his cane, replied, "Tom, that is too good, 'tis very good; well you are and always have been of a sanguine temperament. I will admit the lady Ada is beautiful, her blue eyes fringed by long silken lashes, arched and pencilled eyebrows and raven hair curling down an alabaster neck, are within themselves sufficient to create love within a breast less susceptible than yours. I must confess I have at times felt a warm sensation akin to love around my heart, but withal she is a Sicilian girl, her blood thrills hotly through her veins, and a dull phlegmatic English husband will soon be changed for an enthusiastic Sicilian Cicisbeo. Ah! Tom the customs of Sicily are far different from those of 'Old England,' the sunny skies, soft airs and sweet perfumes from citron groves produce feelings far different from those generated by the foggy climate and dingy woods of England. What effect must a soft climate have upon those who are born under its influence? Look at the pliant, graceful figure, the soft and melting eyes of the Sicilian girls, the uneducated and careless grace of action, the voluptuousness in every smile, love in each look that sends the warm blood rush-

ing through the veins of the entranced gazer! Ah! I tell you, Tom, a husband in Sicily is only a convenience; the Cicisbeo is the true lover."

A slight blush covered the cheek of Johnston, but it was only for a moment. Rising from the ottoman a little excited, he replied, "Frank, your picture is too highly colored, I say she has no other lover than myself; I never hear the guitar under her window; nor do I ever see those sure indications of love, flowers on her table; besides, has she not promised to leave her 'sunny land,' and live in 'foggy England?' Believe me, all is well; farewell Frank, we will meet at the signing of the contract."

"Farewell, Tom, good luck attend you, but beware the Cicisbeo."

"Never fear," replied Johnston, "that will be settled in the contract."

The two friends parted,—Johnston to prepare for his future happiness, and Weston to the hotel *Du Roi Del' Angleterre*, where his friend and friend's love were soon buried in a bottle of "old south side madeira." Johnston felt the full force of his friend's warning; the word "Cicisbeo" rang in his ears even after he had reclined his head upon his pillow. A thousand plans passed through his mind to be adopted for the purpose of inducing the friends of his betrothed to relinquish the custom of placing the word Cicisbeo in the marriage contract. Ada had frequently in discussing the point told him that it was a mere matter of form, a legal technicality which no one thought worth while abolishing, or adopting. With a troubled mind and heavy heart sleep overcame him; nor did he again awake until the morning light warned him it was time to rise.

CHAPTER IV.

Constantine's aversion to all foreigners was a sufficient reason for his objection to Mr. Johnston, but in addition to this, the national antipathy of a Sicilian to an Englishman determined him to throw every obstacle in the path of Johnston. His cousin Gerald, for whom he had more than a brother's affection, had induced him to visit Rome, to obtain a dispensation in favor of Gerald; but as he had not been enabled to receive an answer to his application, he returned to Sicily to have the progressing arrangements postponed indefinitely. He had concealed the arrival of Gerald until both of their wishes were fulfilled. With these views in his mind, he sought Ada and found her seated quietly in her favorite boudoir near the old cypress. Tapping her gently with his glove, he pleasantly remarked, "Why Ada, my sister, still thinking about your future foreign husband? or may be in hopes of a Sicilian one."

"Pshaw, brother, why do you continually harp on a Sicilian husband? Can't an Englishman be as accomplished and as handsome as a Sicilian?"

"Yes, Ada, my beloved sister, but you are wrong, very wrong to countenance these foreigners; they may be rich—in fact we know Mr. Johnston is wealthy; we also know him to be an accomplished gentleman, but Ada, he will not understand your Sicilian heart. He is dull, heavy and austere; you are soft, confiding and affectionate. Ada, do you recollect your cousin Gerald?"

"Yes, brother, I recollect him, but as a boy. He was not more than fifteen years old when he left home to join the army; but still I can love Mr. Johnston, though he is not a Sicilian."

"About as much, Ada, as a Sicilian girl should love her husband, that is, spend his money, receive him with affection when the day's business is over, give him your lap-dog to carry and not allow him to be too inquisitive about your little love affairs. Do you think Mr. Johnston will agree to all this?"

"Certainly, brother, I think he will agree to any thing I like." The little beauty tossed her head and returned to the house, not, however, without an uneasy thought crossing her mind.

Gerald concealed behind the shrubbery, was listening to the conversation between Ada and her brother. She had scarcely disappeared before he came forward where Constantine was standing, biting his lips in anger. Gerald had disguised himself as a minstrel, or common Sicilian singer. He asked his cousin if he thought Ada would recognize him in that costume, "you know I am changed but little since I was a boy." While they were in conversation, Ada returned to apologize to her brother for the hasty manner in which she had left him. Gerald was the first to see her.

"Ah! here she comes," remarked he, "how lovely she looks." His emotions were so great that Constantine had repeatedly to tell him to be careful and not betray himself.

Ada approached her brother, at the same time extending her hand, and apologized in the sweetest manner for her haughtiness, as she termed it, which was by Constantine evidently forgiven. Ada in turning again to depart, observed Gerald in his minstrel's costume, she was struck with his beauty, and asked her brother if that was the minstrel he had brought with him from the army, and would he permit him to attend her wedding.

"Yes, my dear sister, this is the minstrel you have so often heard me speak of, would you like to hear him sing?"

"By all means, brother." She looked at him for a moment, and in a low voice said to Constantine, "Gracious heaven! how he reminds me of my little cousin Gerald! come forward, senior minstrel," said she aloud. Gerald advanced, his heart almost bursting its bounds, and addressed her in a low voice, at the same time kneeling at her feet. "Lady, I know a little song taught me by a youngster not many years ago; he had then but a few days joined the Army."

"Pray sing it," said Ada. Gerald took rather longer to tune his guitar than he might watch Ada's countenance. Ada becoming impatient and annoyed by his gaze, said, "pray sing." Gerald struck the accompaniment and sung the following verses:

Swiftly rows thy gondolier
That wafts thee love from me;
The breeze that fans my cheek must bear
This song of love to thee.
By yonder shining orb I swear,
Those stars which brightly shine,
That nought can make thee, love, less dear.
Ah! no! till death I'm thine.
Swiftly rows thy gondolier, &c.

Ah, here is still the citron grove,
Aye breathing sweet perfume;
The myrtle bow'rs you loved to rove
Still brightly, sweetly bloom.
Yon changeful orb may pass away,
Those stars may cease to shine,
Yet naught can change this heart; my lay
Shall still be thine, love, thine.

Swiftly rows thy gondolier, &c.

During the performance of the minstrel, Ada appeared to become rooted to the spot on which she stood; as line after line flowed in music from his lips, her cheeks at one time became crimsoned, the next moment a deadly paleness crept o'er them. She listened in mute surprise, and even after the minstrel had risen and was waiting for the usual presents on occasions of this kind, Ada remained silent, and was only aroused from her stupor by her brother reminding her of the usual fee due the minstrel, who immediately retired upon a preconcerted signal being given him by Constantine. Ada in great agitation turned to her brother; the tears running down her cheeks, and her voice choked with emotion, she said—

"Oh! Brother! what dreams of pleasure does that little song call forth! I taught it to my cousin Gerald, and methinks I see a likeness of him in the minstrel; but no! it was but my fancy, and yet that fancy almost creates a belief in my mind that this minstrel is Gerald."

At this moment the Count and Countess entered the walk where their children were conversing. Constantine called to his mother and told her that his sister Ada had lost her heart with a poor minstrel; "for would you believe it, dear mother, he sang an old love ditty to her and *presto* her love for Mr. Johnston was clean gone." This was said with a laugh peculiar to Constantine when he intended to be sarcastic. The Countess with that haughtiness peculiar to Sicilians, reproved her son in the following manner. "Constantine, my son, I am tired of all this minstrelsy, the country is overrun with it; and besides, my son, it is time you should begin to assume that dignity which suits the high station you hold, and which the titles of your family require." The Countess was pecu-

liarly haughty. To cast ridicule upon the titles of her noble lord was in her opinion one of the unforgiven sins. Constantine knew this and thought it a propitious moment to seal the fate of Johnston and advance the prospects of his cousin Gerald. With a sarcastic laugh, he replied, "Mother, Mr. Johnston says he can purchase a Sicilian countship for a sipping, and I think our broken fortunes and the sacrifice we are about to make, almost induce me to believe it true." This remark his mother felt, but recovering from a momentary feeling of shame, she mildly replied, "Fie my son, this is not dignified, particularly on the day your sister's marriage contract is to be drawn up, signed and sealed. We have come to search for you and Ada to be present; the priest and lawyer are at the house, and are only waiting the arrival of Mr. Johnston; so come, my children, we will return."

The party returned to the palace where they found all waiting. Mr. Johnston and the lawyer appeared both agitated as if they had been in a dispute. The Count inquired if the contract was ready, and the reply being in the affirmative, it was handed him to sign. Mr. Johnston at this moment stepped towards him and begged that a favor which he was about to ask might be granted him. The Count laid the parchment upon the table and awaited the request. "Sir," said Johnston, "previous to signing and sealing that contract, may I request that one word be altered in it, and if this be granted I will add thirty thousand pounds to your daughter's settlement. It is the word 'Cicisbeo.'"

The discharge of a bomb could not have created more surprise among the party, than did this request. The fingers of the Count relaxed their hold of the pen in them and it fell to the floor; the Countess rolled her pious eyes to heaven, and ejaculated, "Saint Ursula protect us;" the priest crossed himself; Constantine smiled with inward satisfaction, and his bitter sarcastic laugh was just audible. Ada thought of her cousin Gerald, and a slight flush passed over her cheeks. The priest was the first to recover from his astonishment, and explained to Johnston that it was one of those customs which could not be abolished. Johnston turned to the Count and with a voice choked with agitation asked him if he would consent. "The Count replied through his teeth, "No, I'll not abolish an ancient custom."

The mind of Johnston was harassed by feelings which could not be appreciated by his Sicilian friends; in signing the marriage contract his hand almost refused to do its office; his agitation was by the Count and his lady attributed to the anxious desire on his part to have it speedily fulfilled; but Constantine, always jealous and suspicious, attributed his uneasiness to its true cause.

The contract being now signed, all but Ada retired to a small private parlor to partake of some refreshment.

Ada's thoughts were still on the minstrel. It can not be, (she mentally remarked,) her cousin; no, it was some poor beggar picked up by her brother; then, the song! Why should this minstrel create such feelings in her heart? And again that song! Gerald promised not to sing or learn it to any one. At this moment her eyes fell upon the contract, she advanced towards it and the first word noticed was "Cicisbeo." Gerald again passed across her mind; the notes of a guitar struck her ear; it could be no other than Gerald's. The contract was dropped, and Ada hastened towards the direction of the sound. Ere she had reached the door, she was met by her brother, who told her that the minstrel wished to sing one more song before he left. Ada with a heavy heart consented. The minstrel was called in. Ada had seated herself upon an ottoman; tears stole unconsciously down her cheeks, and she scarce heeded the musician. Tuning his instrument, he struck a plaintive accompaniment and sang these extempore verses.

Tears, lady, dost weep in sadness,
Thou, once joyous and gay,
Breathing o'er earth thy spirit's gladness?
Tears on thy bridal day!
Where, oh! where is the laughing brow,
Where light curls gently wave,
Like dancing sunbeams upon snow?
Oh! give them not to the grave.

Tears, tears, on thy bridal day!

Oh! weep not so, thou'lt wed to night
The flower of chivalry;
Tears will but dim thine eyes' soft light:
Would'st change thy destiny?
Then prithee, sweetest lady, call
Thy spirit back from its dreary thrall,—
Back to the laughing earth now spring,
And let thy voice its music ring,
For this is thy bridal day.

The last note had nearly died away when Ada unconsciously took up the lay; the minstrel accompanying it with his guitar.

Ah yes, the world may laugh and think
We're happy, e'en upon the brink
Of some dark abyss of unchanging woe,
Which none but we can see or know.
For ah! how can they think the eye,
So seeming bright, beams agony?

Ada ceased and appeared to be lost in a deep melancholy. Constantine had carried on the masquerade, he thought, quite long enough. "Look up, my dear sister, look up and see your playmate, lover and cousin Gerald." Ada raised her eyes and gazed upon him for only a moment; then throwing herself in his arms, exclaimed:

"It is,—it is my own dear little cousin. Oh! how happy you have made me; long, long have I looked for your return, but alas I am about to be married, and there is the contract." Gerald looked at the contract and observed, "Your English husband that is to be, dear Ada, does not object to

your having a 'Cicisbeo,' he does not deprive you of your lovers."

"No, Gerald, but he consented with a very bad grace; to think, Gerald, of a Sicilian girl without a Cicisbeo! What would I do for some one to bring me flowers, to write love songs, and in short to love me as a Sicilian girl should be loved when her husband is pouring over his musty counting-house books: it destroys the monotony of a married life. I think you have grown very handsome, dear Gerald."

"Do you, Ada? come, this is your wedding night and though our consanguinity forbids a marriage, we are not forbid to love, let us visit the 'old cypress tree.'" Away they both joyously took their course to the old favorite spot.

They had scarcely left when Johnston entered, and seeing the contract lying open, he took it up and saw still the hated word "Cicisbeo." With his knife he tried to erase the word and alter the reading of the contract;—the seal and wax being on the table, he folded and sealed it and left the room.

The lawyer came in directly afterwards, and seeing the contract sealed, attributed it in his mind to the priest, he took it as a matter in the line of his business for safe keeping, until it was to be delivered to the priest, previous to the marriage ceremony, which was to take place that evening at the Church of Saint Paul's.

CHAPTER V.

The church of St. Paul's is situated near the great square in Messina. The wealth of many nobles has been expended in its decorations; chaste Mosaic, in figures, flowers and historical sketches, beautify the pave of the building; the artist has displayed his talents and ingenuity in embellishing its vast dome and walls, in costly frescos, principally incidents from the life of St. Paul; nor has the sculptor neglected to display his taste and ability, in filling the various niches and altars with figures of the most graceful and striking character. In one, the Holy Virgin is sculptured in parian marble; in another, the patron saint stands out boldly, shaking from his hand a serpent; the altar fills one end of the vast building, and is surmounted by a massive silver cross, upon which hangs the Saviour; Candelabras of silver, massive and rich, decorate the altar, and the whole is enclosed within a massive rail of pure white Italian marble. The dome is supported by pillars of an unknown and lost marble, massive and antique in their appearance, but having the freshness of yesterday. It was at this church the ceremony was to take place, which was to unite the Lady Ada with Mr. Johnston, and as the Count De Cheveta traced back his ancestors as supporters and founders of this building, it was decorated and lighted for the occasion by himself.

We must now return to the Count's palace, where preparations were making upon a scale equal to the rank and wealth of the parties to be united. Ada seated on an ottoman, dressed in her wedding suit, attended by her bridesmaids, waited the moment of announcement for her to enter the costly carriage which was to convey her to the church. Over her countenance was a shade of apparent melancholy, a tear stole down her cheek, and as her bosom swelled in anguish, an unconscious sigh escaped her: she finds too late her hand is given but not her heart. A page announces that her future husband is ready to receive her. Rising and followed by her bridesmaids, she was received at the door by her mother, who presented her to Mr. Johnston; passing through the spacious well-lit halls of the Count's palace, Ada was handed into her carriage by her affianced; the wide gates of the court yard were thrown open and the cavalcade passed slowly under the archway, and emerged into the open streets, amid the shouts of nearly the whole populace of Messina—shouts of "Long live the Count De Cheveta."

At the church of St. Paul's, Ada was received in the arms of her father, and lifted over the steps of the church, as the superstitions of the Sicilians lead them to believe that a bride touching the steps of a church, is a forerunner of an unhappy marriage. Passing up the spacious building, the bridal party kneeled at the altar. The priest and two assistant brothers of the same order, commenced a low chaunt, the Sacrament was then administered to the young couple, and the priest offered up a blessing in behalf of the pair who were about to be united in love. The marriage contract was then received from the lawyer, blessed and purified by holy water, a low chaunt was again performed, a blessing offered and the contract placed in the hands of Ada; the ring was then received by the priest from Mr. Johnston, blessed, purified, and placed upon the finger of the bride. Two wreaths of pure white Jessamine were then placed by the priest upon the heads of the bride and groom, marriage promises were responded to by both, a prayer and benediction were then offered, and given by the priest, after which all united in a solemn chaunt and prayer.

The ceremony performed, the parties returned to the palace, where was assembled all the beauty, nobility, and fashion of Messina. The vast palace of the Count, on this joyous occasion, was refitted on a scale sufficiently magnificent; the halls were hung and festooned with the finest and richest damask. Tapestry of the rarest and most costly kind, representing historical, love and rural scenes, covered the walls; chandeliers of every description, wrought by the most skilful mechanics, and massive in appearance, lit the rooms. A thousand varieties of wild shrubbery and cultivated plants were intermingled, bearing flowers of every hue,

from the purest white, through all the different tints to crimson, blended with cerulean blue, and golden colors were called in to form artificial groves throughout the mansion. Even the vast gardens of the Count were fancifully arranged and illuminated, and his hospitality on this night extended even to the lazaroni. Minstrels were employed and united to add their soft music and wild song to enliven the evening; jugglers, a class so famous throughout Sicily, could be seen showing their tricks without a fee to the gaping crowd in the gardens; nothing was left undone which the utmost ingenuity could invent, or a refined taste accomplish, to render the evening pleasant.

Weston was, as usual, fluttering around the ladies. He sighed to the sylph-like Lady Cecilia, and boisterously laughed with Madam Gross, drank punch with Senior Cosmo, and gambled with Don Pelata, eat pistacchois with young Munchenarro, and waltzed with the laughing Selima Penaro. Suiting himself to all characters, he soon became the general favorite. Passing round the room he saw his friend Johnston, leaning against one of the marble pillars which supported the roof of the hall, looking intently at a couple who appeared to take no part in the festivities.

The lady was neither tall, nor short; her figure

had assumed a plumpness bordering on the voluptuous, a full formed forehead denoting mirth as most prominent, a skin rather brunette, large, black, swimming eyes, fringed by long silken lashes, that overshadowed them, giving them a soft and languishing appearance. Her face was turned up, and looking at a gentleman leaning over her, she appeared to be listening to him with great attention; at one moment blushes dyed her cheeks, and her eyes fell; at another, anger, love, grief, and all the different shades of passion appeared to take possession of her countenance. The gentleman was tall, dark-eyed, and handsome. The two friends' attention was attracted to this couple. Weston asked his friend who they could be?

"Probably husband and wife," replied Johnston.

"No," remarked a Sicilian, "that is Lady Remar, one of the most talented and accomplished ladies in Messina. She is married to one of the most disagreeable men in this place, and that gentleman is her Cicisbeo."

"Bah!" said Weston, "he is a happy dog."

Johnston hurried away in disgust, and as he turned, his eye rested on Ada waltzing with her cousin Gerald.

[To be continued.]

THE LAKES OF ITALY

BY LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.



XCEPT Ischia, few places in Italy have left so pleasant an impression on my memory as the villages on and near the banks of the Lakes. Nearly every beauty of vegetation, whether Southern or Northern, is combined in this neighborhood; while the mountains, even the lower and more accessible ones, give a grandeur and a stability to the landscape which it would not possess if the lakes were merely set in a framework of luxuriant grass and meadowland.

To those who think that evidences of civilization improve a landscape, the Lakes must seem a paradise; for no part of the country is more honeycombed with villas of every conceivable size, style, pattern and material, representing every class and almost every occupation, from the rich French milliner to the half-ruined Italian noble, from the *danseuse* to the retired English merchant. The country people themselves are comparatively prosperous, and very different from Southern Italians on the score of industry, the silk factories of the Lake district being a prominent feature of social life, and the fertility of the land being proverbial, even in rich and agricultural Lombardy.

Some parts of the Lake of Como, with its banks studded with villas and lined with magnificent cypresses, are much more like the Bosphorus than the other rivals to the latter which are sometimes erroneously compared with it—i.e., the bays of Naples and of Rio de Janeiro.

My own recollections of the Lakes, and of Como in particular, are simply those of a tourist, though scarcely a hurried one; and I have often speculated upon the effect some of the places which we English and Americans visit as idle loungers would have upon one of our number who should live there familiarly, and make it his home, as some of our artists do as regards large Italian cities. In that case, the associations of idleness and holiday-time would not cling to these Italian paradises, and much of the self-reproach which I think always must mingle in our reminiscences of useless and heedless sight-seeing would be avoided.

A more thorough and more satisfactory knowledge of portions of foreign countries would replace our crude generalizing, and traveling would be reduced to a rational and educational pursuit—almost a study—instead of being,

as it is too often now, a scramble and a rush of hungry-eyed and indiscriminating individuals. People should never travel in historical lands until they have read and studied a good deal, nor in virgin lands until they have gained some knowledge of natural history, and, above all, formed the habit of minute observation. I have learnt the benefit of these things too late, and have regretted my aimless sight-seeing ever since.

Suppose we start with the reader from Milan, on the way to Como, as that is the route I once actually followed, passing through Monza, the guardian of the Iron Crown of the old Kings of Lombardy, and of the hen and seven chickens in gold, representing Lombardy and its seven provinces, executed for a half-barbarian queen a thousand years ago, to Como, a large but uninteresting town, full of silk factories, at the head of the lake. A coasting-steamer takes us up, and, stopping zig-zag at various stages on either bank, lands us at last at Cadenabbia, on the western side, where the pleasant hotel, with old-fashioned piazzas and arcades, had had for some time, when we visited it, the benefit of an English landlady, who had taught her Italian husband the way to make Anglo-Saxon guests comfortable. Next door to us was the Villa Carlotta, stately, beautiful and melancholy, with great iron gates, where the tangled, luxuriant, gloomy-leaved bushes of laurel, oleander, orange and magnolia helped out the faded gilding, and pushed themselves through the rusty bars, toward the rounded, gray, weather-stained stone steps, washed by the blue ripples of the lake. Inside, a great *sala*, full of modern statues, bas-reliefs and pictures, is shown to visitors; but what is more interesting than this official museum—one gets so tired of this regulation-thing, in Italian palaces and villas!—is the sense of space and loneliness made by the grand proportions of the old Renaissance building. In this the Villa Carlotta, of course, does not stand alone; it is but a type of an infinitely multiplied class—and so is its history; for from being the mere "pleasaunce" of an old noble Piedmontese family, who had fortresses in Savoy and palaces in Turin for their principal residences, it has come into the hands of a German prince, the Sommariva, its former owners, being at present somewhat impoverished.

But if the living cannot possess it, their dead ancestors still do, for the family vault and mortuary chapel is within the grounds, and Mass is daily said there by an odd a specimen of the Italian country clergy as I ever saw. His dress may be inferred from the accompanying illustrations of priests catering for themselves at market; but his personality was far more characteristic, and the more so, from his combining with his ecclesiastical functions the profession of an informal agent, superintending such interests as his patrons, the Counts of Sommariva, still possessed in their old home.

Most of the large old Italian villas have such memorial chapels and family monuments attached to them, and generally expensively decorated with statuary and *bass-reliefs*.

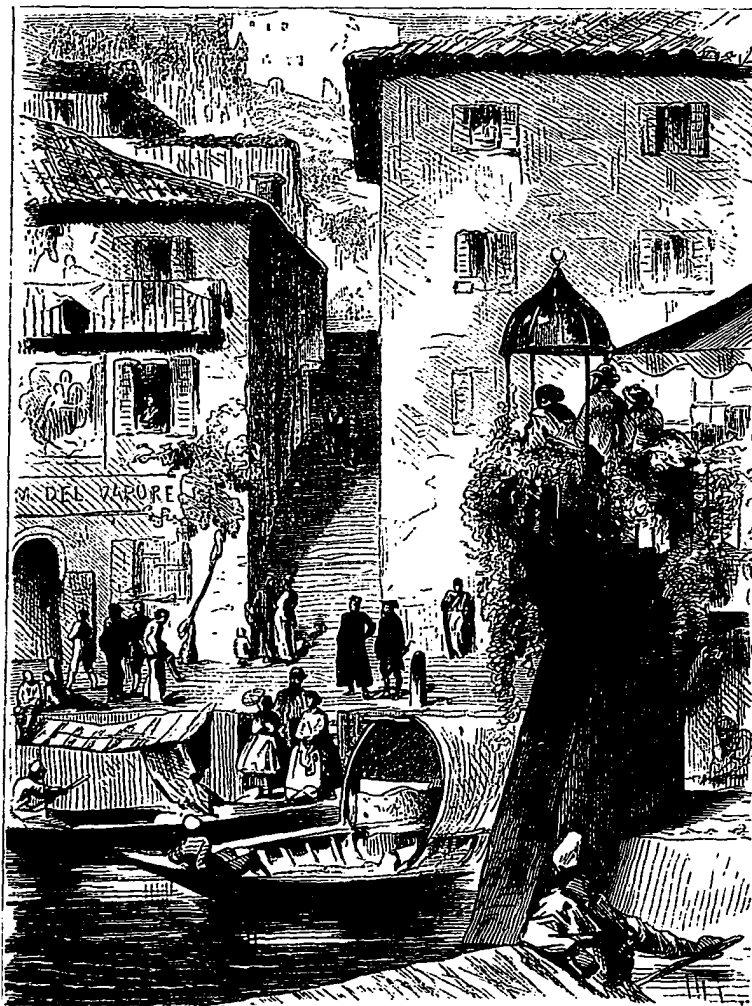
Opposite Cadenabbia, on the point of the peninsula of the fertile and wooded Brianza which divides the lake midway, shaping it into an irregular Y, stands the village of Bellaggio, rich in cypresses, above which towers the Villa Serbelloni, another Italian country-house, now turned to the use of tourists as a hotel. The gardens here rival the botanical gardens of many a city, and quite divided my attention with the distant view over lakes and Alps, which is considered the boast of this spot, and the best in the whole lake region.

Cruising around these promontories (I saw Bellaggio on one occasion by moonlight), one gets interested in the

boats — of a kind the exact counterpart to which I have never seen off this Lake. Imagine the bulging canvas roof of a Western bullock-wagon placed upon a long, sharp-prowed boat, and you have a tolerably accurate idea of these rather clumsy, but, in the heat of noon, very comfortable water-carriages.

One Sunday evening, discarding boating, we went scrambling up a rough path on the sloping ground which, within sight of the Alps, one scarcely dares to call a mountain, and got a peculiar view of the moon-rise from a village church, perched on a terrace, and trellised with an English jessamine-vine, especially sweet-scented. The full moon rose on the opposite (eastern) side of the lake, just behind a bare, very jagged peak, not unlike the "Great Saw" of the Lake of Lecco, which was thus, for a few seconds, clearly defined on a background of intense light.

On one of my visits to the Lake, our party were on the way to



BELLAGIO ON LAKE COMO.



LAGO MAGGIORE, WITH THE ISOLA BELLA.

Switzerland by the Splügen Pass, and starting from Chiavenna at five o'clock in the morning, the cold was very sharp. Another time I drove all the way back to Milan through the Brianza, breakfasting at six o'clock, and getting not a thing else to eat till we reached Milan, eleven hours later; but the lonely, winding road, the small "*osterie*" and comfortable farm-houses, the drinking-fountains, the groves of mulberries and other unfamiliar trees, the sprightly, chattering inhabitants in doorways, at hanging corner balconies, or up steep staircases called streets, gave one plenty to do by way of forgetting hunger.

Lugano, on the small lake of the same name, though politically Swiss, is practically Italian, as the language, the costumes, the babel of the market, the aloes, olives, vines and fig-trees denote. Higher up, the chestnuts, walnuts and beeches hint at the neighborhood of a sterner climate.



SCENE IN THE MARKET AT LUGANO.

Porlezza is chiefly famous for its beautiful grotto, or, to speak more correctly, mountain ravine, the bottom entirely occupied by running water, forming two small waterfalls at the mouth of the gorge. From the boat, you notice the action of the water in the fantastic scooping out of the

rocks; and high above your head, where the walls end in a ragged outline, overhanging bushes make a matted ceiling, through which rare glimpses of blue sky can be seen.

The Lago Maggiore has, recently, become interesting to tourists, on account of Queen Victoria's stay at Baveno.



A MILK-SELLER IN CHIAVENNA.



MARKETING IN PORLEZZA.

Royal visitors in plenty took the opportunity slightly to infringe the Queen's *incognito*, and commoners visited the Lake at that unfashionable time of the year for the sake of getting a glimpse of her. The most courteous of her neighbors were the peasantry of the place, for Italians seem to be born with the tact and discretion which we Anglo-Saxons have painfully to learn, and laboriously to keep in practice.

While at the Villa Clara, built by Mr. Charles Henprey in the Lombard style, with a beautiful *loggia*, marble-paneled, which forms one of its chief features, and runs all along the front of the building, the principal rooms opening on to it, the Queen visited the needle-factory at Spresa, and made some small purchases.

The grounds of the villa combine English neatness with Italian luxuriance; and the generosity of the owner has a standing memorial in the chapel built by him for the use of the English and Americans in the neighborhood, and furnished by himself with a chaplain during the Summer and Autumn months—the Episcopal service being, of course, the one provided.

Baveno is exactly opposite the Borromeo Islands, and nearly opposite the Bay of Pallanza. The Isola Pescator, or Fisherman's Isle, is entirely occupied by a small fishing-village, with one little open space to dry the nets. The Islands of Delight, the Isola Bella,* or Beautiful Island, especially, owe more to art than to nature, except for their surroundings of water and mountain, and answer rather to one's fanciful notion of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon than to that of a primeval paradise. Indeed, the Isola Bella, two hundred years ago, was a bare rock. The possessor, tired of city life, resolved to create an exclusive Eden for himself in the wilderness, and spared no pains or expense to make what has since become a horticultural marvel. Count Vitaliano Borromeo, however, was not content with heaping his ten terraces with costly foreign evergreens—he would have nothing which should show signs of decay—both trees and flowering shrubs, but he set as many architects and sculptors to work as he did gardeners; for in his day, groves that had no Greek gods for inhabitants were considered as the "forest primeval" of barbarism. So a Dutch primness of tortured and shaped shrubs prevails in one place; a shell grotto, such as we should now associate with nothing more exalted than a beer-garden, is provided for a sea-nymph in marble; an obelisk stands in an ilex-grove, suggesting a monument far more than deciduous trees would suggest death; a fine Hercules stands at bay against a dark background of shrubbery; a cedar avenue leads you to the leafy stable of a bronze horse; and numberless Greek divinities startle you at every corner of this lake-bound Versailles. Still, the beauty of the trees and the masses of bright flowers in wide beds and borders is enough to condone these whimsicalities of a bygone age. I remember especially a camphor-tree, several cork-trees, and some very fine variegated laurel, white and pale-green. Even our familiar pines and firs are there, screening off the island from the north wind, and tropical plants bloom on the southern slopes better than in an English hot-house. The lemon and magnolia are among the most powerfully and pleasantly scented. The face-walls of the terraces are smothered in climbing vines, grown now almost beyond control; and hedges of bristling cactus and aloe seem to defend the upper heights, round the villa, which might be the abode of the Sleeping Beauty, if it were not a well-trodden museum, with a prosaic "visitors' book."

* It was originally called Isabella, after Count Borromeo's mother; but the corruption, for once, proved appropriate.

A dark romance hangs over one part of it. The half-mad Dutch painter, Peter Molyn, whose temper earned him the nickname of "Sir Tempest," took refuge here from justice in other parts, where he had killed his wife that he might marry another woman, and was protected by the Borromeo family, who also employed him to fresco their walls.

The Isola Madre is a copy of its sister island, laid out less elaborately in seven terraces, with lemon and orange trellises on the south side, and an "English garden," or half-dressed grounds full of foreign shrubs, and intersected with walks, on the north side.

This lake is softer in its beauty than Como. The snow Alps are visible, it is true, and the granite rocks and quarries of Baveno must have reminded the Queen of northeastern Scotland; yet the Mediterranean-blue of the lake, and the profusion of Southern vegetation, are the first things that strike the eye.

There is a touch, however, of Northern and Barbarian independence in the tenacity with which the owner of the "Dolphin," with its tiny patch of land—the patrimony of the same family for centuries before Borromeo took a fancy to create the gardens of the Isola Bella—refused to part with his land to his rich neighbor. The little hotel is still in the possession of this family, and its owners are quite as proud of their "lot" as the Borromeos of their cluster of islands. Mountaineers and fishermen are proverbially independent, and add to this the Gothic and Lombard blood of this lake-region race, and you have the clue to much of the late history—whose visible outcome is the creation of a new nation, and of a future possible influence in European politics.

Taking boat again at Stresa, and steering for Arona, on the southern end of the Lake, the Borromeo traditions follow you throughout, and at Arona, from the mortuary chapel of the family in the Cathedral, where fine pictures mark the generosity of each successive generation, you go to the (rather unsightly) colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo, Cardinal and Archbishop, and deservedly the pride and hero of the race. The statue is hollow, of bronze and copper, with a pillar of masonry concealed in the centre, and iron clamps stretching from it to the outer metal walls. The head will hold three persons at a time, and the winding stairs leading to it are as convenient as can be expected, but nothing but the wish to "say you have been there," would tempt any one to undertake such an unpleasant and thankless task. Indeed, I think the same may be said of the ascent of many another height, with far better attractions than this hot, stuffy statue—to wit, St. Peter's dome and ball beneath the cross, and the beautiful Campanile at Venice.

The same view you get from the top of St. Peter's is obtained by a comfortable drive up the road, bordered by pink acacias in blossom in June, to Monte Mario, with its deserted villas and its old Dominican convent, where, in 1862, the composer Liszt, then just made an ecclesiastic, had a temporary lodging, with a little cottage piano wedged into his whitewashed cell. And at Venice, the only reward to be obtained from a climb up the bell-tower stairs, is the view, not so much of the city, as of a *map*, in which every beautiful detail of balcony and bridge, etc., is lost; and the mud-banks at low tide in the poetical Lagoon, are unpleasantly conspicuous.

The other lakes (and there are numberless small ones) are much less visited, and I know, unfortunately, but little about them. The Lake of Orta, one of the loveliest and most Alpine of the Italian lakes, though very unfrequented, well repays the traveler for any little delay and trouble in getting to it.

In Italy, nature unadorned seems to recede ever further from your search, but the light thrown on the human character by these perpetual intrusions of human ingenuity into natural scenes, is instructive, if sometimes a little provoking, to us sightseers.

After all, it is not fair for us to expect a country to keep itself on the level of an animated museum, or a botanical garden, for our sole benefit; and this thought reconciles one even to the modern advances that are transforming so many of the larger Italian cities into living and progressive communities.

These thoughts are suggested by the *Sagro Monte*, or Holy Mountain, a wooded hill at Orta, laid out as a park, and studded with twenty chapels, each containing a highly realistic group of life-size figures in gaudily vari-colored terra cotta, representing a scene from the life of St. Francis of Assisi. This kind of thing is not uncommon in Italy, and in Southern Germany, where wooden figures are often used, and the coloring is even cruder. To our taste, such representations are not pleasing, and scarcely reverent, especially when, as is most commonly the case (there is a *sagro monte* of this kind at Varallo, in the Sesia Valley, at the foot of Monte Bosa, ten or twelve hours' donkey-ride from Orta), the groups represent our Lord, His mother and His disciples, and incidents from the Gospel narrative. The effect of these figures in conventional, and often painfully modern, costume (for instance, the cardinals, in the group at Orta, purporting to show the gathering at the canonization of St. Francis), is rather grotesque than artistic, and the person who would look upon them with least impatience would be the anthropologist, seeking in them merely the manifestation of a certain peculiarity of one branch of the human race, at one period of its development.

People often fancy that Italy is an exhausted theme, but there is no greater mistake. One district, ten miles square, if studied lovingly, leisurely and minutely, would furnish new matter for a volume, and, putting aside everything that has been written of even the cities, there is room for as much again on the side of every-day life and manners. Even archeology has some reserve funds—such as undiscovered chapels, pictures, memorials, while the local traditions of every village are as unknown as Sanskrit to the English-speaking public. The country districts have seldom, if ever, been studied, and even Italians of city birth know little about them. Adolphus Trollope gives us capital miniatures of actual Tuscan types, but he stands alone. Story's "*Roba di Roma*" has caught a good deal of "local color" undreamt of by tourists, busy seeing the Apollo Belvidere, and "doing" the Coliseum by moonlight; but an exhaustless store of interesting matter, human and otherwise, is still available. There is more of Pompeii yet buried than there is discovered. The obscure monasteries in country neighborhoods are, in themselves, a rich mine of manuscripts (music, as well as literature and illumination), and the amount of solid classical and archeological knowledge among the clergy, never put into practical and popular shape, would astonish our quickly-producing, but often deficiently-observant, writers.

A traveler who should set out for Italy with the intention of keeping clear (at least in his writings) of the beaten track, would command and deserve an enormous and eager public.

TRAVELS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE,

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LXIII.

IF I could conduct you homewards with me from the Thuilleries, to the Rue de la Ferne des Mathurins, you would find us comfortably lodged in as much retirement from the noise and bustle

of the city, as if we were in a country town of New England. Our house is small, but convenient; and with the kitchen and the porter's lodge, and the porte cochere, and the Court-yard, has the appearance of a Hotel in miniature. The office of porter, at a public hotel, is generally filled by some inferior tradesman, who can by pulling a string, raise the bolt without moving from his seat, or his shop-board; but in private houses he is a servant so stationed as to attend the gate, and whose business it is to sweep out the rooms and staircase, and to rub the floors every morning; they are so frequently from Switzerland, that the words porter and Swiss, are become synonymous; ours, however, is a Savoyard, who having wandered at a very early age from his native mountains, and swept chimnies, and cleaned shoes, and gone of errands, and practised all the various modes of living, which his nation seems in possession of in Paris, is now settled down for life as a porter, contented to get his victuals, and about twelve pounds a year. Our coachman is a man advanced in life, with a very grave countenance, and a head nicely powdered. He would not upon any account mount the coachbox of a morning, before two enormous curls, which he wears at the sides, were completely arranged, and he declared to me upon his veracity, that this article of his toilette cost him full sixty sous a quarter. Our cook also must be introduced to your acquaintance; not Dame Leonarde of immortal memory, nor Dame Jacintha whose ragouts were so perfect, understood the business of the kitchen better, but she has other talents which would have qualified her for a distinguished place in the kitchen of the Sicilian Nobleman, and we find ourselves obliged to overlook her accompts very regularly every day. We have a valet de place also, who has all the merit those sort of people ever have; he has his favourites among the tradesmen, and levies, I presume, a small contribution at our expense. A water carrier keeps the house well supplied with water, and since the invention of filtrating fountains, the Seine water is as good as that of your best springs at the mountains. A part of Paris is supplied with this necessary of life by the powers of the steam engine of Chailcot, the practicability of which was a cause of discussion for the wits of Paris, for Mirabeau and Beaumarchais among the rest, till their attention was called off to objects which have not been productive of such general utility. There is a great deal yet to be described on the

North side of the river; all the places of public amusement are there, and of these I must give you some account; but we will first make an excursion to the other side, at the South Eastern extremity of the city. Let me request you therefore to return to your plan of Paris, and to draw a line, or stretch a thread from the Southern extremity of the Thuilleries, to the Luxembourg, which you will easily find; a continuation of the line will strike the Rue St. Jaques, at the English Benedictines; another, at an obtuse angle, will carry you to the Gobelins manufactory, hence the Rue St. Marcel will conduct you to the ancient and now obscure church of St. Medard, and you will afterwards pass along the Rue Neuve d'Orleans, to the Garden of Plants. From the Garden of Plants we will return homewards by the Rue St. Victor, and the place Marbert, and across the island of the city, where the ancient palace of Justice, on the one side, and the Metropolitan church of Notre Dame, on the other, will deserve our attention as we pass: having crossed to the Quai Voltaire, the line soon brings you to the Rue des Petits Augustins, and shortly after to the ancient abbey of that name: this street, des Petits Augustins, was formerly a canal, that divided the Scholar's meadow, where Sully describes himself as having exposed his life in so careless a manner, after the death of Madame de Rosny; at the upper end of it stands the former convent of Augustin monks where all the monuments and other pieces of ornamental sculpture, which could be saved from the ruin of the churches during the madness of the revolution, have been deposited; these curious relics of ancient art, and memorials of distinguished persons are here arranged in different apartments, according to their respective antiquity, and one has the satisfaction to trace the progress of sculpture through the course of many succeeding centuries; when the tombs at St. Dennis were opened, the pretence was to make use of the leaden coffins, which had been accumulated there in so many ages, for the purpose of war, but the chief object of the wretches who then governed, was to lower the Regal Character, in the estimation of the nation by this last insult: fortunately, with all their desire to destroy, the greater part of the monuments were preserved, and are now here; the intrinsic merit of the sculpture, in those pieces which were meant to represent the earlier kings, is very small indeed. Clovis, Chilperic, and Clotaire, are so many blocks of mishapen stone, in which

there is at best, but a rude imitation of the human figure; it was this last, who, as he felt himself dying, was heard to exclaim, "And who is this mighty God of Heaven, that can at his pleasure, remove the greatest monarch upon earth?" For so this barbarian supposed himself. The statue of St. Louis, however, is somewhat better; it is formed, indeed, like the others, of very ordinary stone, and the features are considerably defaced, but in this rude representation, and after a lapse of six centuries, there is an air of goodness and simplicity, and more of countenance, than I could ever discover in many of the master-pieces of Grecian art. The leaden saint upon his hat, and the air of cunning and malignity are expressive of Louis XI; the guards of this wretched tyrant watching day and night over his person, and the walls of his castle covered with iron spikes, and his looking about so anxiously in his last moments for some earthly mediator between heaven and himself, would prevent any succeeding monarch, we might suppose, from giving way to those suspicions, and to that implacable resentment, which rendered the latter part of the reign of Louis so fatal to his subjects; but man will not be benefitted by the experience of others: the face of Louis XII, is that of an emaciated old man, but I considered it with great attention and respect; it was he who said, upon being told that the Parisians ridiculed his mode of living, I had rather they should laugh at my parsimony and simplicity, than be made to weep by my oppression and tyranny. The Historian of his life says, he might have lived many years longer, had he not in order to please his young wife, the beautiful Mary of England, so materially altered his mode of living. He had always been accustomed to dine at eight; but he now dined at noon, and instead of going to bed at the good old hour of six, he would frequently sit up till near midnight. It would lead us frequently into error, I know, to apply the system of Lavater upon every occasion, but Richelieu, though supported by Religion, and with Science weeping at his feet, and in the attitude of a dying man, discovers a proud and domineering spirit in his countenance, while there is something yielding and compliant in the air and attitude of his successor Mazerin. You will see in Voltaire's Louis XIV, what immense sums of money this last left behind him; one of his modes of amassing, was to buy up the engagements of the government, which he knew how to depress the price of, and to pay himself the full nominal

value from the Royal Treasury. Another of the distinguished ministers of France, whose statue is seen here at full length is Louvois, in whose countenance, and in the swelling of whose upper lip there is a great deal of character expressed. I accompanied the administrator of the museum, as he is called, up stairs, and he there showed me in a closet the bust of Louis XV; who appears to have been one of the handsomest men of his time, with those of the late king, and of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, in whose air there is a great deal of energy and animation: she appears, as she really was, every way superior to Madame de Barry, whose bust is in the same closet; this last was a handsome woman, but her beauty has an insipidity of expression, only fitted for the Haram. There is a garden annexed to the Museum, which contains among other tombs, that of Abelard and Eloisa, which was brought from Paraclete, but the bones of these unhappy lovers are in a box above stairs, with a partition between them, such as became the piety of a prior, and the sanctity of a holy abbess. This decent attention to the poor remains of two persons, who lived so many years ago, and whose lives were of so little importance to society, is one of the most splendid triumphs of English Poetry. There is something extremely solemn in this assemblage of kings, statesmen, and soldiers, of great ladies distinguished once either for their beauty, or their high birth, and of magistrates, and men of letters; it seems an emblem of a future state, in which all ranks and generations will lie confounded: the mean neighbourhood of some of these—of Piron and Voltaire, for instance, reminded me of that passage in Pope's Windsor Castle, where he describes one common tomb as receiving those whom the same country could not formerly contain:

“ And by his side the much fear'd Edward sleeps.”

It is at the same time highly gratifying to trace the progress of sculpture through so many centuries, and to observe the changes which have taken place in dress. The stiff stays, and long waists of former days, are still more frightful, I think, in stone, than in colours. The art of sculpture took its rise among the fine forms, and in the fine climate of ancient Greece; thence it passed to their conquerors the Romans; but the removal of the seat of government together with every eminent artist, and every valua-

ble production of former times under Constantine, and the inroads of barbarians afterwards, put an end to the art in Rome, while the zeal of the image-breaking kings, and the prevalence of the Mahometan religion were fatal to it in the East. It is said to have been revived in France under St. Louis, and to have attained its utmost perfection there, before the time of Louis XIV, when the simplicity and elegance of antiquity were neglected, for imaginary taste and false dignity. What effect the Revolution may have had upon this, and upon the sister art of painting, does not seem yet decided. There have been some eminent painters, and among the rest David has been much spoken of, but I think the figures of his pictures exaggerated, and the colouring false; every object of them seemed tinged with yellow; as to sculpture, the art is too expensive to be successfully patronized by a government, which, with a most splendid court, an immense army, a number of needy dependants to provide for, and a fleet to create, is extremely limited in its pecuniary resources, and borrows no money, but by anticipating on the next year's revenue, and at the rate of nine per cent. A figure as large as life costs nearly 600*l*. Such at least was the information given me by one of the most eminent sculptors, whom I found living at the ancient Sorbonne: he informed me at the same time, that having contracted for a statue with the former Royal government, for which he was to receive 550*l*. he had delivered it to their successors in the time of Jacobinism, and that the value paid him in the depreciated assignats amounted to 12 livres. I did not neglect, as you may very well suppose, that corner of the Museum, where are the monumental busts of the most eminent poets; Racine, the Virgil of the French language; Moliere, and La Fontaine, to whom no poets of any age or country, can be compared; and Boileau, who may be compared to Pope, are placed as they deserved to be, in conspicuous stations. This last with the correctness of Pope, with more delicacy of expression, and at least as much genius, had the difficult part to fill of a courtier, who depends upon the regard of a monarch, the vainest of mankind, and yet wishes to retain the reputation of integrity, and freedom of speech; upon being told once by a person, who wished to overrule his objections to some literary production, that the king had already declared himself to be of a different opinion; God forbid, Sir, said Boileau, that his majesty should ever understand these things as

well as I do; and when he was put to a still harder trial, when the king showed him some lines he had just composed, and asked his opinion of them: nothing Sir, was his answer, nothing is impossible to your majesty, you wished to write bad verse, and you have succeeded. I should be sorry that the collection which forms this Museum should be broken up, as it is reputed to be the intention of government in order to restore the different monuments to the churches, they were taken from; to me it is far more interesting than any other exhibition in Paris, and I am much mistaken, if the young men of various nations, who visit the curiosities of the capital of France, do not leave this ancient monastery with impressions far more conducive to morality, than those which are made by the irregular gods and naked goddesses of Ancient Greece, at the Louvre. The next object deserving of your attention along the line we have traced, is the ancient Abbey of St. Germain des Pres, which having been originally a temple of Isis, or of Ceres, was afterwards a convent of Benedictine monks with great estates, and fortified for defence like an immense citadel, until the increase of Paris brought it within the walls; it is now the residence of a *Traiteur*, and the principle office for procuring post-horses, and a part is still applied to the purpose of a military prison; it was here in part that those shocking scenes were perpetrated in 92, which I shall not shock you with a recital of. When Henry the IVth surprized the suburbs in 1589, he went up into the steeple of the Abbey church to take a better view of the town, attended by a single monk, and declared when he got down again, that the idea of Jaques Clement, and of his knife, had haunted his imagination at finding himself alone with a monk, in so retired a place. Following the line, you leave the ancient church of St. Sulpice on the right; it is one of the handsomest in Paris, and appears to much greater advantage since the seminary has been taken down: on the left where the streets — and of the *Petits Bourbon* meet, stood the hotel of that implacable Duchess of Montpensier, who never forgave Henry III, for having spoken contemptuously of her person. The Luxembourg, where I may now suppose you arrived, is a large and handsome palace; it was built by Mary of Medicis, in the best style of Italian architecture; it was formerly the residence of Monsieur, now Louis the XVIII; the garden which has been enlarged by a portion of what was once the garden of

the Chartreux, affords a delightful walk; it appears larger than that of the Thuilleries, though not so splendid. The palace served, during the time of Robespierre, as a prison, and you may have seen in the works of Miss Williams, a very interesting account of her detention there, and of her conversation with Silevy and others, who were confined in a room adjoining hers, and her sisters. The Directory restored it in some measure to the original purpose, for which it was built, and resided there during their administration; it is now partly in possession of Prince Joseph, and partly assigned to the use of the conservative Senate, who sit there occasionally in a very handsome room, and to as little purpose as the tribunes do in theirs: A noble stair case leads up to their hall, and the whole of the ascent is lined with the statues of such generals as have died during the revolution. The first husband of the Empress, the Count de Beauharnois, is among the number, though he perished by the guillotine, and is placed next to the door at which the Empress enters, when she attends as usual to the opening of the sessions: such a figure must I should think, excite some strange ideas in her mind, when she passes so close to it; he was a man of fashion and quality, and lived a great deal at court, which accounts for the facility with which his widow has been able to accommodate herself to the etiquette of her new situation. She very narrowly escaped sharing the fate of her husband, and owed her safety in all probability to her personal attractions. Their son who has been lately married to the princess of Bavaria, was, fortunately for him, overlooked, but his friends to remove him still more from observation, bound him apprentice to a joiner, who was a hard master, and used frequently to chastise him; he is now regent of Italy, but might at this moment have been at work upon a table or a chair, in the Rue St. Honore, had not his mother attracted the attention of a Corsican officer, who thought, and who thought right, that he might make his fortune by marrying her. The palace of the Luxembourg has been long famous for the valuable pictures it contains in two spacious galleries, and to those of Rubens, and of Vernet, have been lately added several distinguished productions of modern masters, and particularly of David. Those of Rubens, which are twenty-four in number, comprise the history of Mary of Medici, from her birth to her reconciliation with her son, which I believe, forms the subject of the last picture.

Had the painter continued her history, he would have found it very difficult to soften the subsequent scenes of it into anything like compliment. She was driven from court by the intrigues of him whom she had placed about the person of her son, and died at a distance from France, after passing many years in exile, and almost in want. I have heard the works of Rubens much extolled, by all who could pretend to appreciate their merit, and the execution must strike every one as admirable; but there is a mixture of allegory and history, of Paganism and Christianity, of truth and fiction, which the understanding revolts at: there are ideas which the mind admits of in Poetry, and to which the imagination in some measure even gives a local habitation and a name, that should never enter into the composition of a picture. When Goldsmith says,

“ Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,”

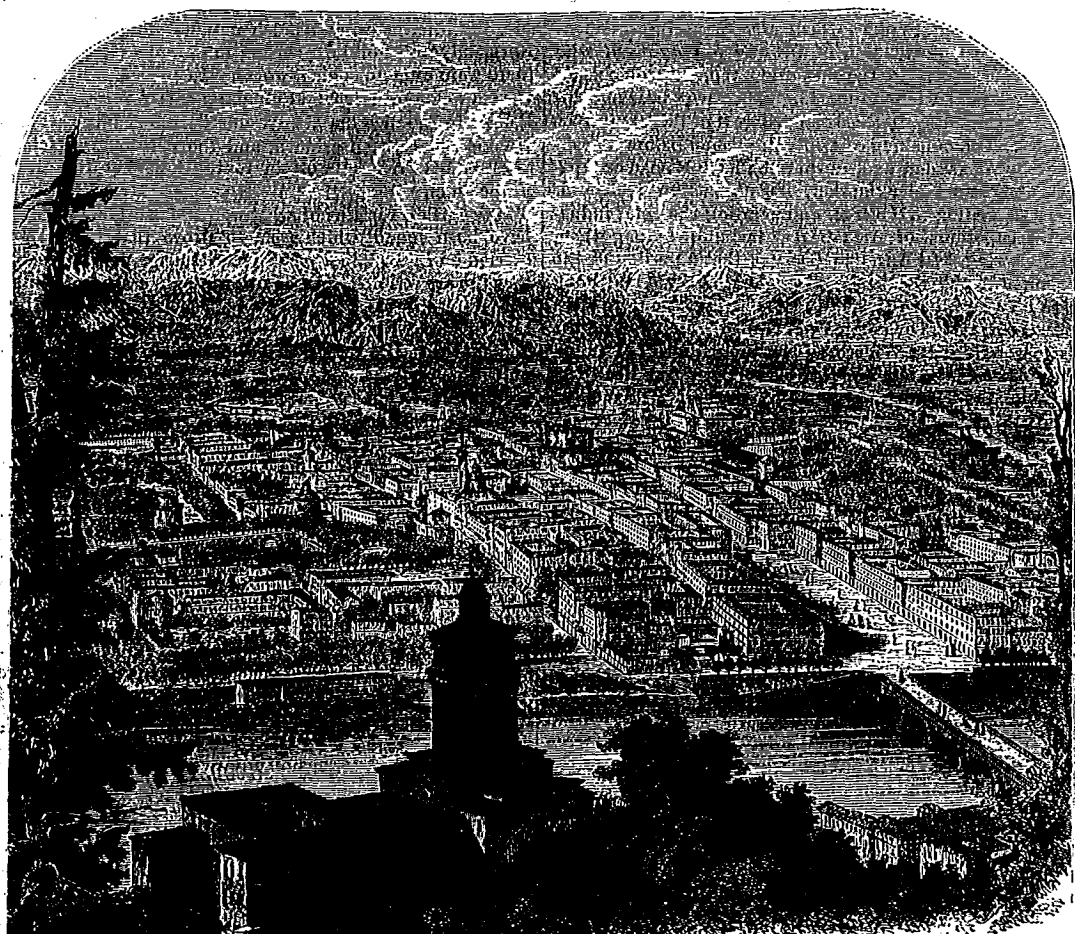
he conveys an agreeable idea to the mind, but how would it be possible for a painter to express as much without violating the rules of propriety and common sense? At the flight of the holy family into Egypt, we readily admit them to have been under the peculiar guidance of Providence, but the same subject, all-sacred as it is, is rendered almost ludicrous by the representation of a great, stout, well-made, broad-shouldered angel, who walks before, and leads the ass by a halter. Mary of Medici, had a handsome face, but was clumsy in her person, nor is it possible to conceive a more unbecoming dress than the one the painter gives her: had the taste of Rubens been improved by the models of ancient times, as that of David has been, these pictures excellent as they are, would still have been more agreeable to look at. The establishment of the English Benedictines was never very considerable, and only remarkable formerly for the body of James II, which was kept unburied by these good fathers; they hoped that the time would come, when a restoration in England, might enable them to convey it with becoming pomp to the vault of Henry VII, in Westminster Abbey; their property shared the fate of other church property during the revolution, and their place of worship has been converted into an ordinary dwelling-house; the few of the fathers that remain subsist upon a small pension allowed by the government. I went into the *Traiteur's* who formerly kept an eating-house, at which they sometimes dined,

and found one of them there: this gentleman informed me, that the Prior, who was far advanced in life, and very infirm, had caused himself to be removed to a house in the neighbourhood, from the window of which he might every day behold, their former church. He confirmed to me the report, which I had heard, of the king of Great Britain allowing the Cardinal of York a pension of 4000*l.* a year, and his Jacobitism relented so far, as to make him allow it was a good action. I have conversed with an old Scotch gentleman upon this subject, and have seen the tears run down his cheeks in speaking of the misfortunes of the Stuarts, and of this very act of bounty, which had become necessary to the decent subsistence of the chief of the family. We have become so philosophical in these more improved times, and particularly in America, that we smile at the simplicity of those, who can be actuated by a fond attachment to the person and family of a first magistrate, and it is certain that there may exist a sentiment of patriotism, which is far more dignified: I question, however, if this last exists to the degree it ought among us, and it is melancholy to think how little there is of the first.

TURIN.

BY LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly (1876-1904); Sep 1880; X, 3; American Periodicals
pg. 360



TURIN, FROM THE CAPUCHIN MONASTERY "IL MONTE."

TURIN.

BY LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

The first sight of Turin is disappointing. There is an impression of gloom and of monotony in its heavy, seventeenth-century buildings, and its regular, broad streets, reminding one of Philadelphia. Spite of its history, there is scarcely any outward sign of its being other than a modern city. Its blocks of houses (some of them hollow,

with wide courtyards) border spaces called streets, which in Paris would be called boulevards; its churches date from comparatively recent times, and exhibit a good deal of the fantastic bad taste of the age of Wren; the names of its thoroughfares, palaces and museums are modern, commemorating events and personages belonging to the present century; the poetry of Italy is scarcely felt in this birthplace of her late phase of national life, and the interest which the formal-looking city has is a thing apart from any of the ordinary picturesque impressions of representative Italian scenes.

Once you make up your mind to the loss of this expected impression, Turin grows upon you, discovers interests well worth studying, and exhibits features of progress, political earnestness, gravity of national (or, rather, local) manners, appreciation of mental resources in themselves, unappended to conventional institutions—such as hospitals, churches or private palaces—and eagerness to copy the best municipal models of northern Europe.

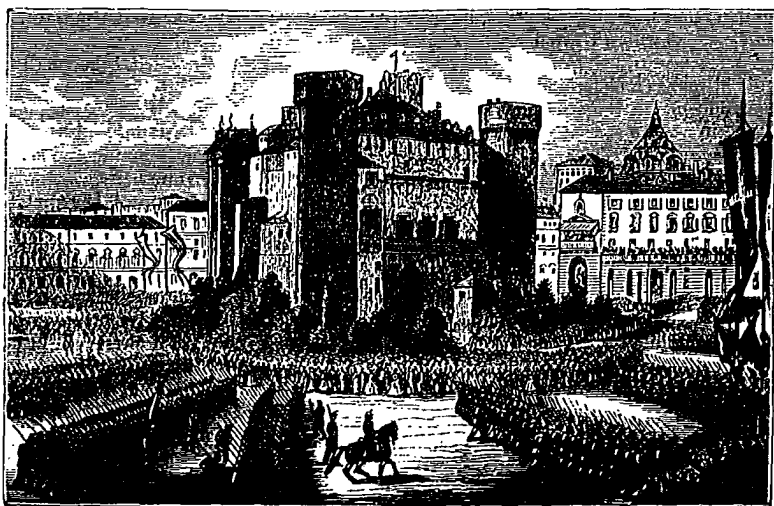
I reached the city on a Sunday, tired with travel, *en route* for the Alps, and amid a drenching rain, and my first impression was one of extreme dreariness; the more so, as the hotel windows looked out on a wide piazza, a stone wilderness, very imposing if filled with troops on parade,

or crowds, or a bonfire and illumination, but under other circumstances, certainly depressing. But, spite of its unpicturesqueness, Turin has much that is worth studying. Politically and educationally, she has much to boast of; for, though the galleries of paintings are inferior, the Royal Armory, the Arsenal with its Museum of Artillery, the School of Engineering, the Botanical Garden, the Natural History Museum, the Industrial Museum with its technological collection, and the Civic Museum with its uncommon collection of pre-historic relics, weapons, etc., point to a desire on the part of the city to go beyond the merely conventional and local requirements implied by the multiplication in every Italian town of picture and "antiquity" galleries.

A peculiar feature of Turin consists in her modern monuments, statues, etc., commemorative of recent events in Italian history. In



ENTRANCE TO THE MADAMA PALACE.



PALAZZO MADAMA, IN THE PIAZZA CASTELLO.

other cities, life and history, at least as far as they are represented by monuments, seem to have stopped short at least a hundred and fifty years ago; nothing but the cheap homage of naming streets and squares after public men, or special dates and events, has been tendered recently to the development of national life. One of these modern monuments stands in striking contrast to the old castle and medieval fortress, the only feudal edifice in Turin, now foolishly called the Palazzo Madama, after a dowager duchess of Savoy who inhabited it in the last century; the piazza, however, bears the more appropriate name of Piazza Castello.

The "Monument to the Sardinian Army" was given by the City of Milan in 1859, and consists of a statue, in white marble, of a soldier defending a standard with his drawn sword; while on the pedestal, in relief, is a portrait representation

of the late King Victor Emmanuel, on horseback, at the head of his troops. The old castle, transformed from a fortress to a tower-house, then to a Senate Chamber (from 1848 to 1865), and since that to an asylum (or museum) for several "institutions," stands sturdily and cumbrously amid its modern surroundings, itself disguised on the west side by a marble façade that hides the towers once used for an observatory, and a double flight of steps in the incongruous style of the eighteenth century, but retaining two of its medieval towers on the east side. It dates from 1270, when William of Montferrat made himself master of Turin, and built this pile as a defence.

The statue of King Carlo-Alberto, the late King's father, by the same artist as the Army Monument, is one of the boasts of the entrance to the hall of the royal palace. The same King, typically called the first Liberal King of the House of Savoy, but really holding this post by as delusive a claim as that of Queen Elizabeth to be the first "Protestant" sovereign of England, is commemorated by a bronze statue by Marochetti, standing in the Piazza called by his name. He looks from his pedestal of four steps of Aberdeen granite upon four large figures of herculean soldiers in Sardinian uniform, while just above them are placed four allegorical female figures, meant respectively for Martyrdom, Freedom, Justice and Independence.

The Piazza Carignano, where stands the palace formerly of that name (now Parliament Palace), with its arcades and wide windows curiously ornamented with brick, contains another modern statue, significant of the national triumph and of the sway of new ideas in the fields of politics and of religion. It commemorates Gioberti, the philosopher and patriot—a priest whose writings have never been condemned by Rome, but whose political liberalism is undoubted and sincere. Cavour and Siccardi are each commemorated by monuments—the former in the Piazza Carlo Emanuele by a group, the work of Daprè of Florence; Italy, a conventional but beautiful figure presenting a civic crown to the minister (a portrait statue), who holds in his left hand a scroll bearing his own famous words—"A Free Church in a Free State." The pedestal (one begins to wish for a rock pedestal like Peter the Great's in St. Petersburg) is of the ordinary square shape, four figures at the corners representing Justice, Duty, Policy and Independence, and reliefs setting forth the triumphal return of the Sardinian troops from the Crimea, and the Session of the Paris Congress where United Italy was politically foreshadowed.

Cavour, besides his history as a champion of liberty and nationalism and his influence in the making of the new Italian fatherland, was, in a more special manner, the son of Turin, having been born in the Via Lagrange in 1810. The house is distinguished by a memorial tablet. His fifty years of life were fruitful of immense and vital changes, to which his personal influence largely contributed. Among all modern statesmen, except perhaps Gladstone, he was the most simply upright and the least self-seeking. He "made" Italy in a wider and nobler sense than Bismarck made Germany, for he carefully educated and fostered public opinion to a higher level—that of appreciation of, and subsequently of longing for, independence. He imposed no fantastic or autocratic whims as conditions of the benefits he conferred; his political insight was theoretic enough to look beyond local interests and jealousies in the adaptation of events to his plan for the future nation, while it was practical enough to know what immediate means to use to reconcile these interests and create an enthusiasm which should override them in

the interests of the new ideal. Wise as well as patriotic, temperate in speech, moderate and constitutional in his schemes of government, solicitous rather to educate the people up to a wide patriotism than to precipitate them into a chaotic social revolution, according to Mazzini's ideal, he was the fit leader of a nation naturally apt to err on the side of passion.

The Siccardi Monument is of a less picturesque kind, being simply an obelisk seventy-five feet high, inscribed in lieu of hieroglyphics with the names of all the towns in the old kingdom of Sardinia that contributed to its erection and shared in the benefits of the decree abolishing ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Siccardi, the Minister of Justice, was chiefly instrumental in passing the law thus commemorated, and suggested this mode of national indorsement.

Again, another modern monument is the bronze statue, cast in Munich, by Balzico, of Count Massimo d'Azeglio, a statesman, writer, painter and diplomat, the monument dating from 1873; Brofferio and Cassini, the former a poet, the latter a lawyer (these men, honored with public monuments, were almost invariably, in their several lines, foremost champions of the national cause), have statues in the Citadel Garden; the local passion for dedicating marble memorials to great men has provided many monuments of the past, the statues in some cases being more artistic than those mentioned above. The "Iron-headed" Duke of Savoy, Emmanuel Philibert, has one in bronze (the statue is modern, however, though the subject is almost medieval), with reliefs of the battle of St. Quentin, won by him against the French, as the general of Philip II. of Spain, in 1557; (readers of Motley's Dutch Republic will remember the gallantry of the Count of Egmont at that battle.) Duke Victor Amadeus (1637) has an equestrian statue in bronze, the horse being white marble, with two slaves in bronze lying below; and Pietro Micca, the *soldato minatore*, who at the sacrifice of his life saved the citadel of Turin in 1706 by springing a mine on the French grenadiers surreptitiously advancing to the gates, has a bronze monument, erected in 1864; while Lamarmora, the patriot general who died in the Crimea, has a statue nearly opposite, in the same odd, three-cornered Piazza. The bronze groups of Castor and Pollux, at the Palace gates, and several marble statues of the recent sovereigns in the hall and on the stairs of the Palace, are fine specimens of modern art, in a branch which Turin has patronized more than other Italian cities.

The new quarter, still in process of building, on the site of the former garden which covered the disused fortifications, contains, among other modern monuments, one to Cesare Balbo, the historian and statesman (George Ticknor's intimate friend in his youth), and one to the last Doge of Venice, Daniel Manin; the statue represents the Republic, holding in one hand a palm-branch and in the other a portrait medallion of her dictator and defender. The place, however, has its antiquities, if the tourist is willing to seek them out, and is not what corresponds to being violently pre-Raphaelite in art. Perhaps the most characteristic is the burial chapel of the old Dukes of Savoy, called the Chapel of the Most Holy Winding Sheet, from a linen cloth preserved in a kind of urn over the altar, and said to be the same that was wrapped round the body of our Lord after the crucifixion. The chapel is circular, built of dark brown marble, strongly contrasting with the white monuments, and is separated from the choir by a glass screen. Thirty-seven steps to the right of the high altar of the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist lead to this curious sepulchre, which forms, as it were, a kind of apse to the church, and is itself lighted by an

oddly-shaped dome. The family monuments are ornamented with white marble statues, life size, some recumbent, some upright, and a central door at the back communicates with the upper corridors of the Royal Palace, which are a public thoroughfare.

The other royal burial church, the Superga, standing on a hill above the city, with a glorious view of the Alps, is a handsome but cold building, with a pseudo-classic air, and, although the cemetery is *campo santo*, is also disappointing as to the intrinsic merits of its monuments. It has a special attraction as the burial-place of Silvio Pellico, the political prisoner, whose book, "My Prisons," has been translated into every civilized language, and of many of the other distinguished men of northern Italy, D'Azeglio and Gioberti included.

The finest view of all is from the Capuchin Monastery of Il Monte, on a steep hill to the north, looking over the Po, the two bridges, the conspicuous square tower of the synagogue, the highest building in the city*, the camp-like city (I take *camp* in the old Roman sense of a regular plan), the plain, with its semi-tropical crops of corn and rice, and the Alps, from Monte Rosa with its 15,000 to Monte Vigo with its 12,000 feet of snowy cliffs. The traces remain of the important fortifications of Il Monte, and paths over aqueduct-like causeways overgrown with shrubbery and vines add to its picturesqueness.

A contrast to this comparatively ancient place, is the string of brilliant stores under the arcades of the Via di Po, a broad modern boulevard leading to the Piazza Castello. The show rivals that of the haekneyed Rue de Rivoli, and is quite as attractive at night, with the addition of the flower-stalls, so plentiful all over Italian thoroughfares, and so charmingly imitated now by some New York corner-stalls.

The gorgeous Renaissance churches that abound in the city have the genuine Italian details of exuberant temporary ornamentation on festa days, miraculous images and shrines, etc. One of them, named "Corpus Domini," from a tradition of a miracle similar to that of Bolsena, is connected with the remembrance of the poet Alfieri, who, in 1753, was *Decurion* of Turin—that is, Commissioner of Public Works, and the philosopher Rousseau, who, in his early youth, being exiled from Geneva, was received into the Roman Catholic Church by one of the parish clergy of Corpus Domini. His subsequent profession of Calvinism when, thirty years later, he lived peaceably in his native town, was equally untrustworthy; but the spectacle of the Church in Italy in the eighteenth century was scarcely calculated to strengthen a faith not sustained by earnestness of character or protected by genuine fervor.

The tourist in Turin will scarcely care to remember the pictures and ordinary art collections in the galleries, which, for Italy, are decidedly inferior; but the scholar will appreciate the rare Aldine editions and the early Bobbio manuscripts in the University Library (Bobbio Monastery was an Irish colony of Columban monks, more learned, civilized and Christian than the Italians of their day, the seventh century), and the historical and genealogical works in the King's private library; while, except the antique collections of Rome and Naples, those of Turin in the line of Egyptology, Etruscan pottery and Roman inscriptions, are the best in Italy. The scientific collections of minerals, of antediluvian remains, fossils, and foreign botanical specimens, are well worth seeing; but Turin has a living museum near at hand, more curious than any inclosed within walls—i. e., the valleys of the Waldenses, the descendants

of the earliest known Protestants, who live now in peace and security, an obscure rural population, fostered by the State on account of their industrious, frugal, peaceable disposition, but a people whom the tide of progress has scarcely touched, and who constitute almost a living anachronism. The poverty and hard work of their pastors are exceptional, and, indeed, the simplicity of manners among all the Waldenses is remarkable, though a still more curious feature is the absence of that boorishness which often accompanies an otherwise blameless and primitive state of society. The Waldenses also have a church, or "temple," of their own in Turin, and are represented in the city by sundry trustworthy and economical merchants.

* This is to the left of the Royal or Zoological Gardens, and does not appear in the engraving.

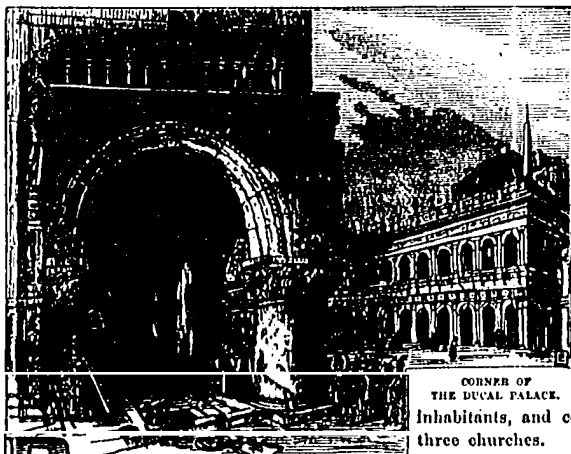
VENICE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Jan 1883; VOL. LXXXIII., No. 1.; American Periodicals
pg. 29

VENICE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.



CORNER OF
THE DUCAL PALACE.

The fugitives could plainly see from Torcello the burning towns and villages on the mainland, which the savage invaders had sacked and fired. At Torcello they built a church; and afterwards, quite a city grew up there. The church yet remains; but the city is no more. A solitary house or two; a basilica, with its campanile; the Byzantine Church of St. Fosco; and a few scattered ruins, are all that is left of a stately sea-port that once numbered many thousands of inhabitants, and contained no less than forty-three churches.

ROGERS, the poet, said of Venice, two generations ago, that it seemed not a real city, but a city in a dream. Ruskin, thirty years later, used almost the same expression. And the description is as true to-day as it ever was. More than this: although volumes have been written on Venice, somehow the subject is always fresh.

The origin of Venice dates back to the seventh century of our era, when the inhabitants of Aquilla, then a thriving town on the mainland, sought refuge, from the hordes of Attila, among the low islands that lay off their coast. These islands were hardly more than sand-bars, thrown up by the rivers that emptied into the Adriatic. But they were not incapable of being made habitable, and they were at least safe from the ruthless barbarians, who had no boats in which to pursue the fugitives.

The first spot occupied was Torcello, about seven miles north of where Venice now stands.

Soon after Torcello was settled, the islands further out to sea began to be occupied; and gradually Venice grew up on them, being even more favorably situated for commerce. In time the "mistress of the Adriatic," as she loved to be called, came to monopolize the entire trade of the East. Nor was it until the discovery of the route to India by the way of the Cape of Good Hope that she lost this maritime supremacy. For a thousand years, at least, Venice was the great trader of the world. Her unrivaled palaces were built not from the plunder of subjugated populations, as palaces were built in the North of Europe, but from the legitimate gains of trade. Before a foundation for these palaces could be secured, however, enormous piles had to be driven in; so that the city is, literally, built up out of the water. Where other towns have streets, Venice has only narrow arms of the sea, which, by a sort of misnomer, have come to be called canals. The door-steps of the state-liest mansions open not on a sidewalk, but on



BRIDGE OF THE RIALTO.

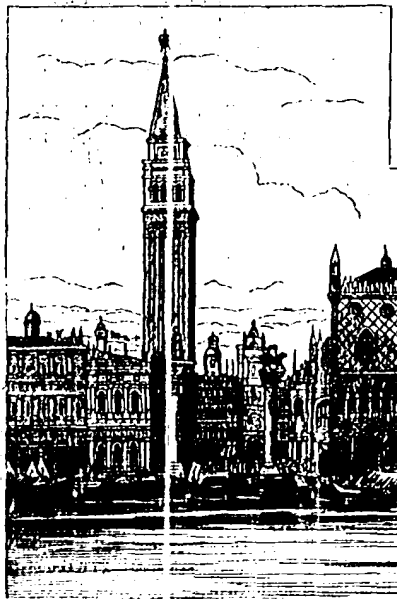
the water. A fine lady, on going out, steps not into her carriage, but into her gondola; and a rise of a dozen feet in the tide would submerge the lower floor of every house in the city.

My first visit to Venice was in 1866. It was on the eve of the war that soon after gave independence to her. Hostilities were so imminent, indeed, that when I left it was on the last train that was run before the road was seized by the Austrians for military purposes. I shall never forget the sullen looks of the Italians, as they

glared at the Hungarian sentinels who stood under the porches of the Ducal Palace, by the mouths of their cannon, the great guns loaded and pointing to the square. The day I left, the Count de Chambord, the Bourbon claimant of the French throne, who had been living at Venice, left also. I remember him at that time as a slightly portly, middle-sized and middle-aged gentleman, who walked with a limp, and who was affable even to good-fellowship, getting out at every halting-place to chat with the guards and other officials. He reminded me in this respect of what I had read of his great ancestor, Henry IV.

When I next went to Venice, it was several years later. Meantime, the city had become part of the new Italian Kingdom. One evening, during this visit, there was a *festa* on the Grand Canal, to celebrate this event. The water was alive with gondolas, decked out with colored lanterns. An enormous barge, larger even than the famous old Bucentaur, led the procession, with a band of music. Guitars and mandolins were heard from gondolas all around; and so, up and down the broad canal, with lights and melody and song, the gay fleet moved on. The moon was at the full, and the silver orb shone down from a cloudless sky. It was quite like a bit out of fairy-land.

The central point of interest in Venice is the Piazza of St. Mark. This is a paved space, about six hundred feet long and about two hundred feet wide. It is surrounded on three sides by open arcades, occupied by cafés, 'jewelers' shops, and stores for the sale of fancy articles. On the fourth side stands the Church of St.

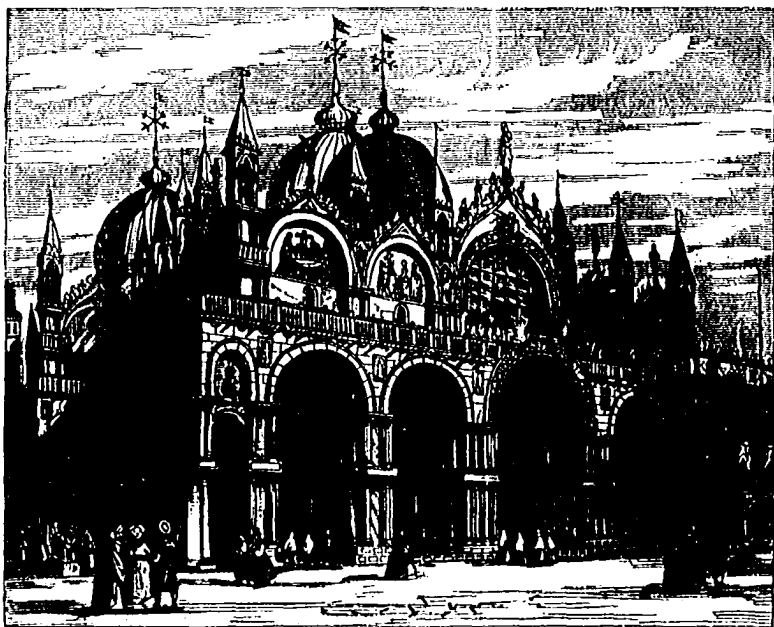


THE DUCAL PALACE, FROM THE WATER: AND BRIDGE OF SIGNS.

Mark. The southern side does not, however, quite go up to the cathedral, but makes way, near it, for a wide avenue that leads down, at right angles, to the Grand Canal. At this end stands the famous Campanile, and near it the great bronze sockets in which, in the palmy days of Venice, were placed the mighty staves from which floated the banners of the Republic. Here, also, are two ancient columns of granite, on one of which is the statue of St. Theodore, and on the other the winged lion of St. Mark. Every fine evening a band plays in the Piazza, which is thronged with the citizens, some eating

ices on the sidewalks, others promenading, but all as gay as only people of Latin blood can be.

I shall never forget my first morning at Venice, or my first visit to the Ducal Palace and St. Mark's. I had arrived late the night before, and gone to the Hotel Danieli, because it was within a few minutes' walk of St. Mark's. I had slept in a vast apartment, which, hundreds of years before, had been the bed-chamber of a Doge. His portrait, and that of his wife, had looked down on me from the walls. The glamour of the past, the magic of its poetry, was already on me, as it were, when I awoke. A



CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARK.

light haze hung over everything, as I looked forth from my window. But through the half obscurity I saw a sea like that of "faery or old romance;" mirage-like islands; ships that seemed as if they had just anchored from the Orient, and had still about them the flavor of spice groves; and white churches, with strange Byzantine domes, that loomed dimly through the fog, as if parts of some strange dream.

Nor did this dream-like aspect of things change even when I had breakfasted and taken a gondola, to make my first venture on the Grand Canal. The sun had dissolved the mists, it is true; but the strange unreality of every-

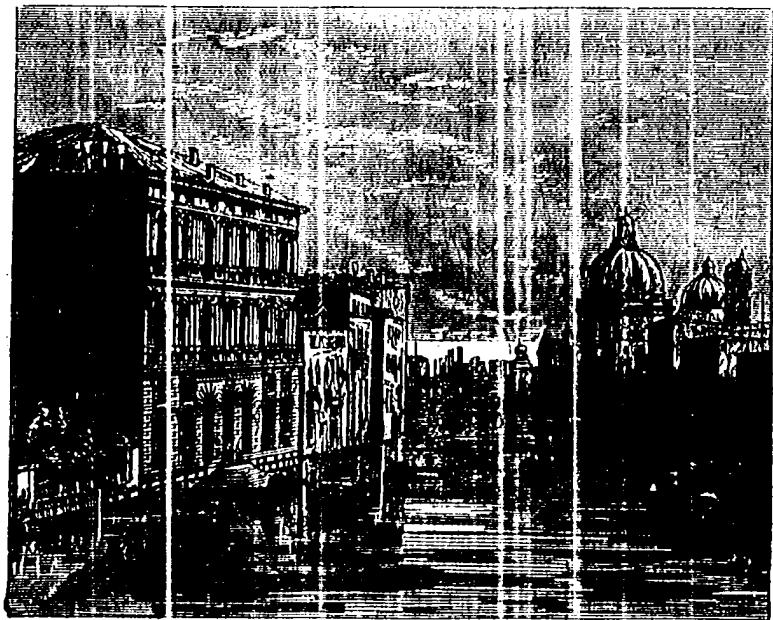
thing remained. When the oar of the gondoller dipped in the water, it seemed to make no sound. Other gondolas passed, but they glided by noiselessly, like black phantoms of boats. No stir of life was seen in the palaces on either hand. Silent and desolate they rose, like ghosts of a world dead and gone forever. Yet they were so beautiful, with their half Gothic, half Saracenic façades, that any one of them might have been the castle of the Sleeping Beauty herself.

These Venetian palaces are of all ages, some dating back to the eleventh century, and others having been built as late as the seventeenth. The earliest of them are altogether the most

picturesque. They can easily be recognized by their round-headed windows, evidently rude survivals of the style of the Roman Empire. Next in antiquity are the half Byzantine, half Arabic ones. After these come the more purely Gothic, the casements more or less *ogee* in shape, like those in the Ca-a Doro or the Palazzo Cavalli. Finally come the Renaissance, such as the Pesaro and Van-tramini. Some have mo-

sales ornamenting their fronts. Among the most celebrated, in addition to those we have already mentioned, are the Cornari, the Guistiani, the Foscari, and the Gimini.

About half way down the Grand Canal is the bridge of the Rialto, familiar to everyone by a thousand engravings. This was the spot first settled in Venice, and around which the city gradually grew up. Shakespeare has made it



VIEW ON THE GRAND CANAL.

immortal. One never sees it without thinking of Shylock, and the "pound of flesh."

When I had gone the length of the Grand Canal, I returned, and landing at the foot of the Piazza of St. Mark, stopped at the Ducal Palace. This famous edifice has its southern front facing the Grand Canal, where it reaches as far as the Rio della Puglia, a narrow canal that opens out at right angles. It is across this little water-way, a short distance up, that the famous Bridge of Sighs, connecting the Ducal Palace with the State prisons on the other side, is thrown. The bridge is a covered one. In the old days, when Venice called herself a republic, though she was really only a narrow oligarchy, State prisoners were conducted across this gallery to hear their sentence, prior to being led to execution. Hence its name. Everyone will remember Byron's famous lines about it. Several

of the prison cells that I visited were below the surface of the water, and so dark and damp that, to many persons, death would be preferable to incarceration there.

The plan of the Ducal Palace is an irregular square, enclosing a court-yard. The southern facade looks out on the Grand Canal. Another looks westward, towards the avenue which, as we have already said, connects the Piazza of St. Mark with the water. Both sides are supported on double ranges of arches. The columns of the lower tier are partly buried in the pavement, for in the five centuries since their erection the land has sunk about fifteen inches.

There are numerous superb rooms in this palace, many of them former State apartments, decorated with frescoes by the great artists of Venice. In the court-yard are two finely-sculptured bronze well-coverings, surmounting cis-

terns, both designed in the sixteenth century. At the northeast angle of the court-yard is the Giant's Staircase, celebrated as that where the Doge, Mario Falieri, was decapitated. This Doge had been detected in a conspiracy to suppress the Republic and make himself dictator, if not king. He was beheaded on the platform at the top of the stairs, and tradition says that the severed head afterwards rolled down to the foot

of the steps. In the great Council Hall, one of the most magnificent rooms in the Ducal Palace, are the portraits of the Doges, seventy-two in number. But that of Mario Falieri is empty, and on a scroll is written in Latin: "This is the place of Mario Falieri, beheaded for his crimes."

Leaving the Ducal Palace, I passed on to St. Mark's, which abuts upon it. I had read all



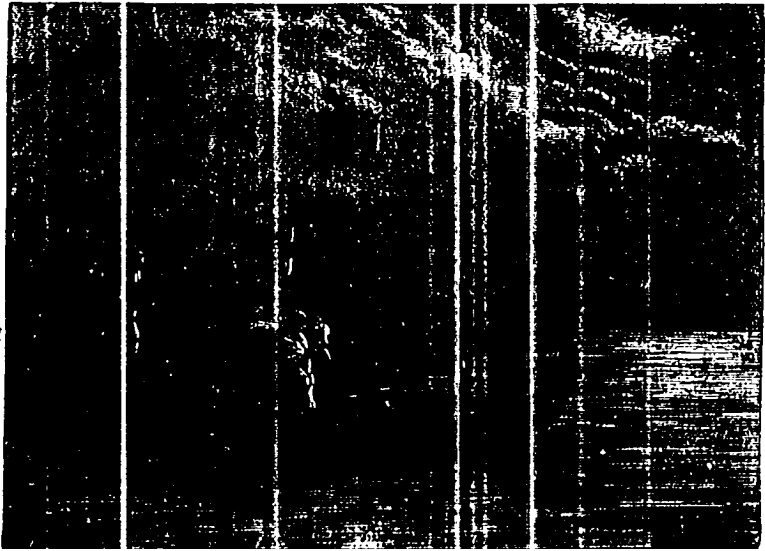
THE CASA DORO PALACE.

that Ruskin had written about this wonderful church, but was hardly prepared, notwithstanding, for the splendors I saw. St. Mark's, indeed, is like nothing else in the known world. There it stood, with its mosque-like domes; with the famous group of bronze horses that had once ornamented the hippodrome of Constantinople; with the five great portals; and with that im-

mortal mosaic, hundreds of years old, from which Christ looks down and blesses "the poor in heart" forever. A step took me into the vestibule, through one of the five great doors of bronze. Overhead, in a blaze of gold, also in mosaic, were prophets, saints, and martyrs: St. Mark, the other Evangelists, and angels innumerable. Before me was a door that had been

brought from St. Sophia in 1205. I crossed the threshold, and entered the church proper. Porphyry, jasper, serpentine, verd-antique, alabaster, were on every side; spoils from heathen temples in Asia, from Antioch and Acre; gifts from Byzantium, and even from Jerusalem itself. What splendors of mosaic! What magnificence of color! What an array of sculptured monuments! Yet, as I walked on in the direction

of the high altar, I could not help seeing that this magnificent church, like the Ducal Palace next door, was slowly settling into the sea; for the floor under foot was as uneven as a lake that is ruffled by a wind, and cracks were visible everywhere in the domes, and even in their supports. The time cannot be far remote, unless means are taken to prevent it, when St. Mark's, with its memories of more than a thousand



MOONLIGHT ON THE LAGOONS.

years, will sink into the deep, and the waters wash over it as they do over its rival of the ancient world—desolate, forgotten Tyre.

There is one curious custom in Venice, that is said to be centuries old. It is the feeding the pigeons, in St. Mark's Piazza, at noonday. By long custom the birds have come to know their privilege and their immunity. Before the great clock near St. Mark's begins to strike twelve, not a pigeon is to be seen. But no sooner does the first blow resound from the giant's hammer, than the birds begin to flutter down, at first in pairs, then in dozens, then by hundreds. By the time the last stroke of twelve has died away, while yet it is echoing and re-echoing, the pavement is alive with them. It is the habit of travelers to resort to the Piazza at this hour, to throw crumbs of bread to the pigeons; and the memory of this noonday experience is one of the pleasantest that the "forestieri" carry away with them.

The palaces of Venice are not all on the Grand Canal. A perfect network of smaller waterways threads the city, and on almost every one of these, however narrow, you see palaces. Sometimes, as you lie back on the cushions of your gondola, lost in reverie, you are startled by the sharp warning cry of your gondolier, and find yourself being whirled around a sudden turn into a side canal, and under the most picturesque of corner balconies. At other times you find where some tiny open space gives you a few feet to walk on, and passing into a courtyard, come upon a *casa* that was old before Marco Polo traveled into "far Cathay." Everywhere you see churches—some of them exquisitely beautiful. The Church of the Frari, that of Santa Giovanni and Paoli, that of San Giorgio Maggiore, that of Santa Maria della Salute, and a dozen others, are the most interesting. In the Academy of Fine Arts is a very fine collection of pictures, by Titian, Tin-

torretto, Paul Veronese, and different native artists; and nowhere, bye-the-bye, do you see Tinterettos or Veroneses in such perfection as you do at Venice.

The excursions in the vicinity of Venice are all picturesque, and are, of course, all by water. One of the first you make is to the Armenian Convent, which lies a few miles to the south of Venice. It was here that Byron studied with the monks. A few miles still further to the south is the Lido, a narrow strip of land that separates Venice and its surrounding islands from the open gulf. Here the Venetians resort for sea-bathing, in the sultry months of summer. To the north of Venice lies Torcello, of which we have already spoken: and half way between the two, Murano, famous for its glass-works. It was here that the glass was made that was so much sought after two or three centuries ago, and pieces of which now, when perfect, bring such fabulous prices from connoisseurs. Within the last generation, the art has been revived, and is now carried on quite successfully again.

The lagoons are so shallow, that when the tide is out a large portion of them becomes bare. But when the tide is in, you see a wide waste of water, with only a few islands here and there, on which are low white buildings, occasional campaniles, and long rows of black cypresses. By a curious optical illusion, these islands do not appear to lie on the surface of the water, but to float in the air, just above it. The water itself is like no other water. It is clear and translucent, but of ever shifting hues; now aqua-marine, now malachite, now opalescent. Sometimes, by moonlight, the effect out on the lagoons is inexpressibly weird. You seem, as your gondola steals along, to be in a land of eld.

I recall many excursions; but particularly one: on the day we went to Torcello. The afternoon was far spent, before we could tear ourselves away from the curious old church and campanile. By the time we were abreast of Murano, on our way back, the sun was setting, bringing out the long line of

hills on the mainland, to the northwest, in silhouettes of intense black. Before us, far away, vague and indistinct, lay the city. It was so vague, indeed, that at first we might have thought it a fog-bank, but for a sparkle of red light that broke from it, here and there, where the sunset lit up the upper window of some lofty palace. As we drew nearer, however, the gloom lifted. The undistinguishable mass began to assume shape. First appeared the long line of white buildings fringing the water. Then came the red-tiled roofs of the houses. Next, the domes of the churches. Lastly, rising over all, the tall campaniles, like black fountains shooting up into the sky. As the twilight deepened, lights began to glimmer all along the city front. They shot down and out, reflected in the still water. The buildings behind seemed to rise: to float in the air; we floated with them; and the enchanted islands all around us rose and floated, too.

Even when we reached our hotel, the illusion could hardly be shaken off: we were still, as it were, living in a dream, in a land of dreams.



FEEDING THE PIGEONS.

VENICE

FOR THE OBSERVER

The Observer (1806-1807); Jul 18, 1807; 2, 3; ProQuest
pg. 41

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Addition to the article of the crimination of the powers of Europe, in the 9th number of the first volume of the Observer, and which should precede the articles on the powers of the north.

VENICE.

The fate of the republic of Venice is sufficiently known.... The republic of France, *PATRONESS of the rights of man*, and of the independence of *all* nations, has made it her prey, like all the other republics of Europe; that of *St. Marin*, perhaps,

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alone excepted (1). But instead of heroically falling in defending her liberty, and her existence, she sullied her last moments by the most unparralleled baseness.

The brother of Louis the xvi. that king whose fate should have prompted all the powers to adopt the most energetic measures, *at least from the instinct of their own preservation* ; the pretender, known under the title of Louis the xviii. had retired to Verona, in the Venetian territory. The directory of France, demanded of Venice to drive him from thence. To avoid a quarrel with France, the proud Venetians servilely sacrificed, as is customary, honour and justice *to what is called prudence* ! Louis the xviii. compelled to conform to this decision of the senate, wrote them the following letter, since forgotten, but which ought not to be omitted in the history of the age, and which was conceived nearly in the following terms :

“ I conform myself to the law imposed on me by misfortune and necessity. But before I quit the states of Venice, I request you, gentlemen, to send me the golden book, in which my name is inscribed, in order that I may efface it myself. I desire you also to return me the sword, with which my ancestor Henry the iv. presented you, when he made the treaty with you, which assured to the republic of Venice, his friendship and protection (2).”

Louis the xviii. was then obliged to leave the Venetian territory. But even at the price of this baseness, Venice could not escape invasion. She, however, was in full armistice, as well as the Austrians, her allies, and sole protectors, after the defeats of Arcola and of Lodi, when suddenly, an absurd insurrection, occasioned a massacre in the military hospitals at Verona, of some hundreds of wounded Frenchmen, who were there prisoners of war.

At the news of this broil, the French grenadiers broke in the gates of Verona with axes...the edition of a print, representing the assassination of these prisoners, was found at *this very moment* dispersed through the army of Italy. They had painted general Pichegru, applauding this massacre, and crying *vive le roi* ! and thus represented him to the army as the accomplice of this crime (since so well known to have proceeded from the headquarters of the French.) Pichegru was, therefore, lost in the opinion of the republican soldier, who took this picture as proof. The army now re-echoed with cries of vengeance, and the soldi-

(1) The republic of St. Marin, consists of a city, and a population of five or six thousand persons. It is situated near Rimini, in Italy, and near the Adriatic. Every house has a representative, and this national representation, names even the physician and school-master of the state.

(2) The *Golden Book*, is that in which are inscribed the names of the noble families of the states. When any one of these families is extinct, they are replaced by choice, but with the consideration of 100,000 ducats, about 150,000 dollars.

ery, thus duped and rendered fanatic, marched, or rather flew directly upon Venice. Venice, peopled by 150,000 souls, and defended by an army of 40,000 soldiers, prostrated herself to avert the fury of the French, and to receive their chains, rather than be annihilated...however, she has since only served as a compensation, in the various treaties, and is an object entirely passive. (1)

Such is in two words, the history of the miserable end of a powerful republic, which was the oldest in Europe, her origin going as far back as the 5th century, and whose trophies were carried off to decorate at Paris, the gates of the palace of a general, who had installed himself by his own authority, in the place of those kings, whom she had shamefully humbled when unfortunate, in order to avoid his displeasure.

M. A.

(1) Amongst others, 4 magnificent horses of bronze are here alluded to, which the Venetians had saved from the sacking of Constantinople, where Constantine had had them carried from Rome, after they had been bro't from Corinth, by the Roman armies. They at present embellish the great gate of the palace of the Thuilleries, which Buonaparte now inhabits.

WANDERINGS.

III.—ROMAN FESTIVALS.

THE traditions of national festivity have always reigned uninterruptedly in Rome, whether she were republican, imperial, or Papal. The love of pageantry inherent in all southern races is strongly prominent among Romans, while the pomp befitting a worship sprung from Hebrew sources and resting on Hebrew traditions has naturally added to the stock of unrivalled sights eagerly enjoyed by Roman and alien alike. The Roman under the Papacy was proud of his city, and dwelt with complacency on the thought that she was as a throned queen, with all Europe for her court. But what made Rome a queen was precisely that which she has now lost, the Papacy in unfettered possession of those means of worthily honoring the festivals of the church, which when amply used, as they were, could not fail to cast upon the world an involuntary spell of admiration, nay, almost of religious sympathy.

Rome has festivals of all sorts, secular as well as ecclesiastical, but the temper of the people is such that the latter naturally predominate. Even in the lowliest villages of the adjacent country, the feast of the local patron saint is the event of the year, and is chosen not only as a day of prayer but of family rejoicing. The "military" turn out and bring their band to church with them; petards are fired off in quick and deafening succession during the most solemn parts of the mass; the fair outside the church doors deals largely in devotional mementoes of the patron saint, and the lemonade and fruit stalls are besieged in proportion as the beads and fruits are sold. At night a general illumination takes place; Bengal fires are lit in every open place, and turn fitful, colored gleams upon the rickety structure of church and cottage, while the peasants dance and sing in harmless glee, making this day a holiday for the body as well as the soul. Throngs of them supplement these local festivities by an annual visit to Rome, generally at Easter, sometimes on St. Peter's day, or the anniversary of the Pope's election, when the il-

lumination of St. Peter's is repeated as on Easter Sunday.

The influx begins during Holy Week, when the great hospital of the Holy Trinity is opened for the pilgrims, who are there fed and housed by thousands, by the Papal government. A confraternity of ladies and gentlemen, both Roman and foreign, have the management of this charity, and wear a distinctive costume while engaged in these hospitable duties. This consists of a scarlet apron of common twill with a cross on the shoulder, the garment covering the figure entirely in its spreading folds, and resembling a dressing-gown in shape and amplitude. Men and women alike wear this, and so arrayed serve their guests in separate wards of the vast building. During the day they may be seen guiding them to the different shrines of the city, and in the vast and gloomy recesses of St. Peter's, where in three days the most magnificent church pageant in the world will be held and the silver trumpets will ring forth the march which is only repeated twice a year. In the great balcony looking down upon the "Confession" or shrine of the Apostles, the stranger will find long, silent files of pilgrims visiting the seven altars of the basilica. They come from the mountains, from far-off valleys, some from Hungary, Germany, Bohemia, or Poland, and they come not to see but to worship, not to be amused but to be blessed. They have inherited the faith that prompted the crusades, and while "progress" has cast forth from our practical lives all that was left of beauty, poetry, and tenderness in the moral world, they, the simple and the unlearned, have garnered in their customs and never-interrupted traditions all that the wise and great ones of the world have lost. And so it is that the long serpentine lines of peasants, crossing and recrossing the shadowy depths of the great basilica, and forming Rembrandt-like groups of unexpected beauty when the fitful glare of the resin torches placed at intervals against the huge pilasters falls suddenly upon them, are a more welcome

and suggestive sight than the equally numerous but not equally earnest crowds that block up the Sistine chapel.

Every evening the scene at the hospital is the same, but only the newly arrived pilgrims are admitted to the "washing of the feet." This custom, which many visitors to Rome will remember, is very ancient, and used to be much more extensively carried out in former times. Even in our day, at least during Holy Week, its observance involves no sinecure. The pilgrims of course have made all or the greater part of their journey on foot, and the *chaussure* of many of them is extremely primitive, such modern improvements as shoes and stockings being replaced by long linen bands swathed about the feet in coils full twenty or thirty yards long, until a sufficient thickness is reached to protect the flesh against the inequalities of Italian mountain roads. Still these mummy-like swathings are not wholly proof against the continued friction of stones and sticks, so that when the wayfarers arrive at the hospital these rugs are often soaked in blood and clogged dust. The pilgrims are immediately led to a basement room furnished with a low continuous wooden settle skirting the wall, and numberless wash-basins with coarse soap and strong towels to each. The members of the confraternity accompany them, and removing their bandages carefully wash their sore and bleeding feet in warm water. The old pilgrims meanwhile receive this token of what in our more fastidious lands we should call unparalleled attention, with the quiet dignity and imperturbable simplicity of the natural man, or rather we should say of the perfect Christian. To them the Biblical stories of wayside hospitality are still realities, and they feel no wonder and no embarrassment at seeing princes and nobles do to them what the King of kings once did to his sinful creatures. Equality, in the Christian sense of the word, has a truer exposition in their conduct than it often has in other countries and under other circumstances, where a mixture of assumed arrogance and of real servility passes among certain people for proper "self-respect."

This washing of the feet is continued throughout the evening by some portion of the members, as there are always enough pilgrims to refill the basement

room as fast as it is emptied. Those whose feet have been washed are then conducted to a long refectory full of deal tables with coarse white tablecloths, where an ample supper of bread and meat is provided. After the meal the remnants are thus disposed of: every pilgrim cuts open a small loaf, and taking out the greater part of the crumb eats it at once, thus making room for the remainder of his or her portion of meat, which is kept over and serves for breakfast in the morning. When all have been cared for, a procession is formed of the total number of guests, and the members of the confraternity lead them to the vast, airy dormitories, where they help the old and infirm to bed. Litanies and hymns are sung in the meanwhile, and a more peaceful, orderly scene can hardly be imagined. This institution, though not so old as some other hospitals, yet brings to one's mind the similar but probably ruder establishments of the early middle ages. The hospital built by good King Ina of the West Saxons in the seventh or eighth century, and served by himself in person, was one of these, and was specially devoted to the Saxon pilgrims who in those ages of faith readily undertook the toilsome journey to Rome. This pilgrimage would sometimes be made as an act of expiation for violence done to a neighbor, sometimes as a pledge of future good conduct or a thanksgiving for some boon obtained by prayer. When pilgrims began to fail scholars took their place, and young and needy boys were collected in the hospital and lodged gratis, while they picked up an education haphazard at the lectures of the different colleges of Rome. Gradually the hospital itself was transformed into a college, and, though destroyed in one of the ruinous invasions of Rome by pagan and undisciplined hordes, nevertheless survived as an institution, being rebuilt by the Saxons and becoming the germ of the present English college. All other nations had the same national hospitals for pilgrims; all under the special protection of their respective sovereigns; and most of these underwent the same wise transformation into colleges when the needs of the age made learning the *summum bonum* in the eyes of the rising generation.

From the Trinità de' Pellegrini to the Sistine chapel we have not far to go.

The broad staircase leading from the portico of the Vatican to the Sala Regia is thronged with eager visitors some piloted by officials of the Papal court, and many more struggling up alone with desperately British tenacity of purpose or amusingly Yankee assurance of manner. The only friend they have to trust to is their ticket of admission, of which so many facsimiles have already been issued that the result will soon be perceived in sundry disturbances created by ladies fainting in a space so confined as to resemble the Black Hole of Calcutta rather than a place of worship. The half of the chapel reserved for the services is separated from the rest by a screen, immediately in front of which are wide pews belonging of right to the Roman princesses, the corps diplomatique, and other official bodies. It was from one of these that, happily delivered from the perils of the Red sea, I witnessed the ceremonies in peace, and I must say I could have selfishly wished to be the only listener to the anthems sung there on Good Friday. Just before the "Tenebræ" (so called from being sung at dusk) the cardinals and lesser dignitaries came in quietly one by one, their rich robes trailing behind them or upheld by a young ecclesiastic; at the doors the statue-like Swiss stood, halberd in hand, their grotesque parti-colored uniforms making a good background for the soberer hues of the bishops' purple garments or the monastic black, brown, or white habit seen here and there; in the choir surpliced forms were moving about in ghost-like regularity, and in their midst stood the triangular candlestick, bearing thirteen yellow wax lights, symbolical of our Lord and his twelve apostles. The Psalms, chanted in quick monotone, alternate with the Lessons and Lamentations, sung in that perfect ecclesiastical style at once so plaintive and so solemn, and which, as rendered by the Papal choir, bears one away into eternity and seems to suggest a shadowy voyage through the realm of those things "which the eye of man hath not seen, neither hath the heart of man conceived." Surely the only companion worthy of the "Miserere" is the lament of the angels on the day of the crucifixion. Such at least was the impression made on my mind, as those tones of unutterable sorrow and majesty swelled through the fast

darkening chapel, and the unseen choir was silently answered by the noiseless attendants round the altar, removing verse by verse each symbolic light on the triangular candlestick. It was a scene unequalled in all my recollections, and will ever stand out in my memory as the representative of religion's noblest aspect, mourning for the ingratitude of earth, and sympathy for the sufferings of a God.

From Holy Thursday to Good Friday the chapel adjoining the Sistine is also a centre of devotional interest. Here is erected a glittering shrine of crystal, towering up to the ceiling, and so placed as to appear bathed in light while the rest of the chapel is in darkness. The procession leaves the Sistine on Holy Thursday in the morning, accompanying the Pope, who bears the Sacred Host on a jewelled frame called a "monstrance" (from *monstrare*, to show or expose), and forming into a guard of honor in this second chapel, the Pauline. There the Holy Sacrament is deposited and remains until the following day. I have entered this chapel in the afternoon, between the times of service, and when the throng of sight-seers has dispersed in exhaustion and spent excitement. Then the Roman comes upon the scene; then the regal staircase is slowly climbed by some feeble old woman or shabby child, who passes the grim halberdiers unchallenged and unafrighted, and kneels down with confident sense of at-homeness before that silent, dazzling shrine. One by one the poor drop in: the infirm beggar with his crutches, the peasant from the country, the half-clad children from the street, the devout *habituée* of church corners with her little *scaldino* filled with charcoal, and the quiet Christian who despite of silk or brocade is *not* a sight-seer, but as real a worshipper as the beggar and the peasant.

And while this is going on here, the same magnificent pageant of sorrow that we heard yesterday in the Sistine is repeated in the *cappella del coro*, or canons' chapel, in St. Peter's. The same unearthly strains are sadly charted forth, and Palestrina and Pergolesi are echoed in muffled tones among the giant pillars and endless recesses of the basilica. But Easter is not far off, and already the preparations are begun round the high altar for the erection of temporary tribunes rising in tiers

to accommodate the "distinguished visitors."

The cathedral of Rome, St. John Lateran, affords a very beautiful sight on Good Friday, and the singing there (of the same ancient and Gregorian order) is wonderfully soul-stirring. Then again the peasants and artisans of Rome may be seen, humble in aspect and earnest in spirit, threading their way through the arches of the Coliseum, and listening to the rude eloquence of a Capuchin friar, who, crucifix in hand, describes with tears in his eyes the Passion of our Lord from Gethsemane to Golgotha.

Easter morning always comes with something like a shock upon the accumulated emotions of Holy Week; but with the strange, fitful adaptability of southern races, the Romans seem to glide without effort from intense gloom to exuberant joy. The whole city is alive before dawn, the piazza before St. Peter's is crowded with pilgrims and rural visitors, the steps of the basilica are covered with troops drawn up in festal array, the balconies and colonnades of the Vatican are dark with curious foreigners, and over the *loggia*, or principal terrace above the door of the side vestibule, is a white army on which all eyes are already fixed. Meanwhile the ceremony is going on within, with all the pomp that art can command. The Pope's throne stands far in the distance at the back of the altar, and lining the avenue from it to the shrine of the apostles stand the Noble Guard in full uniform, a living hedge of athletic men. The tribunes built up in the transepts contain all those official persons whose duty it is to be present on this occasion, and all wear uniform. The ladies are in black, and their long lace veils, which are *de rigueur* in their costume for the ceremonies, lend a softening tone to the bright splendor of the uniforms and colored robes of office. The crown of the whole great pageant, however, is the unrivalled Papal choir, which now outdoes itself in its magnificently calm rendering of the solemn church chant. At the elevation of the Sacred Host, the word of command is rung out in a clarion-like voice by one of the officers, and the military in the body of the church all present arms as they suddenly drop on one knee. The Noble Guards draw their swords and lift them up in a bristling hedge of steel,

while they also are on their knees; and from the lofty tribune under the dome issues the sound of the silver trumpets, the only instrumental music allowed during the Papal functions. Again at the moment of the communion the same evolutions are gone through, save that the trumpets no longer sound, and that in perfect silence a cardinal bears the consecrated Host to the foot of the Papal throne, where the Pontiff kneels to receive it.

No sooner is the mass over than the Pope proceeds to the outer *loggia* or balcony over the vestibule. The crowds without are now reinforced by the crowds from within, who frantically elbow their way out to secure the benediction of the Holy Father. A little group appears under the white awning, and the masses on the piazza are swayed as by a strong wind. A voice, clear and sweet, is raised, and the central figure in pure white, extends its arms over the multitude, while the simple, grand old formula of the blessing is distinctly heard by all: "Let the blessing of God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, come down upon the city and the world." And so, turning to the east and to the west, the figure slowly retires, and every visitor feels, in an undefinable way, that he has received what he came for, and is rewarded by that scene of less than five minutes' duration for the long sea journey or land wanderings he may have had for its sake.

At night civic festivities follow the religious pageant of the morning. St. Peter's is illuminated by means of hundreds of thousands of tiny oil lamps, whose white gleam has given the name of "silver illumination" to this part of the show. These lamps are placed at short intervals along every prominent line and curve of the colossal building, and produce an effect as of a fairy architect's plan. After about half an hour, a gun suddenly booms from the castle of St. Angelo, and the "silver" is changed almost instantaneously to a "golden" illumination. This magical effect is produced by the sudden kindling of large hanging pans full of resinous matter, also disposed along the architectural lines and curves of the basilica, and completely outshining in their strong, fiery glare the more delicate radiance of the little lamps. One man has no more than two or three of these pans to attend to, so that it is

easy for him to fire them all almost simultaneously. The numberless dark figures moving aloft with cat-like agility among the massive shadows of the basilica are plainly visible to those stationed in the balconies of the piazza; but a far more satisfactory way of seeing the illumination is to go to the Monte Pincio, at the opposite side of the town; the great dome of fire stands out in weird magnificence against the sky, and the sudden change, of which no human agency can be seen at that distance, has in consequence a proportionately enhanced effect upon the imagination.

On Easter Monday night takes place the *girandola*, or monster exhibition of fireworks, on the slope of the Pincian hill. The Piazza del Popolo is crowded by the same picturesque masses whom we saw yesterday clustering on the steps of St. Peter's. Opposite the ascent to the Pincio is a covered tribune, divided into boxes, and stretching the whole length of the piazza. This is reserved chiefly for official personages. It is impossible to give an idea of the scale on which these fireworks were offered gratis as a public spectacle to the people by the Papal government, and it was certainly a scale which would dwarf and shame the most elaborate exhibition of pyrotechnics in any other capital. Foremost in the programme was always some stately architectural device. One year we had a view of Pompeii, with its delicate temples and Grecian columns rising gracefully one behind the other, the whole flooded with quivering light, and looking like the realization of a classic dream, while in the piazza below the band of the Papal *Chasseurs* played the march out of "Tone," an opera founded on Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii." Another year the architectural device was a grand temple, more graceful than St. Peter's and more perfect than St. Paul's (London), its dome uplifted like a great fiery bell, in perfect proportion with the rest of the airy building. Turning to the programme, I found it was a representation of Michael Angelo's original plan of St. Peter's, now preserved in the Vatican library.

To return to the course of feasts and religious observances, which almost stood the Romans in the place of national holidays. I have already spoken of the Papal choir, that unrivalled body of choral per-

formers, to hear which would in itself be worth a pilgrimage to Rome. They always follow the Pope to any church where he may officiate, or assist at a religious ceremony; and the effect of their peculiar music, voices harmonized and unaccompanied by any instrument whatever, is very solemn. Mustafa was the name of the chief *soprano*, but his voice and fame were already waning before the reputation of a young Englishman, Davis, who had been brought up in the choir, and whose wonderful voice was a perfect *lusus nature*. Already twenty-nine years of age, this phenomenon had a faultless soprano voice, as mellow as a woman's, as clear as a boy's, and almost as unique, of course, as that of the fabled sirens. He was gradually taking Mustafa's place, and I heard him in different churches besides the Sistine, where his services were all that was required to make a *function* perfect. "Solemn Vespers" is a favorite "religious" entertainment at Rome. It is certainly not a very devout pastime, as it consists of what, though purporting to be psalms and antiphons, might without impropriety be called a series of concert pieces, and lasts from four to five hours. It takes place generally on the festival of the patron saint of some great church; an orchestra is got together, and people drop in for an hour or two during the afternoon, stay and admire the exquisite voices, criticise the music, and go away again on their round of visits or engagements. Davis often sang on these occasions, and to hear him was, as far as the style of music allowed, to fall into an ecstasy. To hear him sing the *canto fermo*, however (literally, "steady chant"), in the Pope's choir, was far beyond mere admiration, certainly beyond praise. If anything human could give the slightest idea of the song of the nine choirs around the Throne, this sonorous and unique voice was the only interpretation of such things, which any one who had once heard it could willingly listen to again, while the notes of the *canto fermo* seemed the only adequate human homage which the highest art and the most intense spirit of adoration could devise.

A very characteristic festival is Corpus Christi, the day of the Most Holy Sacrament. It occurs very generally in June, though, being a movable feast, it some-

times falls in May. The Papal procession round the colonnade that encircles the piazza of St. Peter's is magnificent beyond comparison, but another and more peculiar observance by which the day is honored at the little village of Genzano is a sight of still greater interest. Andersen, in his "Improvvisatore," gives a charming description of it. It is called "l'Infiurator," or "Feast of Flowers," and consists entirely of floral decorations. The village church stands on rising ground, with two converging streets starting from its very doors. The procession of monks and clergy, school-children and confraternities issues down one of these avenues and returns by the other, walking all the time on a thick carpet of flowers. These are for the most part wild flowers, and of them only the scattered petals remain. They are skilfully formed into tapestry patterns of strange accuracy, each house on the street being, by immemorial custom, bound to design and perfect a square corresponding to its own line of frontage. The armorial bearings of the lords of the soil, of the cardinal bishop of the diocese, and of the Holy See, figure very often in this marvellous carpet; while in one place I saw a most accurate representation of an altar with the Sacred Host elevated on the "monstrance." Elsewhere a little fountain was ingeniously inserted in a thick setting of flowers. Fanciful patterns of all kinds abounded, and this broad strip of novel tapestry was guarded on each side by "railings" of box-wreaths hung in festoons. A narrow space was left on either side for the spectators, of whom there were hundreds, some from Rome and many from the surrounding villages. It was a gala day for national costumes, and I saw more variety of local coloring there than on any other specified occasion.

The feast of St. Cecilia is also distinguished by a peculiar ceremony. In the catacomb of St. Calixtus, the principal one near Rome, is the chapel and the niche where her body was first deposited in the fourth century of the Christian era. These catacomb chapels are never used now, save this one on St. Cecilia's day, the 22d of November. On that occasion it is thrown open, and masses are said there in quick succession from early dawn till noon. The avenues to the

labyrinth of the main catacomb were all carefully guarded by Papal soldiery, to prevent any stranger from losing himself in its mazes, and the chapel itself was literally packed with worshippers. Two temporary altars were erected, and the services went on unintermittingly. It was a labor of time and patience for the priests to make their way through the dense kneeling crowd, and, save for the occasional tinkling of the bell, not a sound was heard. The utter silence and simplicity of the scene was its highest beauty, and no association is more dear to my memory, because of this very absence of pomp of any kind. There is poetry in the artistic splendor of Easter and Corpus Christi, but in this silent worship there was none; there was sublimity. Fifteen centuries ago, a young Roman virgin was laid in that tiny niche, now strewn with odorous bay-leaves and simple white flowers—laid there with a martyr's crown among the Pontiffs of a persecuted church; and now the followers of the same faith assemble in reverent silence, but no longer in fear, in the same chapel where, in her time, mass was only said under immediate apprehension of arrest and massacre.

St. Agnes was another of the Roman martyrs whose fame the church has preserved in her calendar. On her feast day, the 21st of January, an interesting ceremony takes place in the church built over the catacomb bearing her name. The church itself is a Byzantine structure, with galleries high up near the roof and an altar turned toward the apse, instead of facing the nave. It is the custom for the Pope to come here yearly and, after pontifical high mass, to bless two lambs, whose snow-white fleeces are weathed about with scarlet ribbons. With chanted antiphons and various ceremonies the benediction is given and the lambs confided to the care of nuns, whose office it is to keep them until shearing time when their fleeces are used to make palliums, the sign of episcopal jurisdiction. These are worn by archbishops, and are long strips of white wool with three black crosses in front, woven in one piece, parted so as to lie on the shoulders, and joined again on the breast. About fifteen years ago the Pope and his retinue, while enjoying a slight repast in a hall adjoining the church, just after the ceremony, were suddenly

precipitated through the rotten floor into a cellar beneath. Almost all escaped unhurt, which was certainly a remarkable occurrence, and was commemorated in after years by a fresco of marvellous ugliness and very small skill, painted on the remaining wall of the former cellar. It is now enclosed within a portico looking into the court in front of the church, and, if a credit to Roman feeling, is no less a disgrace to modern Roman art.

At Christmas the Franciscan church of Ara Coeli is the scene of a curious performance. If ever our Lord's saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," was realized, it was so here. A life-like representation of the stable of Bethlehem is provided, and occupies one of the chapels, while opposite it is placed a tribune or *palco*, on which a number of baby orators successively take their places and preach, or recite little speeches learned beforehand descriptive of the birth of our Lord and his early childhood. These little creatures fearlessly perform their parts with a self-possession lacking to many a real preacher, and the sight is one at once novel and suggestive. Its perfect simplicity is in itself alluring.

Toward the Epiphany, the same kind of scene is enacted by grown-up orators in the college of the Propaganda, where many students of all nations are collected. Speeches on religious subjects are delivered day after day by the scholars, in all the languages represented in the college, and the praises of the Christian faith are sung by Hindoo, Chinese, Abyssinian, and Austrian alike. This is an impressive scene, for although the language you listen to may seem but an incomprehensible jumble of barbaric sounds, one cannot help thinking of the vast unity it illustrates, and of the chain of faith that links those rude utterances with the prayers of the noble Roman ladies, Cecilia and Agnes, as well as those of our own later and weaker generation. At San Andrea della Valle, at the same time, the stranger can witness all the Eastern Catholic rites, those of the United Greek, Armenian, Coptic, and Maronite churches. Some of these, with their manifold turnings and benedictions, the ample soft vestments, the doors of the sanctuary alternately opened and shut, the distribution of tiny yellow loaves previously blessed at the altar, and

signifying like the French *pain bénit* the brotherly union that should exist between all Christians, are very beautiful and full of dignity. I heard one of these masses said in the Pantheon on St. Joseph's day, but only at a side altar, while the strange unchurchlike building was slowly filled in honor of the new orchestral mass to be sung that morning. As usual the musicians were seated quite openly in a raised tribune (*palco*) tuning their instruments in utter disregard of anything save their professional success. The music, very Italian and melodious in itself, was totally unsuited to the grave words it purported to enshrine, and seemed a not inapt type of the less intelligent side of a Roman's religion. The contrasts one sometimes finds at Rome are perplexing, but concerning musical aberrations we must fall back on the unique choir of the Papal chapel to compensate us for any unseemliness beyond its own perfect limits.

There is a convent of Oblate nuns at Tor di Specchi, within the walls of Rome, founded in the fifteenth century by Sta. Francesca Romana, which was made an exception to the general reform thought necessary by the Council of Trent with reference to all religious communities then in existence. The popes have always held these nuns exempt from ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and the true title of the superioress is the "Independent Mother" (*la Madre Indipendente*). The Convent of the Sacred Heart on the Pincio is under French protection, and is the principal educational establishment for girls of the upper classes in Rome. This convent is celebrated for its sweet singing, and at the daily afternoon service visitors often drop in to listen to the litanies sung in fresh girlish voices behind the gratings of the choir. At the Celestine Convent near St. John Lateran, the nuns are not enclosed behind a grating, but when speaking to a visitor draw their double veil over their faces and stand just within the threshold of the parlor door while you stand on the other side. In reality there is nothing but the thick veil between you and the speaker. But the most interesting convent I recollect in Rome is that of *Sa S. Domniceo Sisto*, near the Trajan column and the fountain of Trevi. This was a Dominican foundation. The nuns wore a heavy white habit and a long black cloak, and were strictly "eu-

closed." When quite a child I witnessed the taking of the veil by one of the sisters. She was of an old and impoverished family, a very joyous, merry girl, but fully determined as to her religious call. It is the Roman custom for a girl about to enter a convent to choose a *madrina* or godmother, to whose special charge she is intrusted during the period preceding the ceremony of taking the veil. I was often taken out by the nun-elect and her *madrina* in their long drives through the city and its environs, and, when the great day came, was made happy by being chosen as one of the *angiolini* or spiritual bridesmaids, whose office it was to hold the novice's handkerchief, fan, or gloves. She was dressed in beautiful bridal white, and knelt in the middle of the chapel with her future sisters around her in their stalls, a company of unearthly pilgrims, with peace upon their brow and a smiling but conscious dignity in their very attitude. The bride leaves the altar after the preliminary formulas, and returns clothed in the long, heavy white serge habit of the order. The veil and scapular are blessed and solemnly given to her by the officiating priest, and a touching ceremony is then performed. A wreath of roses and a crown of thorns are laid before the novice, and she is asked which is her choice for life. She takes the thorny crown and places it on her head, wearing it for the rest of the day. St. Catherine of Sienna (of this order) is always represented with such a crown in all the pictures of the old masters. A year later I was again in that dark chapel; the novice was to be professed. The ceremony was short and impressive. No wreath now, no *angiolini* nor bridal costume; she pronounces her life vows and receives a black veil in exchange for the white one of her spiritual betrothal. Then the Psalm for the Dead is slowly chanted, while she lies prostrate beneath the funeral pall held low over her form by two of her professed sisters. This is a signal of the utter renunciation of the world, which she now voluntarily seals with a vow as solemn and irrevocable as that of marriage.

One of the rarer occasions of Roman rejoicing is the thesis of theology sustained by the young student who has just earned his degree. Cardinal Wiseman in

his "Recollection of the Four Last Popes," gives a graphic account of it. The most learned and acute doctors of theology are invited by the college to which the youthful disputant belongs, and he is called upon to defend his propositions against all comers. This intellectual tournament is the occasion for all sorts of disconcerting and unexpected attacks upon the scholar's wits; heretical objections most subtly veiled are raised purposely by the skilful examiners, and the patience, learning, and oratorical talents of the defendant are so thoroughly, I might say so unmercifully tried, that a successful passing of this ordeal is a very fair earnest of what may be expected of the young ecclesiastic in the future.

The inexhaustible subject of the religious festivals of Rome has perhaps led me too far, but I cannot end this notice without a word on the processions of the Holy Viaticum which at any time of the day or night may be seen traversing the streets. You first hear a bell in the distance, and as the sound draws nearer lights begin to appear in the windows, and the passers-by slacken their pace and presently kneel down. The procession comes by; it is simple enough, consisting of a priest, bearing the Sacred Host in a pyx or golden box, with a sort of umbrella held over him (a *baldacchino* as it is called), in token of reverence; of a few clerics carrying lighted torches, and a crowd of poorly dressed followers clustering behind. The Viaticum is thus borne to the houses of the dying, and the crowd swells as it goes, many falling into the ranks as they pass by, and making, as it were, a guard of honor about the door of the sick person's house. In Naples it was customary for any noble or wealthy occupant of a carriage, who might happen to meet such a procession, to alight upon the spot and give up his carriage to the priest, following it on foot himself. At Rome one often saw richly dressed ladies get out of their carriages and kneel among the crowd, regardless of dust or mud, as the Viaticum was carried past. This is the case in all Catholic countries. But we must leave this spiritual picture for a more tangible sketch of some of Rome's secular amusements.

LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.